Caribbean Smugglers: The High & the Mighty

High Times

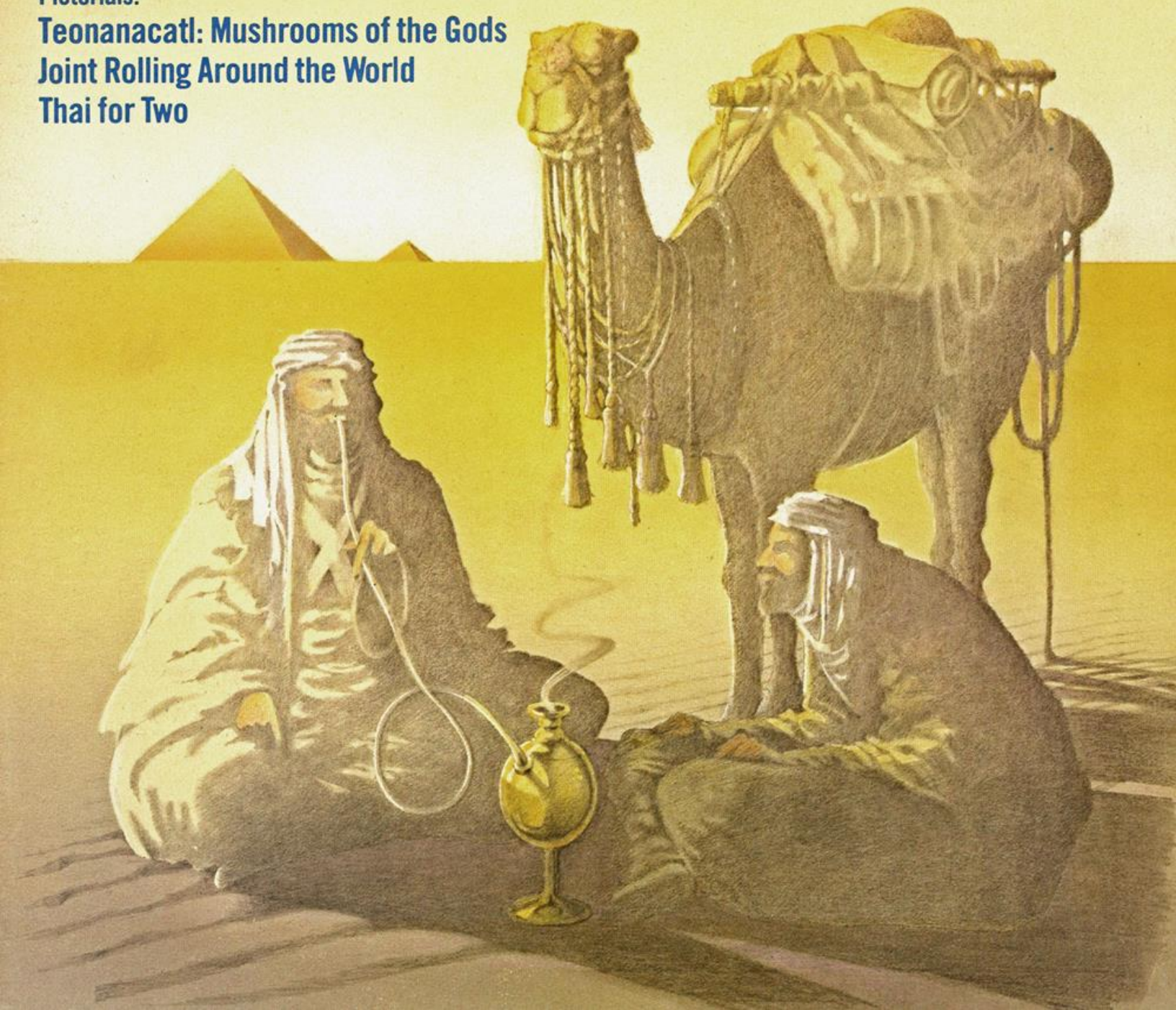
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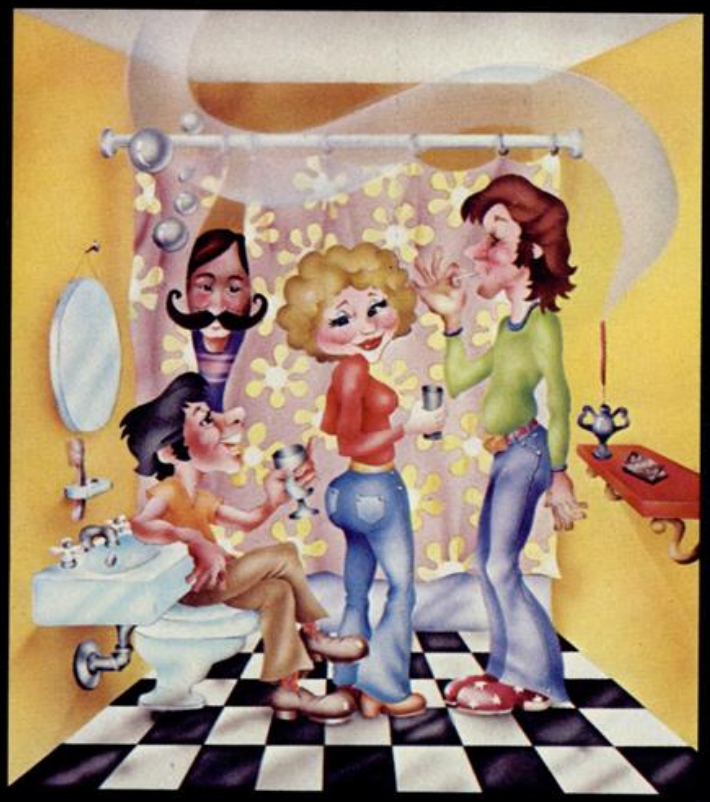
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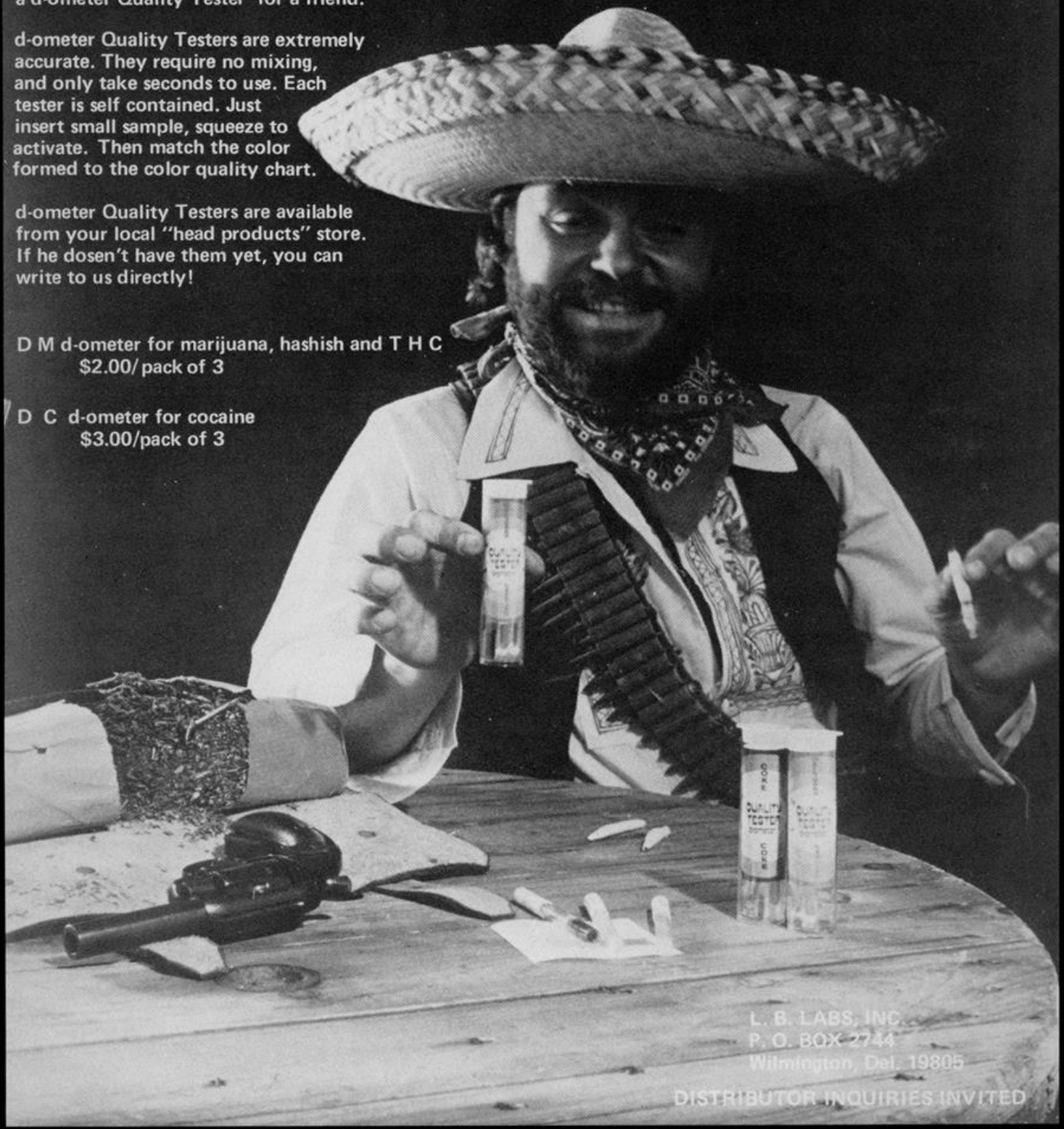
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Flashes

A lot of people seriously didn't expect High Times *or its staff to still be around for a fourth issue. But the constabulary have not visited (or smashed down) our door, no one has lynched us from lamp poles, and we've mostly just had a good time. Freedom of speech is tolerated in this country as a necessary prop to America's image as a free and democratic country.*

When we began, a national news magazine sniffed that High Times *was nice, but where would we get material for a second issue, since there wasn't that much to say about dope? With the publication of this expanded issue, our press run is now 170,000 and we still cannot print nearly enough to satisfy demand.*

Many people have asked why we don't borrow money or sell stock to raise the cash to expand even quicker (for the last year, High Times *has maintained the fastest growth rate of any magazine in the world). The answer is that we don't want to owe anyone anything.* High Times *intends to remain totally independent.*

One of the most persistent rumors is that High Times *is being bankrolled by somebody big–*Playboy, Penthouse, *NORML, the Brotherhood, the CIA, an international cartel of rolling paper manufacturers, the tobacco industry, or a big-time dope syndicate. But we're not backed by anyone with that kind of clout. If* High Times *looks good and seems together, it is because we really care, and work hard to make the magazine as good as possible, and don't hesitate to ask for advice and help from experts when our own knowledge proves inadequate. Our money comes from subscribers, newsstand sales, and advertisements, and we grow as fast as we can bring in the money to do so.*

With this issue, our cover price, subscription rates and advertising rates are all going up. The reason for this is the amount of money we spend on editorial and graphic standards: we have been losing about 15 cents on every High Times *sold, which is no encouragement to expansion. By raising our cover price to $1.50, we can now print more pages, more color, and attract better writing, photos, and artwork, and do a better job of printing and distribution.*

As for advertising, most advertisers have reported an excellent response, so we anticipate no problem there.

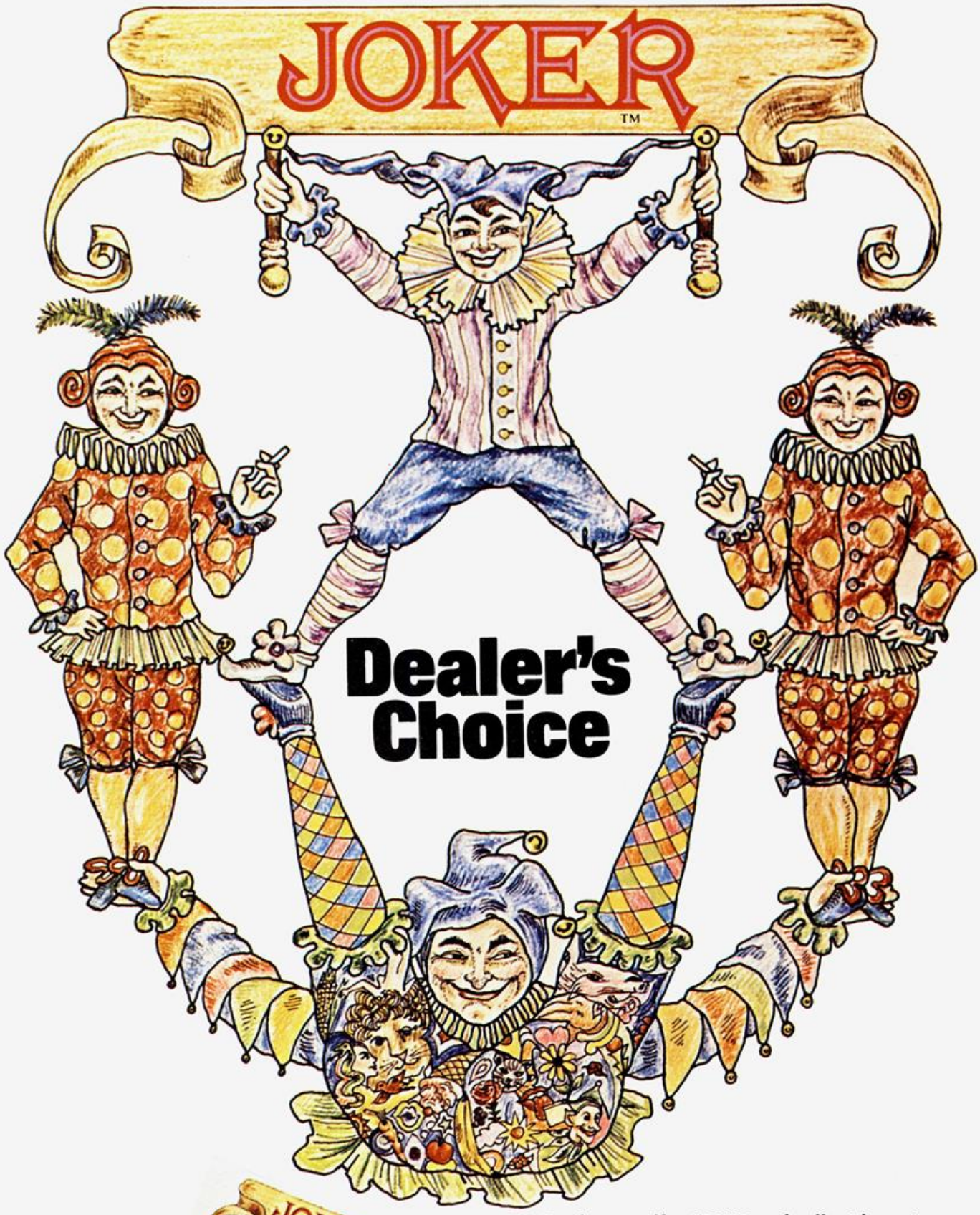
Many people have asked why we don't have more photos and articles dealing with sex. But there are already hundreds of magazines spending millions of dollars hiring the best photographers, artists, and writers in the world to treat the subject of sex. Why should we try to imitate them? High Times *is one of a kind, and a necessary source of information and we intend to keep it that way.*

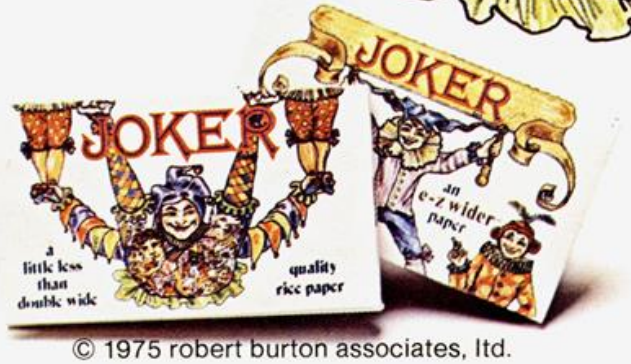
However, we consider eros and many other activities an integral part of high times, and intend to develop these other areas soon. We're not going to clutter up High Times *pages with boilerplate about skydiving, ballooning, or skindiving. We'll try to deliver something new and unique. Nor do we intend to fill our pages with girly magazine spreads. When we deal with eros, it will hopefully be our own approach–something different.*

Another common question is if we consider dope the only way to get high. Obviously not (although we must admit it's worked every time so far), and we intend to get into the many other ways to get high as soon as possible.

Also, if it seems like a long time between issues, it's because right now we're quarterly. We're hoping to become bi-monthly very soon, but right now we're barely able to get it out quarterly. You see, we have a choice between meeting our deadlines by not getting high, or putting out the highest magazine possible. We've made our choice. Please be patient.

Thank you. We welcome suggestions and information.

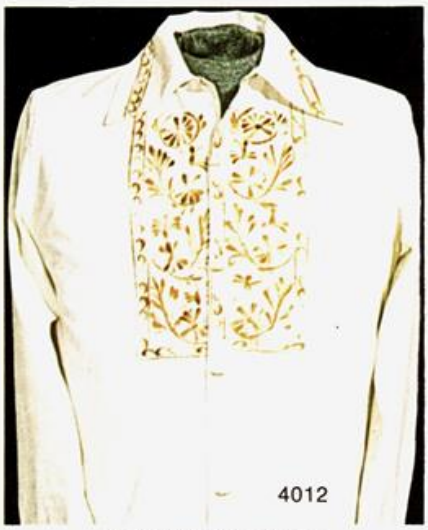




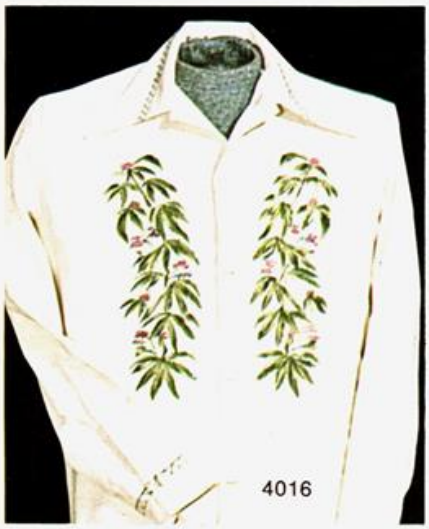
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Letters

Mexicali Blues

Congratulations. Your magazine was received, and even ripped-off temporarily, here in Dormitory "O", Lecumberri Prison, Mexico City.

This dorm contains approximately 70 gringos who have been out of circulation with such coverage as yours for up to two years. We read with interest and enthusiasm your articles concerning Mexican jails and of the formation of AIM-J by Jerry Kamstra. As victims of secret entrapment by American Police Academy agents in the Mexico City International Airport, we, the casualties of America's foreign wars on drugs, would like to be heard and then, hopefully, come home. Perhaps the age of "undeclared wars" has ended.

Looking forward to future issues in any case, and also some back ones. We anticipate many enjoyable hours reading about free air and . . life . . .in lieu of the "High Times" we so fondly recall.—*Edward Mize*

High Times is now investigating the international prison dope scene for a future article. Requests from prisoners for single copies will be met if accompanied by one dollar.

Master's Mind

I see that our old friend Peter Stafford was told that Michael Hollingshead guided LSD sessions for me and also for my wife, Jean Houston. That is false in both cases. Actually, I began my research with psychedelics in the 1950's in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. Before I even met Hollingshead, I had published considerable material on the effects of psychedelics on human sexual response, especially in my book *Forbidden Sexual Behavior and Morality* (Julian Press: 1962).

Peter might be interested in these facts for his own historical records of the psychedelic movement. Hopefully, someday it will be possible to make use once again of LSD—it was the single most powerful tool for the study of the mind-brain system. But, in the present climate, I don't think we'd want to do that research even if allowed. All good wishes.—*Robert Masters, The Foundation For Mind Research, Pomona, New York*

Aparth-highs

A friend sent us a copy of the first issue of *High Times* and it has knocked us out completely. Good to have you—we need you. I would like to subscribe but here in the Republic of South Africa we have the heaviest censorship and fascist repression in the western world and discretion is the better part of dealing. What they don't know about they can't bust and it will take them a while before they get to know *High Times*. It took two years before the *Lampoon* stopped coming. We need reassurance—hope and light in this place. The dope is among the best I've had anywhere in the world, unfortunately the paranoia of most people is in direct proportion! We can only laugh at your legal loopholes concerning search and seizure and the various types of cannabis. Here in Johannesburg we can be searched anywhere, anytime, held incommunicado (from lawyer, parents, wife) *indefinitely* on suspicion of knowing *anything* about dope and dealers.

Your market quotations are far out. Probably hundreds of miles out, as I have dealt in grass and acid here in the past. If you want info and a breakdown of the South African dope scene, I would be glad to assist you, in fact, honored to represent my country. Please write.—*Tony Van Der Veen, Orange Grove 2119, Republic of South Africa*

Let Sleeping Learys Lie

A few more fragments of the Leary puzzle have arrived. The picture is beginning to come clearly into focus, rapidly losing its mystery. It seems Leary made his trip to Afghanistan in order to celebrate Joanna's twenty-seventh birthday.

Joanna came to Leary via the bed of Michel-Gustave Hauchard, arms dealer and CIA agent. She went directly from Hauchard's bed to Leary's.

Leary probably does not yet realize that she has been a police agent from the start. When this ultimately inescapable fact finally does sink in, he may remember the timeless wisdom that it is better to die in jail than to betray one's friends.—*George Andrews, Llandegley, England*

Holy Shit

We have been asked to quote on the printing of your magazine entitled *High Times*.

We are a religious printer and publisher, and find the highest high is Jesus Christ and not marijuana, cocaine, or other illicit drugs.—*Harry Estes, Standard Publishing, Cincinnati, Ohio*

Don Peyote Revisited

In reference to your Don Peyote centerfold of issue #3. The curative value of peyote has been well known by Indians. Peyocactin, an alkaloid extract of the cactus, has exhibited antibiotic activity against a wide spectrum of bacteria and imperfect fungi. Of particular interest is its inhibitory action against eighteen strains of penicillin resistant *staphylococcus aureus*.

Here in Northern California, people are eating mushrooms other than the store-bought variety, and some of them are dead as a result of not knowing their mushroom lore. I suggest that *High Times* print a page of the various colors of mushroom spores by family, so the public could identify them. Unfortunately, very few mushroom manuals have such a color guide.—*Tom Gillies, Fair Oaks, Ca.*

Read the Papers

I just read Mel Romanoff's letter in your Winter '75 issue. I think that it's a waste of time to argue the merits of a particular test. The IWABT is valid for as far as it goes. There is always room for improvement or at least change. I don't object to better tests for rolling paper. I too want good smoke and it's true "it's what you roll that counts." But I like to taste what I'm smoking—not the paper, and I like to feel that I'm doing as little

damage to my lungs as possible.

As far as calling names, well I think that speaks more for the writer and is not worth any further comment. Congratulations on a job well done.—*Bob Shiller, President, Shiller International, Inc.*

P.S.: Another test to help you determine the burning rate and evenness of burn is to put a lit cigarette through the center of a piece of rolling paper. How fast and how evenly it burns will give you a good idea of the speed and evenness of your smoke.

Paying the Price

Your fall issue was given to me at mail call on Christmas Eve. There must be a Santa, for it was the grooviest present possible under prevailing circumstances and I thank whoever Santa is—hoping that I have shared a pipe load with him, or better yet, will.

The magazine just got back to me after six long weeks on the loan road, still intact, centerfold and all. It must have been read by every head in the joint. And you will probably get a couple of stories from here, for this is the price that some of the good people supplying the smoke and snort have to pay in the end.

And brothers if you think the prices are high out there, imagine what they must be like here where the supply is but a small percent of the demand.

I wish the reformers would snap how mellow a pipe load makes one feel and use grass for their behavior modification programs. Someday!

Keep cool, brothers, and keep the good stuff rolling—so we can, too. Your magazine is perfect for the time, better than advertised. Venceremos.—*Donald E. Brown 09271-137, Atlanta Penitentiary*

Terminal Connection

I just read a copy of *High Times* #2, and I was personally interested in the article written by Mark Nykanen entitled "Death in the Desert." I had a few points of disagreement, but I found the article for the most part accurate and enjoyable.

I spoke to Mr. Nykanen in July: he wanted to ask me a few questions about the Mike Williams affair. I would have contributed to the article, but I was awaiting my trial then. Unexpectedly, the indictments concocted by the Feds were more than successful. They managed to get everything together, with the assistance of some of our peers. So now the payback.

I really enjoyed your magazine and you can expect a new subscriber in the near future.—*Lesley Glasgow, Terminal Island, San Pedro, Cal.*

Jamaican Gyp

A warning to *High Times* readers: Do not buy dope from anyone near the airports in Jamaica. There are a lot of plainclothes cops and rip-off artists in Jamaica, especially near the larger cities of Montego Bay, Kingston, and Port Antonio. Make friends with an American who has been there three weeks or more before you buy. It's easy, and you can do it in Negril on your first afternoon, for sure.

Upon my arrival last month in Jamaica, a Jamaican at the airport tried to sell me one ounce of ganja for $30. He said it was at least $50 an ounce in Negril. I told him to forget it. In Negril I was approached to buy some ganja at $40 for four ounces, or $160 a pound. I said no once again. By the second day at Negril, some friends had met an American who made a buy of five pounds for $200. From $50 an ounce to $40 a pound in one day—not bad. Incidentally, the stuff we got was undoubtedly the absolute best I have ever smoked in my life. It couldn't be beat.

Every American who is not a cop will usually share their information with you. Oh, while in Negril be sure to bake a ganja cake. There is nothing like it.—*Jackie Shasteu, Alexandria, Va.*

Liberate Leary

Congratulations on your first three issues of *High Times*. It's about time we had a magazine devoted to getting high.

Just a few comments on Timothy Leary. If the Brotherhood could afford to break the bastard out of prison and out of the country, I should think that they could certainly afford a couple of professional hit men to put him out of his misery and put him in cosmic space forever. I've never been very fond of killing, but I think this comes under the heading of self defense for a lot of people.

How about it, Brotherhood?—*Andy Pegly, Quincy, Mass.*

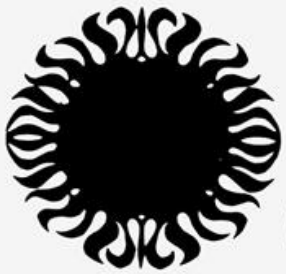
The Impure

I read the interview with Michael Hollingshead by Peter Stafford, and was interested in Hollingshead's comment that underground LSD has been predominantly impure since LSD became illegal in 1965 in the U.S. I believe Hollingshead's theory about why LSD is impure is incorrect. The simple fact is that faulty manufacture has been the reason for impurities—because chemists are rushed from fear of busts, or because they don't care whether they make it pure or not. LSD should be 99.9% pure, or it loses its characteristic effects. The deeply profound consciousness of undifferentiated awareness realized on pure LSD is rarely experienced on most impure varieties, including much of the "windowpane", blotter, tab, sugar cube and capsule acid of underground manufacture.

Around 1964 and 1965, most of the underground LSD was from Sandoz—pharmaceutically pure. Then with underground manufacture, LSD began a gradual decline in purity. Owsley was a step lower than Sandoz and Sunshine lower than that until now, most of the material on the streets is a sad joke.

This, then, is the major problem which has reversed the psychedelic revolution of the 60's. Access (availability of LSD) and purity (the chemical integrity of LSD) are the major obstacles facing those who wish to chemically increase the consciousness of our society. *(Continued on page* **16** *)*

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Forum

Q. Last year I visited Tokyo, where I was turned on constantly by all of my Japanese friends. I was treated to everything available in the Orient, but one thing that Japan offers, I never got to try. That was fugu, some sort of fish dish that was described to me as the world's most potent aphrodisiac. However, some other Japanese friends told me that I might end up dead before I got my socks off, and to leave fugu alone. With this advice I left Japan, still curious about it. Can you give me the inside story?*Loren Kramer, Tucumcari, New Mexico*

A. Every year, several hundred Japanese die after eating fugu. Yet, it is still venerated as a sure-fire sex food among the Nipponese smart set. The fugu itself is a puffer fish that comes from the China Seas and is served in restaurants along the Ginza. The aphrodisiac and poisonous effects both result from a milky fluid secreted in the male fugu's sex organs—it has a direct effect on the nerve centers of the spinal cord, causing a general numbness and heat, and an overwhelming desire for orgasm. Unfortunately, there is no way of testing the amount of this sex fluid appearing in the fish until it is digested. Many go home from their meal to warm and constant hours in the sack, others not so lucky are carried out with the tablecloth. Fugu eating has become so popular a gamble with death that professional fugu tasters are now employed in some restaurants. The better fugu tasters come to work smiling, no doubt.

Q. Four months ago, I sent in twelve dollars for a subscription and back copies of the first two issues of *High Times*. To date, I have received nothing. Can you see what happened? *Steve Shochat, Los Angeles.*

A. Every cent that High Times *receives is recorded, and every magazine or other correspondence sent out is likewise recorded. In your case, we sent the magazines a few weeks ago and hopefully they will be arriving soon. Sorry about the delay.*

Also, we have repeatedly been caught short of High Times *#1 and #2 and assorted book titles due to unexpectedly large and persistent demand. When we are out of something, we send what we have and send the rest when we get it. If you get tired of waiting, we don't blame you. We will be happy to send immediate refunds for unshipped stuff. We have no desire to rip-off anyone.*

Unfortunately, our mail dealings with subscribers are hampered by predictably slow and unreliable postal service. Please allow six weeks for delivery. If, after six weeks, you have not received your magazines or books, write us a letter, noting the amount of money sent, check number, or money order number. State what you ordered and, of course, your name and address. If we received your money, you will definitely get what you ordered. We do not recommend sending cash through the mail.

Q: Do you know where I could have a jewelry-quality hash or grass pipe custom

made? I want something small and elegant, of fine workmanship and materials, costing in the $35-45 price range. *Sally A. Young, Columbia, Md.*

A: The following three companies will custom make pipes from various exotic woods: Stone-Weiss, 214 W. 21st St., NYC 10011; the Mill, RD2, Ryers Cross Rd., Corning NY 14830; Quick Draw Accessories, Box 331, State College, Pa. 16801. Stone-Weiss will also make stone pipes to specifications, and Quick Draw occasionally does plexiglass pipes. Send them your design for a dream pipe and ask for a quote. Rule of thumb: if you have the money, anything's possible.

Q: I work in a tobacconist shop and immensely enjoy the varieties of pipe tobacco stored in large glass jars for customers to sniff and savor. Some of the fruitier blends are remarkably heady, absolutely reeking with a liquorish aroma. What can I do to my Colombian pot, so it, too, will have such a bouquet? *Ogden Cannon, Athens, Ga.*

A: Good Colombian reefer has quite a bouquet anyway, a sort of hashy smell that every connoisseur recognizes immediately. While pipe tobaccos can be drenched in just about anything for effect, good marijuana has delicate psychoactive isomers which are injured by the excess moisture of additives. However, an orange peel (about a peel per pound) or a thin apple slice kept in your stash will impart a fresh fragrance with little ill effect, as long as you keep an eye out for mold. Moldy pot, contrary to reefer folklore, is untasty stuff and moldy Colombian usually (but not always) suffers in quality.

Q: I know this sounds like a joke, but I've heard that ordinary lettuce can be processed to produced opium. Can this be true? *Gary Howard, Pacific Palisades, Cal.*

A: Apparently this is true, according to legal high advocates in California. They say that 10 pounds of store-bought lettuce (presumably UFWOC union-grown) will yield 8 ounces of opium that has a good high if you smoke enough. Lactucarium, *or lettuce opium, has a sedative effect similar to that of poppy opium, but less pronounced. In fact, wild lettuce (*Lactuca virosa*) a weed native to Europe, was formerly used in medicine as an opium substitute.*

The first step in the extraction process is to discard all but the hearts of the lettuce, the white parts. Press the hearts in a juicer, and cook down the resultant ooze in a double boiler until it reduces down to a gummy brown substance. Heat this residue in an oven at low heat until it congeals just a little. The final product has the smell and taste of opium, supposedly. Let us know if it works.

Q: What is the best way too preserve pot? I know dope loses potency with time, but when I get something special, I like to stash a bit for a rainy (or dry) day. Do you have any recommendations for preserving blasts from the past? *Nick Scoppola, Huntington Valley, Pa.*

A: The worst enemies of psychoactive chemicals of all types are light, heat and oxygen. Many people keep their stash in a little box, a bowl, or similar container. This is no good, because not only is the pot then subject to light, heat and oxygen, but it also dries out, which causes the pot to smoke hot and harsh. A tightly sealed plastic bag is a good solution, and two plastic bags is even better. (Although a lot of people don't realize it, pot is not completely dry and loses weight at the rate of 1-3% per day if not kept sealed.) Storing the bagged pot in the freezer compartment of your refrigerator will slow down the rate of decay.

Q. I've just moved to Chicago after years on the East coast and now I have no one to cop from. I'm interested in quaaludes and other such downs, but it's hard to find someone to trust you when you're a stranger. Can High Times help me out and suggest a few ways to find dope in the Windy City?—*Roger McNeill, Chicago.*

A. Meet our editor at the northwest corner of the bus terminal at midnight, Wednesday the 9th. Have your cash ready. Seriously, please do not ask High Times *where to obtain illegal drugs. So much dope is available in any major city that you are sure to cop soon enough, even if it means standing on a corner and waiting to be approached.*

Q: As a long-time casual cocaine user, I've always felt that "coke has the taste you never get tired of", but lately I am beginning to wonder. Is there anything wrong with using cocaine? *Sammy Cazniks, Detroit, Mich.*

A: Many modern physicians feel there is little danger for most people in moderate, occasional cocaine use. Some psychiatrists report that long-term users of large quantities of cocaine can develop a serious psychological addiction and may also suffer from cocaine schizophrenia, the symptoms of which are severe paranoia, delusions of grandeur, and generalized erratic behavior.

Unlike grass, cocaine also has a lethal dosage limit. Assuming pure cocaine (!), approximately 1.2 grams consumed in one sitting will kill you. Under certain circumstances, you may be able to do as much as 1.5 to 2 grams of pure cocaine without keeling over, but who wants to take chances? Too much cocaine can kill, so be aware.

All questions about getting high will be considered for "Forum," and those of most interest will be answered here. Answers will be compiled with the best available information, so be as specific as possible for most accurate responses. Anonymous questions will be considered; and signed queries will also remain anonymous. Send all correspondence to FORUM, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, New York 10003.

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(NOT FOR EXPORT)

A Dope Taster

Millions of people smoke grass for pleasure and many consider themselves cannabis connoisseurs. But our interviewee smokes pot for money. He is a professional dope taster, as essential to the modern marijuana industry as a wine or cheese taster is to the epicurean economy of Europe. This interview was conducted for* High Times *by "R", a noted dope critic and writer who is published regularly in New York City magazines and newspapers.

High Times: How did you get into this unique profession?

Dope Taster: I was a dealer, starting out in high school with ounces and dime bags to my friends. I did it for about five years until I worked my way up to a brownstone in Brooklyn Heights. Then I lost all my money. I realized my real talent was not in dealing, but in tasting dope. I could never keep track of money. I couldn't judge people either. The one thing I could judge was dope.

High Times: What led you to believe you had this talent?

Dope Taster: My friends who were dealers kept bringing dope to me to get my opinion. But I would never tell them whether to buy or not, and I still don't. I only articulate what it is that's unique about each dope. Ultimately, the dealers must decide whether to buy. I just give my opinion, in the most accurate and descriptive terms possible. I gather together and try to develop a vocabulary of pot and use it creatively to describe the effects of the weed.



Everyone is their own dope taster but I get paid for it so I begin to take it much more seriously.

High Times: As I understand it, your reaction to a dope can do a lot to determine its market price. Just as a book critic's or a movie critic's reaction is often a pretty good indication of saleability, in your position as a dope critic representing a syndicate your opinion may affect the price by $30 or $40 per pound, which may be hundreds of thousands of dollars overall. Right?

Dope Taster: Right. But it wasn't that way in the beginning. I had trouble establishing my credibility. Credibility is everything in this business. But now, I'd say that if I reject a dope, that dope probably won't be seen next year, and if I accept it, it will be in a lot of places. Our syndicate, my people that I work for, aren't . . . the biggest, but they may be the steadiest.

High Times: You're filling a need, then.

Dope Taster: There are trendsetters in any industry. I'd say a lot of the other syndicates look to us for what to do.

High Times: Your job is to scout out the fields, right? You go back in the mountains and find fields to buy. What have you found that became a hit on the dope hit parade?

Dope Taster: Well, for the East, Oaxacan was one of my early hits. Most of the Oaxacan weight that came in a few years ago was from what I chose. And then there was punta roja.

High Times: Explain what punta roja is.

Dope Taster: Punta roja is Spanish for red point. It means that there are tiny red fibers in the buds. Now, to the average person it doesn't look red. But to someone who looks at dope all day long, day in and day out, night after night, very slight differences in coloration tell a lot. In the case of punta roja, it is apparently a sub-species of cannabis sativa that is extremely potent. It comes from the Llano area in Colombia, around Santa Marta. Another hit I had was the Jamaican from Blue Mountain.

High Times: I remember that. It had a slightly metallic taste.

Dope Taster: From the iron in the soil down there. Now the Oaxacan has a minty taste and is also spicy. It tingles the taste buds.

High Times: Sounds great.

Dope Taster: The minty taste allows the throat to stay open, which means you draw more smoke into your lungs without coughing it out.

High Times: Like mentholated tobacco.

Dope Taster: It has that flavor, but *naturally*. There is a difference between mint and menthol, you know.

High Times: Would you describe Oaxacan as an airy high?

Dope Taster: It's quite airy considering its power. Something from Culiacan has that airiness, but not the power.

High Times: Explain where Culiacan is.

Dope Taster: Culiacan is in Mexico, north of Oaxaca, which is one of the southern-most provinces of Mexico. The intense sunlight there accounts for the strength, and it's also at a high altitude.

High Times: Does altitude have anything to do with the high?

Dope Taster: Definitely. People who I consider my predecessors as dope critics have commented on it. I recall Mezz Mezzrow in his book *Living the Blues* commenting about the incredible gold pot grown in the mountains of Mexico. Even then, in the '30s, the high altitude stuff sold for more in Harlem.

High Times: What's your professional reaction to this stuff here?

Dope Taster: This is Santa Marta gold. Excellent intellectual high. Very creative. If you look at the buds here, you see that the

The hardest part of dope criticism is developing the new vocabulary, an almost technological vocabulary.

seeds are dark, but the bud is blonde.
High Times: What does that mean.
Dope Taster: It means that it is mature weed, fully developed, with a full complement of pollen, resin, and THC isomers. Very sophisticated high, but not particularly psychedelic like the best Mexicans.
High Times: So you look at the seeds.
Dope Taster: Certainly. The seed is the heart of the matter, quite truly. You see how this seed has the chiaroscuro quality of a Rembrandt painting?
High Times: Frankly, I never looked at it that way.
Dope Taster: Look! It has a delicate marbled pattern. And it's shiny. That's a good sign. I always look at the seeds first. They give a good idea of the quality. Usually. Of course, the only real test is smoking it.
High Times: How do you preserve a critical detachment when you're high?
Dope Taster: I don't even try. I immerse myself into the flow of energy, the feeling that comes from the weed. I speak spontaneously from it.
High Times: I've noticed that the most successful dealers usually have catchy phrases to describe the highs of their various pots.
Dope Taster: The language of dope criticism, yes.
High Times: The dope speaks through you and you become its PR man, in a way.
Dope Taster: In a way, but I'm not a PR man for anybody or anything.
High Times: It's more sophisticated, you mean?
Dope Taster: Not exactly sophisticated. You have to have a sophisticated sense, but also a sense of the masses. I compare it to Duke Ellington.
High Times: So you have to appreciate fine nuances, but also know what the Furry Freak Brothers are going to like.
Dope Taster: Exactly. Of course, everyone does it. Everyone is their own dope taster, but I get paid for it so I begin to take it much more seriously. I feel a tremendous responsibility. If I fuck up, I may fuck up America.
High Times: How do you extrapolate how a pot is going to taste in Chicago when you're smoking it down in the field?
Dope Taster: Well, it's infinitely more powerful and more tasty down there, but you can tell. Bad weed tastes worse when it is fresh, and good weed tastes better.
High Times: Explain that again.
Dope Taster: Any negative properties of the weed are greatly amplified when it's fresh, so it's easy to pick up on.
High Times: What is an example of some bad grass?
Dope Taster: Bad grass? What is bad grass?
High Times: Stuff you wouldn't recommend.
Dope Taster: Well, I never smoked a pot I didn't like, you know. I've smoked the humblest window-grown Kansas City weed and gotten off, and I would again. I never turn down any dope. I'm not a snob.
High Times: What are the criteria for good reefer, though?
Dope Taster: Good taste is important. Of course, there are many different tastes, but some are more popular than others. And strength, obviously. But strength isn't everything. Lowland Colombian knocks you out, but it does not get you high. In other words, the narcoticizing effect overwhelms the psychoactive effect. Smell, or bouquet, is important. And appearance. Cosmetics are more and more important in this business.
High Times: What's the best grass for fucking?
Dope Taster: It depends on what kind of a fuck you want. This grass would be good for an intellectual fuck.
High Times: An intellectual fuck?
Dope Taster: Yes. Something like a mind-body communion, you know. I hate to hedge, but all grass is good for fucking. I mean, Jamaican is good for fucking.
High Times: Why is that?
Dope Taster: It's very stimulating. It apparently has tetrahydracannabinol isomers that stimulate the pleasure centers of the body. Remember, all pot is not alike. The government studies that are being done are all totally invalid, because they fail to take this into account. THC typically occurs in nature in over 200 isomer forms. It's a very sophisticated molecule, one of the most sophisticated in organic chemistry. Each isomer has different subtle effects, and these isomers are present in varying proportions in different pot. These various permutations and combinations create vastly different highs. Do you understand?
High Times: Yes. Getting back to this grass for a second, I notice that some of the buds have flecks of green. What does that mean?
Dope Taster: Well, this plant was probably picked a little early. Some of it was still alive, and therefore packed with chlorophyll, which makes it green. Chlorophyll is a source of harshness in grass. Now, greenness is not always bad. Hawaiian is green. Thai weed is green sometimes. But it's something to keep an eye on. You see, I have to say this in a properly qualified manner, because to make cavalier remarks in my position could be dangerous. Sometimes there are hundreds of thousands of dollars riding on deals, and that's no joke.
High Times: There must be some tense moments in your profession when you're between two big syndicates, and you have to guess the various wholesale and retail values down the line.
Dope Taster: It's true. I have to know what I'm talking about and be able to explain it, sometimes in several languages.
High Times: What languages?
Dope Taster: I speak Spanish, French, and Arabic.
High Times: Has anyone ever seriously challenged your judgment?
Dope Taster: There was one occasion. We were in the —— Hotel in Bogota. A considerable sample, about 25 pounds, had been brought to us from a warehouse in Medellin. I smoked it and was not impressed. I leaned more toward another weed that we were considering, a very spicy, hashy gold thing. At that point, we were trying to choose from several warehouse loads. This one thing didn't even pass the initial test and we weren't willing to go down and even check it out further.
High Times: You say warehouse load. How many pounds or tons in a warehouse load?
Dope Taster: Well, a warehouse could contain any amount, of course, but in this particular scene a warehouse usually contains one field and one field as they grow them in Colombia weighs in at around 5,000 to 10,000 pounds. Some less, some more. To get back to the story, the fellow who brought us the 25 pounds and I were in direct conflict about the relative qualities of the two dopes. His people, some rather nasty Spanish gentlemen with guns, were backing him up. Considerable trouble had been invested on both sides for us to be in the room, so the outcome of the issue was a serious matter. I suggested we roll up 25 joints of each of the two dopes. I then smoked his stuff, and he smoked mine, or at least the stuff I thought was better. Well, on about the eleventh joint, this guy just slid under the table; he just melted into the floor. He went with the flow. He became the flow, as it were. He flew. My stuff just cut through his brain like it was butter.
High Times: Could you suggest some tips to the average person who is looking for good pot. What to look for?
Dope Taster: Naturally, I can't counsel to commit an illegal act. From a botanical point of view, however, I could make a few comments about *cannabis sativa*. The first thing is to understand that you have to get down really close and *look at it,* like a couple of

Hawaiian is an extremely dramatic pot. Wacky weed is total. It makes you laugh, it makes everything absurd, it turns your body to jelly.

I recall Mezz Mezzrow commenting on the incredible gold pot grown in the mountains of Mexico. Even then, in the 30's, the high altitude stuff sold for more in Harlem.

inches away from your eye, in a good strong light. Look at the color—gold, green, red, brown, silver, and the relative proportions of those colors. Look at the seeds, of course. Is it leaves or buds? Is it in good condition or is it falling apart? Is it fresh or dry? Does it have a weird smell or appearance? How is it packaged? Bricked? Pressed? Loose? What is the proportion of buds?

High Times: Are buds over-rated?

Dope Taster: Yes. But there's a reason. If the buyer can see intact buds he or she knows that it definitely came from the top part of the plant, whereas if its powder, it could be bottom leaf. You know, it's prestige. The bottom part of the plant is associated with the lower middle class. Someone upwardly mobile aspires to the top of the plant.

High Times: Can you identify a pot by sight?

Dope Taster: Oh yes. I can look at any pot and tell you what province it came from. In some cases, I can tell the valley it came from. Because I've usually been there.

High Times: Did you ever have a grass that became a bigger hit than you thought justified?

Dope Taster: At first I considered Hawaiian a foolish fantasy, but it became a bestseller in 1973. I didn't think Hawaii could grow enough grass to be significant in the commercial market. Also, I thought the green color wasn't marketable to a green conscious America. But I went on taste and high, and committed my people very heavily financially to backing a few fields there. It turned out well. They sold it on the wholesale level for about $500 a pound and it retailed on up to $1500. Very fine stuff. They had financed it from the seedlings.

High Times: What made it so good?

Dope Taster: One reason was the hypnotic intensity of it. Hawaiian is an extremely dramatic pot. The intensity was so great that few people could finish a joint, because they were so stoned they forgot they had a joint in their hand. The joint would go out and the people would sit transfixed by the sheer power of the stuff.

High Times: How would you compare it to wacky weed?

Dope Taster: Hawaiian is high grass, lots of top end. Mental. Wacky weed is total. It makes you laugh, it makes everything absurd, it reduces your body to jelly. Wacky weed is not anti-intellectual, but it's not exactly cerebral either. Sort of reminds me of quaaludes.

High Times: I understand you're the person who gave wacky weed its name.

Dope Taster: When you're stoned, it becomes difficult to remember just who said what at a particular time in a particular room. There was a time and a room. Someone said wacky weed. I don't remember who. But the hardest part of dope criticism is developing the new vocabulary, an almost technological vocabulary. One thing about wacky weed, it's not for everyone. It shouldn't be given to people who aren't used to getting high a lot. I've seen people literally go into cardiac arrest. I hate to say that because it sounds bad, but it's true. Like they thought they had smoked pot before, but they just didn't know. That would never happen with Thai weed, by the way. Wacky weed is physical stuff.

High Times: How does a dope earn the title wacky weed?

Dope Taster: To me, wacky weed is not just ultra-powerful dope. It's a special kind of Colombian that comes from certain parts of Colombia. It's pot that has produced so much resin that it has stifled itself and died—that's why it's black sometimes. The opium poppy does the same thing. It requires a purposeful overstimulation of resin production until the plant can't get air or sunlight. It drowns in its own oil, and then is carefully manicured and pressed in a hydraulic press.

High Times: Is it true that there's counterfeit wacky weed around?

Dope Taster: It's true. You spread some hash oil over some good weed, press it in a hydraulic press, and come up with something that looks and smokes like wack. That's one thing I wouldn't smoke. Because it's synthetic. The delicate, volatile isomers are lost entirely. The most delicate ones are lost before dope ever even gets to America, but this process leaves you with only the crudest and most powerful knockout isomers, and it's a crude high. Forget it.

High Times: What do you think of hash oil?

Dope Taster: Hash oil is another story. Good hash oil, like cherry red Lebanese or honey oil, is a great high. Although it loses many isomers, others are intensified. It's a different drug than pot, but it's still a fine drug. The worst oil, poorly refined and made from garbage to begin with, has a taste and high somewhat similar to . . .

High Times: Iodine?

Dope Taster: Exactly. Crude oil has a lot of delta 3, 7, and 9. Those are the stultifying ones which suppress areas of the brain so others can become active; they are not the ones that stimulate. In other words, they stop old games, but they do not start new ones. The volatile, fragile top-end isomers are the creative ones that start new games, so to speak.

High Times: Do you feel that pot has some evangelical purpose?

Dope Taster: In the Bible, they talk about how Moses was given the Ten Commandments through a burning bush. In the allegorical language of the Bible, that may have meant he was smoking weed. There are early versions of the Old Testament which have numerous references to wisdom weed, which is probably marijuana. I think marijuana just may be the plant substance humankind needs to achieve wisdom as a race. Maybe not. It's not for everyone, but widespread use of it seems to cool out a lot of macho tendencies in people. I certainly don't think the Bible is talking about smoking tobacco, although there are strains of tobacco that have psychedelic properties. Indian strains and South American strains like Kinnikinik, which will definitely send you tripping if you don't throw up first. Very harsh. That's why they were smoked through a long pipe in order to cool them down.

High Times: What can you tell us about this year's pot market in terms of tastes and trends?

Dope Taster: I don't want to talk about this season until it's over. A lot of different people's money is still tied up in it.

High Times: Let's talk about last year's market.

Dope Taster: Let's not talk about last year's market because last season was a tragedy for us.

High Times: If you were being executed and were offered a last joint, what grass would you choose?

Dope Taster: You know, I've often thought about that as I was lighting up in some of the situations I've been in. Are you sure that I couldn't have two joints instead of one?

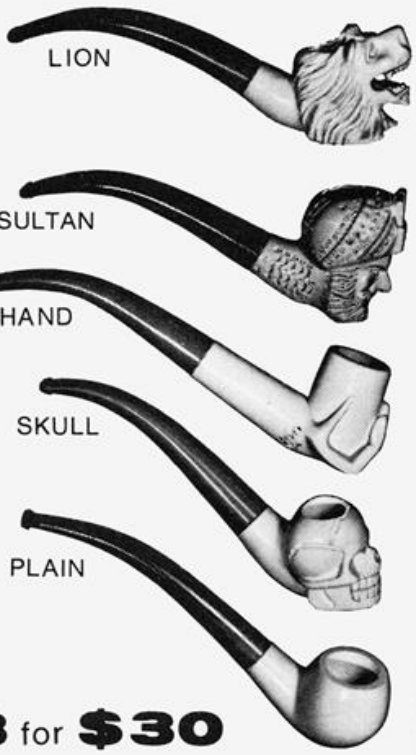
High Times: Okay, two joints then.

Dope Taster: Thanks. You see, I'd rather smoke half of two than all of one. In many ways, this is a difficult question because if I were to die I would want the dope that would exalt me. That would probably be Thai weed. Half of a Thai joint to get me going, to give me the momentum to get off the ground and climbing. For the other half-joint, I think I'd go for top Mexican, for its astral ability to flow with the experience of dying, you know, the understanding and acceptance that comes with psychedelic consciousness.

High Times: One to take off and one for landing.

Dope Taster: One for my baby and one for the road. Exactly.

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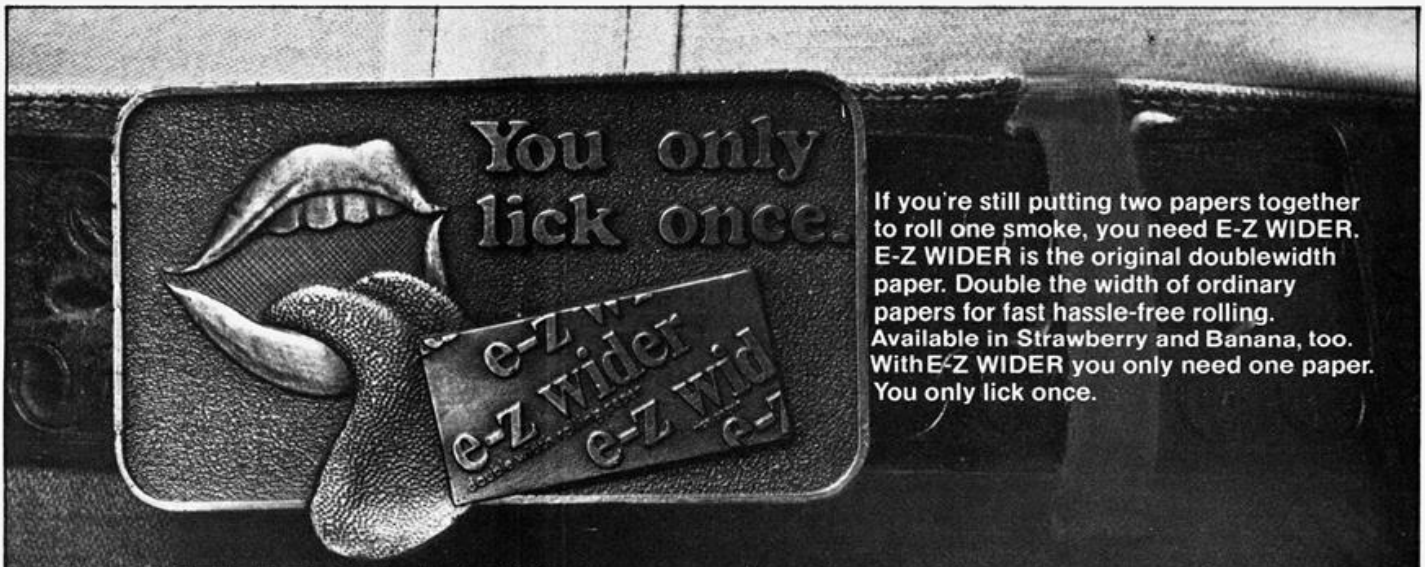
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(Letters continued from page 9)

LSD, in its pure form, is an odorless, colorless, and tasteless crystal substance. LSD deteriorates and becomes impure if exposed to strong light or heat or other environmental influences. Well designed tablets and vacuum vials are the best way to keep LSD fresh, at low temperature if possible.

Someday, I hope that we will again see real LSD available to the people, rather than the phony stuff around now. If anyone is interested in dialogue, please write me at: P.O. Box 685, Sun Valley, Cal. 93065.—*Bruce Eisner, Van Nuys, Cal.*

Mr. Eisner is an author doing serious research and writing on LSD, and we welcome his comments.

Cosmic Brigade

In regard to the Brotherhood of Eternal Love story in *High Times* #2: Psychedelic rangers still roam the streets cloaked in dual identities, staying high on cosmic mind pills as they battle for "justice and liberty for all". And in secret hideaways, atomic alchemists cook up mystical mindbending potions which unlock the doors to cosmic reality.

Our unknown heroes risk their lives and fortunes to turn their fellow man from the brink of disaster toward the creation of paradise on earth. Banded together in many different combinations, they strike a blow for the forces of salvation when cosmically summoned.

Although faced with many trials and tribulations and, at times, disillusionment, the young men and young women in this army continue to carry on. For, deep inside each and every one of them is the internal calling which gives them a job to do. And do it they shall with all the love they can muster. They carry on the COSMOS. What else can I say?—*Lenn Thebus, Tangiers*

Boulder Bill Bogosity

Here in Boulder, folks are being slipped counterfeit twenties, and I thought your readers might accept a word to the wise should they be in a position to handle lots of bucks. The bogus bills are being ignored here by the press and TV news, so I've made it a point to collect some tips on spotting rip off dollars.

The ink on a counterfeit twenty will be lighter green on the house side of the bill, or the Department of the Treasury seal over the word Twenty will be indistinct. Jackson's face will appear faded if counterfeit and the lines in the hair may be broken.

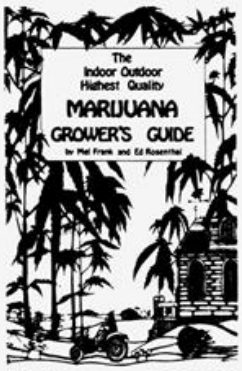
Finally the best way to test for counterfeits is to find the fine red and blue fibers in the paper of good bills. If the fibers aren't there, you've been had. I hope that this information will prevent anyone from being taken to the cleaners—*Caryn Rana, Boulder, Colo.*

Our Crosby To Bear

Your article, or story, *The Night They Raided Crosby's* (Winter 1975) was the best thing I've ever read about smokeasies. Albeit the only thing I ever read about them. Placing Crosby in the milieu of *The Great Gatsby* and the speakeasy-cabaret society of the Twenties was perhaps a bit over-romantic, and then again maybe it was just right: dope smugglers seem to be the bootleggers of today. And fostering a Hemingway-Fitzgerald-Bogie sentimentalism about them might be taking a long step towards legalization. As long as the narc's concocted imagery of slimy "pushers" persists, the Middle American mind will never accept the idea of legal marijuana. Thanks for a well-written spotlight on the righteous dealer—an elusive figure in modern American history. *Dennis Baxter, Spartanburg, N.C.*

CORRECTION

Dave Sheridan was incorrectly identified in our last issue as the creator of *Feds 'n Heads*. In fact, the inventor of *Feds 'n Heads* was Gilbert Shelton, Dave's collaborator and friend.



MARIJUANA GROWER'S GUIDE, Frank & Rosenthal, $3.50, 95 pp., 16 pp. of Illus., 6 pp. of Graphs, 2-Color Cover.

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"Probably the most knowledgeable book ever published on growing marijuana."
—High Times

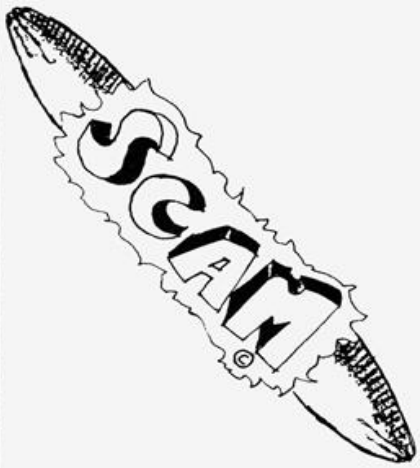
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SPRING '75 NUMBER 4

Ganja Cult Controversy Flares

Murder charges lodged in New York against five reputed members of the ganja (marijuana)-smoking Jamaican religious cult, the Rastafarians, has fueled controversy already surrounding the mysterious group. New York police claim that Rastafarian factions have been waging a war for control of the Jamaican marijuana trade that has resulted in eight deaths since November. They claim that Rastafarians have also been involved in "extortion, hard drug selling, stick ups, and a few rapes." Other observers insist, however, that true Rastifarians are spiritual and peaceful.

Rastafarians call themselves Black Hebrews, or The Lions of Judah. Their living god is Haile Selassie, or Ras Tafari, his name before being crowned Emperor of Ethiopia, and they also consider the Bible verse "Thou shall eat the herb of the field" (Jehovah's advice to Adam in Genesis) a dictate to consume ganja religiously. Their ritual smokes are preceeded with benedictions and ganja is used as a tea and a spice. They wear their hair in long, twisted locks stretching below the shoulders, called "dreadlocks". But wearing this hairstyle does not make one a Rastafarian. Orlando Patterson, Harvard sociologist and himself a Jamaican, scoffs at the notion of Rastafarians being in the U.S. However, he admits that among New York's growing West Indian population, many wear their hair in dreadlocks, affect the drawl of Jamaica's working class, and smoke pot for "religious reasons." Patterson compares this behavior to a kind of "flirtation" with a movement in-group. When young black Jamaicans sporting dreadlocks are involved in crime, their hairstyle is no certain clue that they're Rastafarians.

"Some people fear the Rastafarians, but they are harmless," said Jamaican foreign minister Dudley Thompson recently. "All they do is smoke a little ganja. We don't consider the Rastas a problem any more, only a phenomenon."



Splendor In The Grass: A Jamaican Rastafarian chomps on his ganja cigar.

Scoop: Justice Dept Using 'Watergate Tactics' To Block DEA Probe

Senate Investigations Committee Chairman Henry Jackson charged the Justice Department with using dirty tricks to block his committee's investigation into the Drug Enforcement Administration. In a letter to new Attorney General Edward Levi, Jackson accused the Justice Department of attempting "to bar subcommittee counsel from reviewing pertinent files," and "compiling a dossier on one of the investigators working on the case."

Jackson's probe followed columnist Jack Anderson's exposure of CIA-DEA ties. Anderson alleged that DEA officials were so busy snooping on each other that their anti-dope effectiveness has been destroyed. Anderson reports that in-house charges "flying around DEA headquarters" include alcoholism, murder, favors to now-fugitive Robert Vesco, consorting with prostitutes, and narcs accepting $20,000 cover money from Howard Hughes while they posed as Las Vegas gamblers.

Citing Justice Department obstruction and Anderson's relevations, Jackson said "The desperate nature of your [Justice Department] actions only intensifies my desire to make a sweeping examination of the Drug Enforcement Administration. I have, therefore, directed staff to commit all necessary personnel and resources to this investigation."

Head Manufacturers Unite

Major American manufacturers and distributors of head paraphernalia have formed a trade organization, the Smoking Paraphernalia Association of America (SPAA).

SPAA is the outgrowth of meetings held during the National Fashion and Boutique Show this January at the Hotel McAlpin in New York City. According to organizer Len Kurtz, representatives of about fifty companies attended the meetings, the prime goal of which was to "upgrade the industry."

NORML founder Keith Stroup met with SPAA during its second night of discussions and those in attendance pledged $7,000 in support of NORML's marijuana decriminalization efforts.

SPAA will establish an organization through which retailers can file complaints pertaining to any poor business practices on the part of paraphernalia manufacturers and distributors. This will benefit all SPAA members, stresses Kurtz. He hopes this approach will eventually include help for paraphernalia businesses with legal hassles. Plans for the future include a dinner and a meeting at both the next National Fashion and Boutique Show and an industry convention next year.

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To Our Readers

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: Highwitness News, *High Times* Magazine, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y., 10003.

THE BEAUTIFUL & THE DAMNED

The Hearsts make news again and Linda McCartney sings the blues in Hollywood. And the big story is the growing celebrity line-up at your local precincts.

• Linda McCartney, wife of ex-Beatle Paul McCartney and a member of the rock group Wings was arrested in West Hollywood for alleged possession of marijuana. Cops say that the McCartneys' silver Lincoln, driven by Paul, was stopped for going through a red light. While administering a ticket they reportedly noticed "a strong smell of burning marijuana" and conducted a search that yielded less than an ounce of weed in Mrs. McCartney's purse. Linda, 33 years old, was released on $500 bail. No charges were filed against Paul or the three McCartney children who were with their parents in the car.

• Patty Hearst's 19-year-old sister, Anne Randolph Hearst, was arrested at the Rainbow Bridge checkpoint on the Canadian border near Buffalo. Police report finding 12 amphetamine tablets on her traveling companion, Donald Moffett, 21. She claimed the pills as her own. Ms. Hearst, Moffett, and George Boomer, 21, were in a car pulled over for inspection. Inspectors claim to have found "marijuana residue" in the vehicle, and this resulted in a body search that turned up the pills. Hearst and Moffett were both freed on $1,000 bail. Boomer was not charged.

• Pittsburgh Steeler David Reavis was handed an unexpected post-Super Bowl reverse. Four days after his team's victory over the Minnesota Vikings, he was fined $2000 and placed on three year's probation for possession of 250 pounds of marijuana intended for sale. Reavis was arrested in May '74 in Tempe, Arizona, and pleaded guilty in October. However, the judge deferred sentencing until after football season.

• Michigan state Senator Basil Brown, 48, a supporter of action to decriminalize marijuana use, was arraigned recently on charges of marijuana and hashish possession. He was arrested after police spotted him driving in an "eratic manner."

• The White House claims that President Ford is powerless to intervene in John Lennon's deportation hearing. New York Congressman Norman Lent recently appealed to Ford, declaring it a travesty of justice to deport Lennon for his 1968 London marijuana bust.

• Ex-Missouri state Representative John C. Conley, Jr. has been convicted a second time of selling heroin to an undercover agent. During Conley's trial, U. S. Congressional Representative William C. Clay was named as being present during the transactions.

• Chad Mitchell, 38-year-old folksinger whose Chad Mitchell Trio had its heyday in the 1960's, was convicted in a San Antonio, Texas, Federal court for conspiracy and possession of 400 pounds of pot. After receiving his five year sentence, Mitchell told Judge Adrian Spears that he was "Terribly, terribly sorry it happened."

• Secret Service agent Glendon Bozman returned from a trip to California with Henry Kissinger, carrying 40 cases of Coors beer aboard a backup plane. A Secret Service spokesman reported that Bozman will be given "appropriate disciplinary action." "We have nothing against souvenirs, but this is in excess," said the spokesman.

• John Steele, former Mayor of Hallendale, Florida, won his bid to have 3,000 pounds of pot disallowed as evidence against him in court. Judge Arden Siegendorf ruled that a police search of a Monroe County property where Steele was arrested was illegal because the agents didn't have search warrants. Steele was Hallendale's mayor between 1963 and 1965 and a city commissioner until 1967.

• In an interview with the *Washington Star-News*, former U.S. Army code specialist Donald Meyer revealed that he and other troops stationed in Germany smoked marijuana and hashish while handling nuclear weapons. Meyer estimated that 95 percent of his 225 man missile detachment smoked hash to escape boredom. In a related development, the Army recently accused thirty-three MP's of drug abuse and disqualified them from guard duty at a Miesau, Germany, atomic weapons depot.



Fast Roller: The E-Z Wider Racing Nova will be competing in races throughout this country, Mexico and Canada in the 1975 Camel GT Challange series. The 190 mph car, unique in its paraphernalia sponsorship, is also the only Chevy Nova competing in the series, which has been dominated by German-made Porsches in recent years.

Ms. Rice Spills Beans

Roxie Ann Rice, a 19-year-old St. Louis woman arrested on charges of defrauding an innkeeper and fraudulently using a credit card, claimed to be a courier in a drug ring that supplied marijuana, amphetamines, and other assorted pills to professional athletes. She told her story while in police custody for alleged use of a stolen credit card belonging to Ken Houston, a Washington Redskin quarterback.

Ms. Rice says she made dope sales to many National Football League players and to members of the St. Louis Spirits of the American Basketball Association. She told St. Louis police she had been hired to pose as a visiting Ghanian doctor, using the name Adiza Juzang. She was to obtain press passes and become familiar with the players and their families. On the side, she took orders and arranged delivery of the drugs. Police spokesmen report they have documented evidence of her whereabouts on certain dates, including a photograph run in the *Kansas City Star* of Ms. Rice in Kansas City for a game between the Chiefs and the Minnesota Vikings.

Reaction to Roxie's tale varied. A spokesman for the Washington Redskins termed the reports "unbelievable, fantastic." The DEA in St. Louis denied knowledge of the allegations and characterized the case as "ridiculous police work and irresponsible press." Not so surprised were other pro athletes. Basketball great Walt Frazier acknowledged that some ball players "quite naturally smoke pot. I can't give any percentages, but I've seen players smoking at parties and I know other players smoke," he said. The story received much national attention. One wag who saw the Spirits play on the night Ms. Rice allegedly made her sale, said "They lost the game by forty points and didn't even care."

Judge: Would Have Shot Narcs

Oklahoma Special District Court Judge Robert Edmiston ruled recently in Tulsa that eleven narcs who conducted a pre-dawn raid on Raymond Hill's home last June entered the residence illegally and were trespassers. An assault charge filed against Hill was dismissed by the judge, who said that he would have defended his home in a similar situation. Hill had been charged for swinging a mace at one of the cops, Rex Webb. Webb wounded Hill with a shotgun blast, claiming it was in self-defense.

Judge Edmiston said "If I had a .30-06 rifle in my living room, I would have used it." Edmiston ruled that the cops who raided Hill's house did not give him time to consider their purpose, and that two of the first three cops who entered were not in uniform.

Bull Parts And Helicopter Semen

The U.S. Customs service has concluded that there is no such animal as the "typical" smuggler. Responsible for 96,000 miles of U.S. borders, and with posts in Canada and the Bahamas, Customs agents last year cleared 267 million travelers for entry into the States. From this experience has come the observation of one agent that most potential smugglers "give themselves away by nervousness, by being too helpful or talkative, or simply doing stupid things."

Unsuccessful smugglers, it seems, suffer from a lack of inventiveness, if not imagination. Deputy Commissioner G. R. Dickerson said recently, "You name it, from narcotics to bull semen, parrots, gold watches and helicopter parts. There are people who will try to smuggle anything into the country." But the wider range of contraband is not matched by style. "The amazing thing," Dickerson says, "is that they keep using the same gimmicks—suitcases with false bottoms, money belts or padded brassieres, aerosol cans filled with something else, false or downgraded bills for cameras, watches and jewelry."

Customs officials highly praise their dogs, too, as effective deterrants to smuggling. As an example of canine collaboration with the authorities Dickerson told the story of Albert, the wonder mutt, who in one day's work along the Arizona-Mexico border made five seizures, totalling fifty grams of heroin, two pounds of hashish and 320 pounds of marijuana. "They're [the dogs] great," Dickerson says, "and we want more."

So it would appear that, while there is no typical smuggler, the typical best Customs agent has four legs and a nose for what gets people high.

The Supreme Court

The Oakley, Kansas, courthouse smelled better than a gotham smokeasy after police tried to dispose of 139 pounds of marijuana by putting it in the courthouse incinerator. Smoke poured through the entire building and the operation had to be moved to the Oakley City dump.

Leary: Just Gimme Some Truth

After serving two-and-a-half years of a ten year sentence in California for marijuana possession and prison escape, Timothy Leary has been released by the California Adult Authority. Leary is not yet, however, a free man, since he is scheduled to immediately begin serving ten years on a federal marijuana-smuggling conviction in Texas.

While still in custody in California, Leary called an old friend, Jaakov Kohn of the *Soho Weekly News* in New York City, and advised him to cooperate with the F.B.I. In the phone conversation, which Kohn tape recorded, Leary admits that he has been cooperating with the bureau because he believes that all cover-ups must end and that no one should keep secrets from others. "I can tell you frankly, I think nobody is going to lose anything if the truth comes out. It seems ironic that people should be afraid of the truth," Leary is quoted as saying.

Indiana's Crazy House

A bill that would make possession of dope paraphernalia a misdemeanor punishable by up to a year in prison and a $500 fine has passed the Indiana State House. Second offenders face a jail term of two to ten years and a fine not exceeding $1,000. The bill is being considered in Senate committee as we go to press.

The bill, Senate Bill 95, was originally a liberalizing law that made first offense marijuana possession of less than twenty-five grams a misdemeanor. Under present Indiana law, possession of any amount of grass is a felony. But Sen. Charles E. Bosma, a Republican, succeeded in getting passed his amendment that outlaws the possession, manufacture, and delivery of paraphernalia.

The bill defines "paraphernalia" as: "Any instrument, device, article, or contrivance used, designed for use, or intended for use in ingesting, smoking, administering, or preparing marijuana, hashish, hashish oil, or cocaine."

David Allison, of Indiana NORML, said that the fight against the amendment is complicated by the fact that the rest of the bill is desirable. Many in the paraphernalia industry feel that even if the bill passes with the amendment intact, which is doubtful, the paraphernalia provisions would not last long before being declared unconstitutional.

Hefner Charges DEA 'Witch Hunt'

Following the suicide of his personal secretary, Bobbie Arnstein, who was facing a fifteen year prison sentence for a cocaine rap, *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner has charged that the year-long government investigation into drug use at the Playboy mansions and clubs is "a politically motivated witch hunt" that drove Arnstein to her death.

Hefner accused the government of manufacturing the case against her, getting her sentenced to a long term, and then trying to pressure her into implicating him (Hefner) with the possibility of a reduced sentence. It was a conspiracy, he said, "to get me and *Playboy*," because of the "liberal *Playboy* philosophy on drugs and the social, political, and racial values."

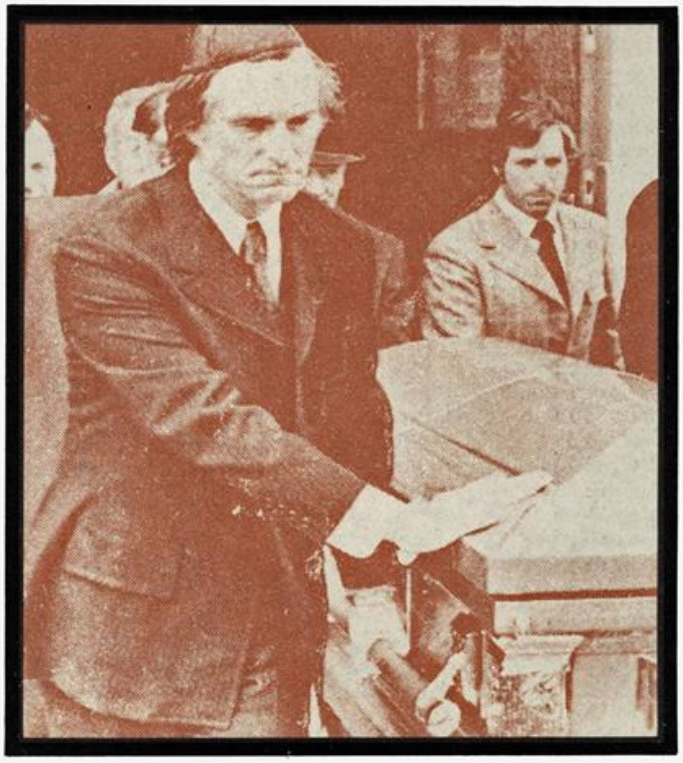
U.S. Attorney James Thompson, 38, referred to as the "Mr. Clean of Chicago law enforcement", denied Hefner's charges that his investigation and prosecution drove Arnstein to suicide. He said that he had warned Arnstein that a murder contract was out for her, a claim Playboy executives scoff at.

Other dope incidents involving the Playboy name include:

The death in September, 1973 of bunny Adrienne Pollack, 23, from an overdose of methaquaalone, according to doctors. She had moved out of the mansion several weeks before, and the death brought little attention until the Arnstein conviction. It is now the subject of a Cook County grand jury investigation in which Hefner has been subpoenaed.

Last Dec. 9, a Los Angeles cop stopped a car driven by Abdol Shapoorian, 31, manager of the new Playboy Club at Century City, on suspicion of drunken driving. A gram of white powder believed to be methamphetamine was found in the car.

In January, a woman named Sheryl Kalschnee of Santa Monica lodged a $10 million suit against Playboy, charging, that she was injured in a fall at the L.A. mansion in January, 1974, after someone dropped a "legally restricted and dangerous drug" into her drink.



Hefner at Ms. Arnstein's funeral

HIGH CRIMES

The cost of high living continues to inch upward in '75, but narcs are kept off the breadline by a constant supply of dopers. On police blotters are the following:

• A 25-year-old New Jersey State Police laboratory chemist was arrested for the theft of $1.2 million of cocaine that had been confiscated in Bergen County drug raids. Gail Ann Kosmyna allegedly pilfered the "100 percent pure" cocaine from the Little Falls police lab.

• Jorge Dabed-Sumar, a native of Santiago, was convicted of conspiring to smuggle 616 pounds of cocaine into the U.S. in emptied aerosol cans, women's garments, milk cans, and vehicles. He was also convicted on one count of actual smuggling.

• LeRoy (Nicky) Barnes, who police describe as the "No. 1 black narcotics dealer in the country," is facing bribery and weapons charges after allegedly offering two New York City cops $132,000 in cash from the trunk of his Mercedes. The cops claim Barnes offered the bribe after they noticed a weapon in the car, which had been stopped for a "routine check."

• Police in Greenville, Ohio, have issued an all-points bulletin for the thieves who made off with 600 pounds of marijuana which was stored in the city's jail.



Possible U.S. Record: New York City law enforcement officials beam at $1.2 million cash bribe recently collected there. Authorities say the figure constitutes the largest single take in this country's history.

• Philip "Philly Rags" Cimmino, already under federal indictments in New York, Miami, and Newark is one of eighteen persons charged with operating a $14 million cocaine and marijuana smuggling operation between Florida and New Jersey.

• Santos (Frank) Cotroni, 44, the alleged crime king of Canada and the reputed "Canadian Connection" for a huge international dope smuggling ring, was found guilty in a Brooklyn court on four counts of conspiracy and aiding and abetting a $3 million cocaine smuggling ring.

• Steven Alan Barton's stomach pains turned out to be caused by the $100,000 worth of cocaine he had swallowed. California doctors extracted 27 finger-sized balloons filled with 90 percent pure cocaine from Barton's stomach. Twenty-six year old Barton refused to say how the cocaine got there.

• Seventy people, most of them in their twenties, were rounded up in a series of raids in Essex County, New Jersey. Police describe the suspects as neighborhood dope sellers acting individually, not as major or organized dealers.

• Two women, both illegal aliens from Mexico, were convicted of possession of 875 pounds of marijuana that police found in a pickup truck they were in. One of the women claimed she was a hitchhiker and had no knowledge of the truck's cargo, but the prosecution introduced a photograph of both women together, taken several months before the arrest.

• Five men were arrested and two airplanes and a ton of marijuana were seized in Mexico recently after a wild airplane chase that ranged from near Phoenix to the Mexican border. A flying U.S. Border Patrol Agent saw two planes cross into this country from Mexico at an altitude of about fifty feet. He followed them to where they landed and were met by two trucks, but they took off when they spotted him. He then chased them to the Mexican border. Mexican officials were notified and arrested the occupants of the planes when they landed near Hermosillo.

• Arizona deputies said that a routine traffic check turned into a 600 pound pot bust because the driver, Angel Miguel Santiago, was agitated and nervous.

• Vincent Pappa, called one of New York's major dope dealers, has been convicted by a Federal jury of conspiracy to distribute narcotics and possession of 160 pounds of heroin worth $20 million. Pappa, 57, is a key figure in the investigation of the thefts of about 400 pounds of heroin from the Police Department's Property Clerk's office, including the "French Connection" heroin.

• Kelly Ogden, 26, described as one of the top thirty dope smugglers in the United States, was arrested in Gainesville, Florida, recently and charged with conspiracy to possess 4,000 pounds of marijuana. Ogden, who says he is a rock promoter, was a principal of the Ventura Landscaping Co., whose officers drove radio-equipped Cadillac Eldorados and Lincoln Continentals but, according to the government, did little landscaping.

• Investigating an explosion and fire in a two-story home near Oakland, authorities discovered equipment in the house which indicated a capability to produce two to three pounds of methadrine per week. Being sought are three men seen running out of the house after the explosion.

• A thirteen month investigation by federal narcs and local police has resulted in the arrest of nineteen alleged major New York City dope dealers. Among those arrested was Frank Lucas, 44, of Teaneck, N.J., in whose house police found two blue suitcases stuffed with $584,000 in cash.

• Two brothers, Julio and Errain Torres-Sotelo, 24 and 21, were charged with possession of over a ton of marijuana that U.S. Customs agents reported seizing in their truck in Arizona about twenty miles north of the Mexican border.

• "Operation Hawk," so named in honor of William "The Hawk" Pearson of the Miami police, has resulted in the arrest of twenty-seven people there described as "high level traffickers" of dope. The twenty-seven reportedly sold a total of $2 million worth of cocaine and heroin to undercover agents.

• Federal agents arrested five men and two women for possession of 1,150 pounds of marijuana at the Tuscon International Airport. Also confiscated were a plane, two trucks, two semi-automatic rifles, and a .45 caliber semi-automatic pistol.

• A former DEA agent, Jon A. Ercole, 21, pleaded guilty to a charge of distribution of seventy pounds of marijuana in return for the dropping of twelve other charges brought against him by a federal grand jury. Among the dropped charges were those implicating Ercole in the disappearance of 411 bricks of pot from a DEA seizure yard.

• A federal grand jury has indicted a Tuscon tax accountant and four other men on charges that they conspired to smuggle 269 pounds of marijuana into the U.S.

HighWitness News

Heavy Tariff

John Storr, convicted in Boulder, Colorado, for selling 200 pounds of grass, thought he'd done pretty well by the legal system when he received a three year suspended sentence. But that was before the Internal Revenue Service billed him for $327,000, based on the provisions of the rarely-used Marijuana Tax Act, which allows for a tax of $100 an ounce to be paid to the federal government. Storr and a co-defendant plan to challenge the tax in court on the grounds that it would have been self-incriminating to pay it.

What, Me Worry?

In an interview with the *San Francisco Examiner*, Mexican President Luis Echeverria rejected proposals for a conditional amnesty for Americans imprisoned in Mexico on drug charges. He also claimed that, until the interview, he was not aware of charges that torture and extortion are rampant in Mexican prisons.

This denial comes amid heavy publicity in both national presses, a protest from the U.S. Congress, and a formal diplomatic protest from the U.S. embassy in Mexico City concerning Mexican prison conditions. Friends and relatives of prisoners, with the support of Congressman Fortney Stark (D-Cal.), have called on Mexico to deport the Americans back to the U.S.

Arson & Old Lace

An undercover fire marshal posed as an arsonist-for-hire recently to nab a ring credited with over 500 fires in New York City. The indicted culprits were a 73-year-old woman, her lawyer son, and her sister, 66. The team allegedly bought up new, unoccupied houses, insured them heavily, and had them burned to the ground. Fire Marshal Thomas Russo, 36, infiltrated the ring by posing as a "torch", or firesetter.

Leftover Love

Raul Colon, a 29-year-old Brooklyn man, was convicted of first degree manslaughter and sentenced to an indeterminate fifteen year sentence in prison. According to testimony, Colon stabbed and strangled his girl friend, Renee Hoffman, 25. He then shellacked her body, wrapped it in aluminum foil and plastic wrap and kept it under his bed for ten days.

Dopers Unionize Down Under

For two years now, a group of dope-smoking Australians has operated a nationwide union and political party to push for legal marijuana in Australia.

The organization is known as the Dope Smokers Union—or DSU—and is currently generating $65,000 a year in income through the sale of dope through the mails. The DSU runs dozens of advertisements in Australian newspapers, offering marijuana, hashish, and "Buddha sticks" (the tops of pot plants). An ounce of good pot sells for $39, the profit being used to finance DSU political activities. The ads offer a free sample joint.

The DSU's founder Peter Carey says that although the union's activities are technically illegal, the police won't move against the DSU because its organizers have gathered incriminating evidence against the cops.

The party's platform calls for legalizing marijuana growing, legalizing prostitution, and encouraging people to go back to the land. The DSU says it also plans to start a travel service designed especially for people fleeing dope charges. The party plans to run twelve candidates in the next federal elections in Australia.

SMOKE SIGNALS

The marijuana decriminalization movement continues to acquire new advocates, and the right to get high may soon be part of the Constitution. Here are some of the more newsworthy anti-prohibition developments:

● Dr. Jerome Jaffee, the man who headed the White House Drug Abuse Section under President Nixon, has joined his successor, Dr. Robert DuPont, in urging a liberalization of marijuana laws. Dr. Jaffee told a Senate subcommittee that jailing people for marijuana use is "barbaric".

● John Bartels, Drug Enforcement Administration head, revealed that the U.S. Justice Department has been studying removal of criminal penalties for small amounts of pot. Bartels says the study was launched because officials are alarmed at the growing number of minor pot arrests.

● Some Iowa authorities have stopped prosecuting minor marijuana offenders. Iowa's Polk County Attorney Roy Fenton states that persons caught with small amounts of pot (an ounce or less) will not be arrested.

● A bill to legalize marijuana and set up state operated packaging plants has been filed by a 26-year-old New Hampshire state legislator. Rep. Gerry Parker said "it will raise millions" in state revenue. The marijuana would be sold in the existing state liquor monopoly's stores and its quality "will be controlled by the state liquor commission." Parker, estimated that "conservatively, it (legalization) will raise in the neighborhood of $30 million to $50 million a year.

● The New Jersey state legislature will soon hold hearings on marijuana decriminalization. Jersey legislators who have come out for decriminalization include Sen. Alexander Menza and Assemblyman Eldridge Hawkins, who have introduced decriminalization bills. Criminal Justice Director Mathew Boylan and Chief Justice Richard Hughes will also soon hold hearings on marijuana decriminalization.

New Jersey State Attorney General William F. Hyland came out for decriminalization. He said that he was concerned that the current state laws make criminals out of "young people, in particular, who have a passing and almost casual interest in the use of non-hard drugs."

● NORML recently analyzed the 1973 statewide field poll on marijuana use and found that while nearly all areas of California hold more liberal marijuana views than they did in 1969, the most unexpected statistic was that Los Angeles and Orange counties were more liberal than the state as a whole in 1973. In 1969, twenty-two percent of those polled in the two counties favored some form of legalized marijuana or less severe penalties. In 1973, that figure jumped to fifty-three percent.

● In New York, Sen. Franz Leichter of Manhattan and Assemblyman Alan Hevesi of Queens, both Democrats, have introduced a bill to legalize the cultivation, distribution, and sale of marijuana to persons over 18. The bill would establish a control authority to regulate marijuana production, manufacture, and distribution. Grass would be sold through liquor stores and taxed similarly to alcohol. Gov. Hugh Carey recently announced that he is considering legislation to "decriminalize" marijuana, similar to Oregon's law.

● After conducting three days of hearings, the DEA is considering whether the decriminalization of marijuana would violate the provisions of the United Nations' Single Convention on narcotic and dangerous drugs. NORML has argued that the treaty does not require controls as stiff as this country's. The hearing was ordered by the U.S. Court of Appeals after a petition to have marijuana decontrolled was denied by the DEA.

● The Canadian government has introduced a bill that would eliminate jail sentences for simple possession of marijuana and hashish. The current penalty for possession is up to seven years. The bill would specify fines for offenders and reduce the maximum sentence for dealing from life to ten years.

● Most of Rochester's community leaders favor some sort of legalization or decriminalization of marijuana in New York, but most of the local state legislators still just aren't sure, according to the *Rochester Patriot*. The *Patriot* surveyed twenty-five community leaders and found seventy-three percent of them responded favorably to proposals for legalizing the herb.

ROACH CLIPPINGS

Here are some of the stranger specimens that have crossed the *High Times* news desk:

• 78-year-old Joanna Williams, a Lakeland, Florida resident, discovered some marijuana growing in a windowbox of her new home, recently vacated by a younger tenant. "I was just waiting for them to bloom to find out what they were," said the septuagenarian woman, "when someone stole all my plants." The remaining seedlings were turned over to local police.

• 29-year-old Jim R. Sharp plans to sue federal drug authorities for a bottle of Ovaltine which they seized from his airplane when he landed it at the Great Falls International Airport in Montana. Sharp says that agent Don Friend discovered the Ovaltine in his luggage and suspected it was a form of LSD. The bottle was taken to a Customs building where a chemical was added that would turn the contents, if LSD, purple. "He asked me what color I thought it was," says Sharp. "I told him it was brown. Ovaltine is brown. But he said it was purple and the bottle was full of LSD." Sharp's plane was seized and stored for fourteen days, for which he paid storage fees of $3.50 a day.



Owlsleytine: Jim Sharp relaxing after his breakfast drink failed the acid test.

• A marijuana farmer whose crop was burned by police claimed responsibility for the fire which wrecked a Virginia sheriff's headquarters.

• Dennis Conroy and Michael Timmons were recently discovered unhurt near Gainesville, Florida in the cockpit of their crashed twin-engine plane, imprisoned under a small mountain of bulging trash bags. When rescuers removed them from the plane, they reportedly found a half-ton of pot in the fifty bags. Conroy and Timmons were taken first to a hospital, then to a jail.

• Police raiding the Zion, Illinois home of Donald R. Kimmell, 23, were reportedly taken back by a fifteen foot python and other assorted snakes in the basement. Kimmell was charged with possession of controlled substances: marijuana and wild animals.

• Cathy Kraft was walking her poodle down a Opa-Locka, Florida street when a strange man leaped from a truck, beat and choked the animal to death, and began gnawing on its head. "Toxic psychosis" resulting from a combination of pain-killers and vodka is the explanation that Leroy Tuft's lawyer gave for his client's aberrant behavior.

• Brian, a 3-year-old adept at rolling joints, was taken into protective custody by Omaha, Nebraska police when he was among eight people picked up in a house allegedly containing stolen property. When a cop walked by him in the stationhouse bearing a bag of marijuana seized in another raid, Brian reportedly piped up "Hey man, where'd you get the pot?" The cops discussed dope with the child, who capped things off by rolling a joint. When the boy's mother arrived, the police accompanied her home and arrested her for possession.

• One recent Monday, Mrs. Bonnie Wood was convicted in a West Virginia court of sale of illegal alcoholic beverages. Tuesday, her son John, 28, was sentenced to one to five years in prison and fined $15,000 after he pleaded guilty to possession of marijuana with intent to deliver.

• In California the *San Rafael Independent-Journal* reports that an anonymous caller warned that marijuana which had been stolen from his porch had been treated with chemicals which could prove lethal if smoked. "I can't go to the police," he said, "but I don't want someone to die, either!"

• Al Hargis, 28, had a reasonable explanation for police after they arrested him for spinning around in a clothes dryer in a New Hampshire laundromat: "I wanted to see what it was like riding in a space ship."

Impotent Weed

The hemp at Tochigi Prefecture, a hamlet north of Tokyo, has long been popular with American soldiers and Japanese citizens looking for a high. But no more. Commercial hemp farmers have decided to stop the unwanted harvesters and are cultivating a new hemp that contains *no* tetrahydrocannabinol.

DEA's 'CIA Connection'

The Drug Enforcement Administration has admitted that fifty-three former employes of the Central Intelligence Agency now work for the DEA as agents, analysts, and clerks but that, by "mutual consent", the drug agency and the CIA have canceled their cooperative training agreement.

DEA spokesman Robert Feldkamp said that twenty-six former CIA personnel are employed in the drug agency's intelligence division, with twenty-seven now working in enforcement. The DEA reports a total force of about 2,400 agents and 232 intelligence specialists. Feldkamp said that DEA Administrator John Bartels Jr. feels that "we can do the job by ourselves." Others speculate that the intense investigation of the CIA is another reason the DEA wants to sever the "CIA Connection."

The Mardi Gras Is Over

The bodies of two erstwhile pot purchasers were fished from the Whiskey Bay Pilot Channel near Baton Rouge, Louisiana. They had been chained and locked to concrete blocks and then shot in the face with a shotgun and dumped from the Interstate 10 bridge. East Baton Rouge deputies have arrested three men in the slaying, one of whom may have been the partner of the two dead LSU-Shreveport students.

Wade Johnson Delaune, 22, and Drew Cullers, 22, were last seen alive carrying $6,000 near Ryan Airport. They were with a third man, who later left. According to police, the money was for a dope buy. Booked on suspicion of murder were Thomas Corry Joyner and Reginald Ray Kaese. Brought in for questioning was William (Billy) Vicks who has been described by Sheriff Jessel Ourso as a hidden dealing partner of the murdered men.

Paranoid Pflees Police

Sheriff's officers in Elberton, Georgia, were on the way to the scene of an accident, lights flashing, when the driver of a pickup truck ahead of them pulled off the road, then jumped out and fled into the underbrush. In the back of the truck, deputies found a 1,250 gallon groundhog (underground) moonshine still ready for installation.

US-Mexico Team Up For Search & Destroy

Mexican and American officials recently announced that the U.S. has supplied Mexico with jet-powered helicopters and small reconnaissance planes to supplement a new campaign to destroy Mexico's vast marijuana and poppy fields. The beefed-up efforts are considered a reaction to a threatened flood of brown Mexican heroin into the States.

Partly funded by the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, the new campaign will concentrate on the major growing areas in north-central (Chihuahua, Sinaloa, Durango, and Zacatecas States) and southwestern (Michoacan and Guerrero) Mexico. Since 1969, the U.S. has pumped $7 million into Mexico's annual growing-season destruction efforts. This year alone, the figure is $3 million.

Mexican attorney general Pedro Ojeda Paullada expects this year's campaign to be the most successful to date. "We are totally committed to totally eradicating the opium-producing fields," he said.



Junkies for Jesus: The Rev. John J. Tirella, charged with aiding jailbreak.

'Junkie Priest' Aids Jailbreak

A priest known as a friend to needy junkies in New York has been indicted in connection with a $50,000 plot to free seven major pushers from the Federal House of Detention. Rev. John J. Tirella, known around New York's lower East Side as "the junkie priest", is accused along with fourteen others, including a prison guard, of obtaining styrofoam duplicates of keys to the doors through which the seven made their escape.

Father Tirella, 55, was described as a "volunteer chaplain who was a frequent visitor to the detention center." The indictment charged him with using his "office prestige and influence" to provide materials to guard Lawrence Giannino, 26, who was also accused of soliciting a $50,000 bribe for his part in the escape. Among those who are missing are Gilbert Bornsztcjn, 42, of France and Enrique Barrera, 51, a Mexican, who were serving time for their part in a plot that used Bolivian diplomats to import $50 million worth of heroin into the States.

The Franciscan priest was not charged with receiving any money for his aid.

New Anti-Smuggler Tactics Revealed By Customs

The U.S. Customs Service plans to combat the flow of dope into the southern U.S. with computers that will forecast smuggling routes and index all private aircraft returning from Mexico.

Albert G. Bergesen, regional commissioner of the Service, told of the plans recently at a meeting of the Arizona Associated Press Newspaper Association.

Bergesen said that regular patrol of the border by agents has been replaced by "tactical interdiction teams", that use current intelligence data combined with computers to catalog suspects, allowing agents to quickly obtain any information they may have amassed on a suspect.

In order to discourage airplane dope smuggling, pilots will be required to report by radio fifteen minutes before crossing into the United States from Mexico, then instructed to land at one of several airports for inspection.

Bergesen stated that the Service's efforts have made smuggling operations more costly and difficult. "For example, a 'mule'—that is someone who is hired to bring in a load of marijuana or contraband across the border—used to receive $50 to $100 to bring a load across the border. We now find that mules are paid up to $1,000," he said.

Bergesen claims that customs agents in his region, which includes Southern California, Arizona, and part of Nevada, have seized over 364,000 pounds of marijuana, 10.9 million pills, 856 pounds of hashish, 97 pounds of cocaine, and 41 pounds of heroin in the past year.

Micronesia Decriminalizes Grass

The Congress of Micronesia has decriminalized marijuana, making possession of one ounce a civil offense punishable by a fine of up to $50.

Micronesia is a U.S. Trust Territory which consists of numerous islands between Hawaii and the Philippines.

WHO'S HIGH?

Dope smoking continues its popular growth internationally, while on the domestic scene statistics show steady smoking among all walks of life.

- A recent issue of the official publication of the Young Communist League reported the arrest of a young Soviet accused of selling packets of hashish. The publication of such an arrest is a departure from usual Soviet press practice, but it, along with recent tougher drug laws, indicates a surge of dope use behind the Iron Curtain.
- Back in the U.S.A., a survey by the Drug Abuse Council reports that over eight percent of adult Americans are pot smokers, with some fourteen percent of professionals queried reporting themselves as current users. Two out of five union members report having tried marijuana.

Among pot smoking adults with political affiliations, twenty-four percent of the Independents report having used marijuana, compared with fifteen percent of the Democrats and ten percent of the Republicans.

- Meanwhile, among the young, *Marijuana and Health*, a Department of Health, Education and Welfare 1974 report, cites a study of high schoolers in San Mateo, California where 61.9 percent of the boys and 58.2 percent of the girls smoked pot. The HEW estimates that one in every seven Americans over the age of twelve has used marijuana.

Legal Highs Not Quite In Georgia

Steve Crabtree, proprietor of Crabtree's Inc., a Decatur, Georgia head shop, has been arrested for selling the book *Legal Highs*. DeKalb County police allege that some of the substances the book describes are now illegal. Crabtree was also charged under the Georgia Drug and Cosmetic Act with selling improperly packaged morning glory seeds and Hawaiian baby woodrose—the packages did not list the name of the manufacturer or distributor on them, as required by Georgia law. Also charged with violating the Georgia Controlled Substances Act was Glenn Franklin Salter, an employee at Crabtree's who, police say, sold Jimson weed seeds to a youth who subsequently ate them and "stayed high for twenty-eight hours."



Maurice Bovine, winner in the Endurance class at last year's Smoke-In. This year's festivities are set for July 4 in Washington, D.C.

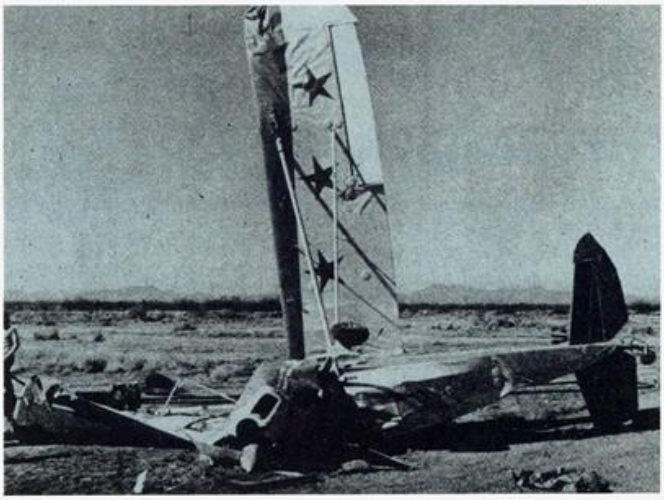
Keypunch Krazies

The phone freaks have spawned a new space-age whiz kid, the computer freak. *New Scientist* magazine reports that a fifteen-year-old London school-boy named Joe used a school computer terminal to crack the security system of one of the biggest time-sharing computers in England.

With only four months of schooling and virtually no formal computer training, Joe was able to gain access to top secret information from various big businesses and even change the data stored in the computer. Spokesmen for the computer involved later acknowledged that Joe was in a position to completely take over the entire system, cutting off other users, changing passwords, and even altering bills sent to customers.

Joe was discovered only when he sent a note completely confessing his work. A new security was immediately installed.

Florida Region Leads Nation In Dope Seizures



Signing Off: Mute testimony to a suddenly-aborted smuggling venture.

The DEA has America divided into thirteen sections and watches each for drug action in categories like marijuana, hashish, cocaine, methaquaalone, and heroin. Only one region can be tops and right now that's DEA Region 5, which includes Florida, Georgia and South Carolina. Region 5 holds the record for largest single seizures to the tune of 202 pounds of cocaine, 385 pounds of heroin, 3700 pounds of hashish, twenty tons of marijuana, and fifty pounds of methaquaalone.

Within the active region itself, Florida is a smuggler's dream. A peninsula with 1,350 miles of coastline, its shoreline is a whopping 8,450 miles taking into account the innumerable rivers, channels and bays with access to the sea. In addition to 225 named and charted airstrips, makeshift fields can be bulldozed out in any one of several thousand remote locales.

Sea blockades have been attempted, but have been only slightly effective. Air smuggling now appears to be on the rise and a recent Florida case is an example why. Kenneth G. Burnstine, a flamboyant investment company and air taxi service owner has been indicted for marijuana smuggling, following an eighteen month investigation. Burnstine first came under scrutiny when airplanes traced to his taxi service or his investment company crashed in Florida, carrying giant shipments of weed. The first, carrying 230 pounds of grass, went down in May, 1973. Burnstine reported the plane stolen. Last January, near Pompano Beach, a twin engine Lockheed Lodestar with a ton on board crashed and killed the three passengers. Similar crackups occurred in Placido and Sebring, the latter killed a pilot. Both planes were traced to Burnstine and officials became suspicious.

However, Burnstine maintains that smugglers like to steal his airplanes—a difficult defense to crack, and indicative of the Florida smuggling scene.

Catch 24

Claiming to be searching for kidnap victim Patricia Hearst, Texas police set up a roadblock near Ozona, Tex., and arrested twenty-four persons on charges of possession of marijuana. A previous roadblock at nearby Sheffield in April had yielded twenty pot holders.

The roadblocking police claimed that sights, sounds, and overheard conversations gave them "probable cause" necessary to search the routinely stopped vehicles. The Texas police justify the roadblocks as a "control method of enforcement" for them to use at random.

Twelve smugglers were recently executed by the Iranian government for transporting twelve tons of contraband opium in recent months near the Afghanistan border.

Never Can Say Goodbye

Dr. Katsusabruo Miyamoto, 84, a Japanese biologist who gained prominence in Argentina by inventing a fluid that saved an historic pine tree, was recently fined approximately $3,000 for not reporting the death of his wife in 1959. When Dr. Miyamoto's wife, Carmelina, died in 1959, the bereaved scientist embalmed her body with another fluid of his that allowed him to keep the body in their marital bed for ten years. The doctor is auctioning his house to pay the fine.

COCAINE CODA

The world's most written about high continues to cost plenty in many ways.

•*The Nevada State Journal*, a Reno daily, reports that a federal strick force is investigating a sophisticated cocaine-smuggling ring being organized in Las Vegas and Palm Springs by CIA-trained, anti-Castro Cubans and ranking members of the Mafia.

The paper reports that it has reviewed federal investigative reports indicating that the ring is being financed by leading organized crime figures, with four Cubans trained for the 1961 Bay of Pigs mission at the nucleus of the operation.

The newspaper quotes federal investigators as saying that the Cubans are weapons experts, adept at smuggling men and material, and are knowledgable about every port and inlet into the country—all thanks to CIA training. The names of the organized crime figures implicated reads like a Who's Who of the Mafia—"Joe Bananas" Bonanno, some of the Santo Trafficante family, Lou "The Tailor" Rosanova, and Anthony "Tough Tony" Spilotro.

•New York artist Steven Fass, 25, was arrested on charges of smuggling $110,000 worth of cocaine in the bottom of a one and a half gallon wine jug. Fass arrived at Kennedy airport from Bolivia and passed a routine test of the jug's contents, how he stirred suspicions by trying to slip unnoticed from the customs area. Two DEA agents tailed his cab to Manhattan and arrested Fass after he threw the jug out the window. Agents say tests of the sediment stuck on fragments of the smashed jug indicated cocaine.

•U.S. narcs are teaming up with local police in Colombia in an intense effort to cut the flow of cocaine from that country to the United States. Dope officials say that about sixty percent of all the coke reaching the U.S. comes from Colombia.

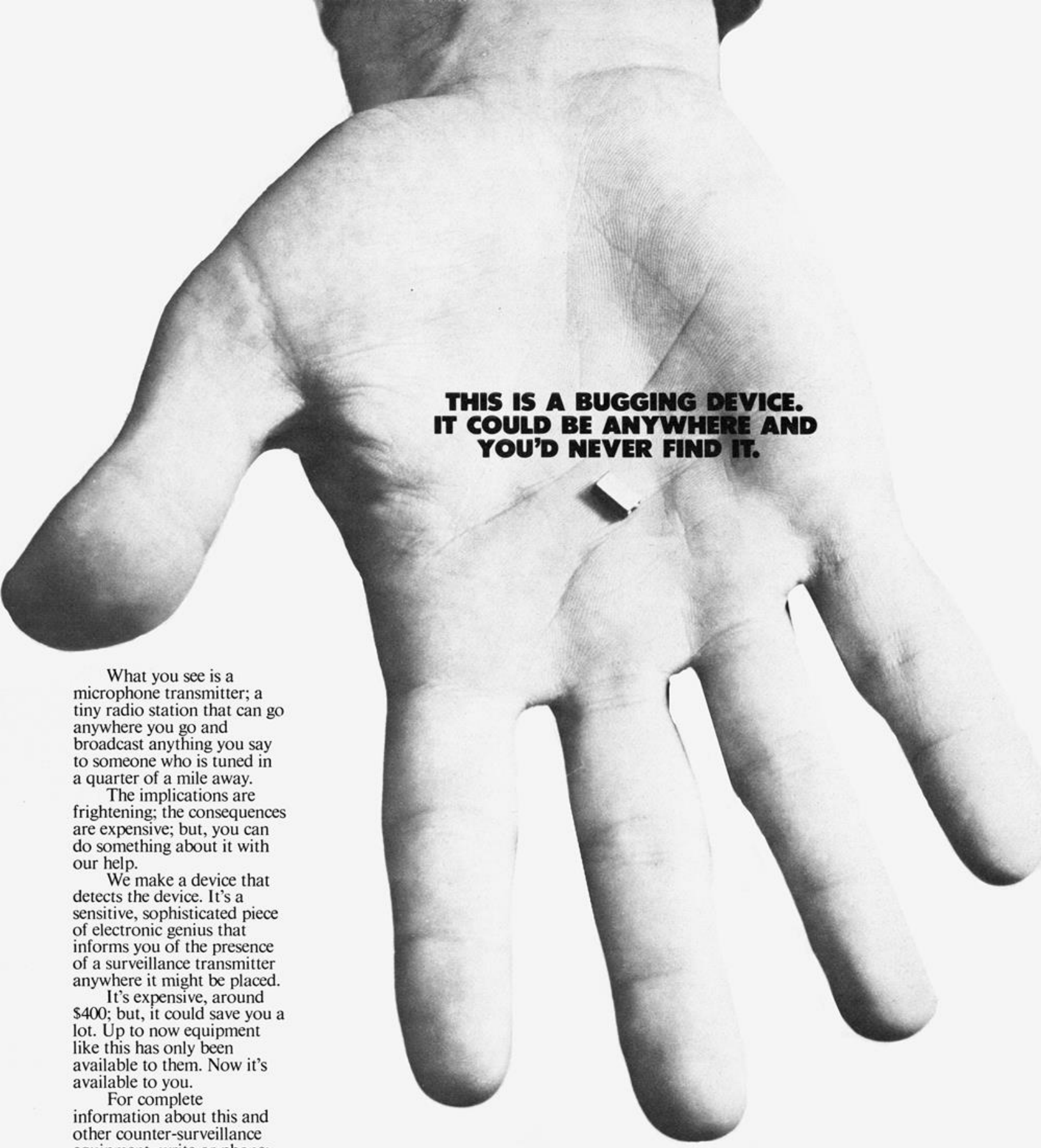
However, despite a big increase in sensational coke busts, the conviction rate remains low. Of 150 Americans arrested in 1974, only two were convicted. It seems most American dope smugglers are wealthy enough to but influential Colombian lawyers, and, often times, the judge.

•A Wisconsin youth found dead in his Miami airport hotel room after arriving from Colombia died of a cocaine overdose. An autopsy found fifty-three prophylactics in his stomach stuffed with cocaine and lidocaine, an anesthetic often used to cut coke. One of the rubbers burst, spilling a lethal dose into the system of 17-year-old Scott Wirkus. Officials say that Wirkus' feat may have set some kind of record for prophylactic swallowing.

•In one recent experiment on rats, reports the *New York Times*, animals trained to push buttons for rewards hit the caffine button 250 times and the heroin button 4,000 times. They went for the cocaine button 10,000 times.

•From the Gainsville Sun:

"Coca leaves are still used in the flavoring of Coca-Cola, but only after they've been 'decocainized.' So those who are addicted to Coke (with a capital 'C') need not worry about ending up as raving lunatics with bugs crawling beneath the skin."



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2-C13
Smoke thru stash bowl & acrylic stash
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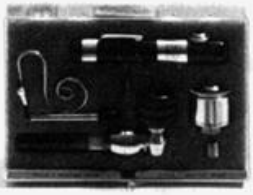
1-W18
Smoke thru cap, super-charged
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$8.50



23-46
Lg. coiled acrylic, supercharged
$6.00



1-W27
Lady's water pipe, very nice
$5.00



5-12
Combo kit, clip-2 pipes-bowls $9.00



5-15
Combo kit, 2 pipes-3 bowls
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Combo kit, liter-clip-pipe-bowls
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$9.00



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Joint Rolling Around the World

Here *High Times* presents four international styles, guaranteed to please the most ecumenical tastes and provide hours of cosmopolitan smoking.

1. The European Joint
This is a favorite among smokers in London and Amsterdam, where joints are often thickened with tobacco and rolling becomes a craft.

1. The rolling paper is folded at an angle, filled and rolled. The filter is inserted at the end.



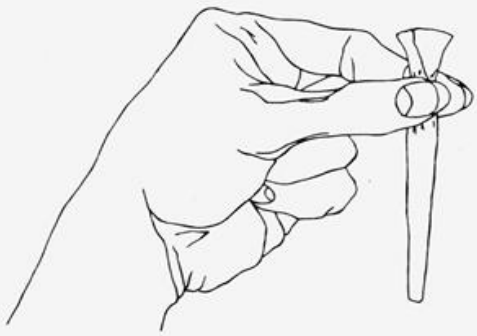


2. When rolled, the joint is held vertically to prevent spills from the looser front end. The end is then tamped closed.

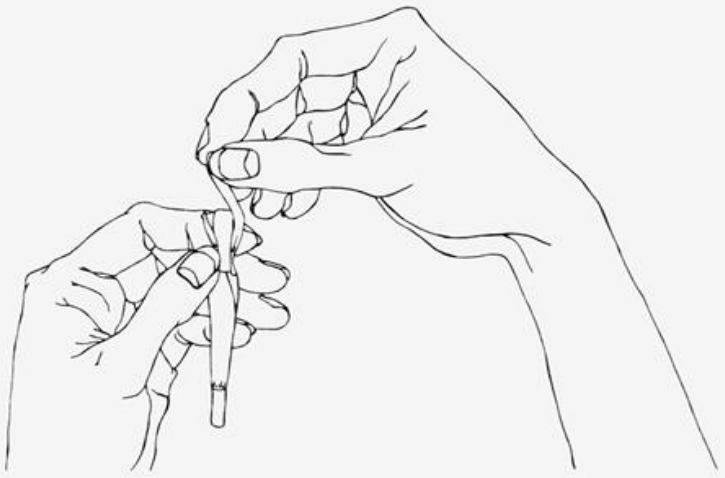
3. Unlike the American joint, the European is conical and features a barber-stripe wrap.



3. The Flower
In Germany where hashish is usually more plentiful than grass, the flower joint combines the pleasure of joint rolling to the exotics of hashish.

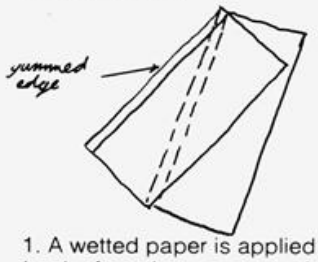


1. A clean bomb is rolled, including filter—but the end is left rather shallow. Pinch the loose end between the fingers.

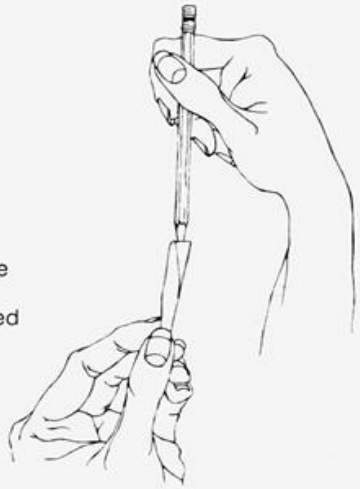


2. A pod is secured with thin strips of gummed rolling paper and filled with powdered hashish. The flower is then wrapped to insure a slow burn.

2. The Clean Bomb
The quintessential joint. Some Europeans declare the clean bomb's refinements well worth the effort.



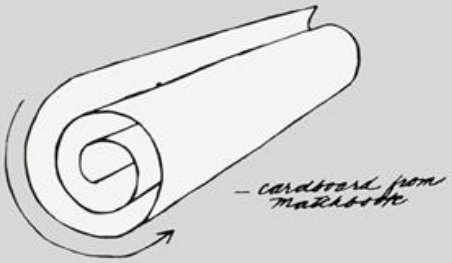
1. A wetted paper is applied to the back of another paper at a left-to-right diagonal. The two are creased along the long line and a filter inserted. Marijuana is placed along this fold and then rolled.



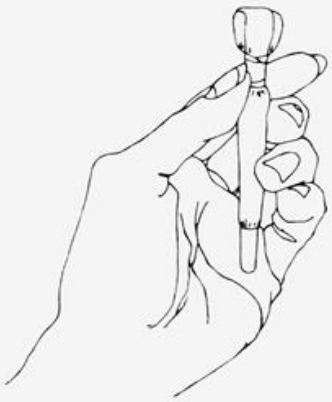
2. A conical edge of paper will remain. This is tamped down as in the regular, single-paper European joint.



3. A thin strip of rolling paper is wrapped around the drawing end of the joint—the filter is thus given an additional bulk.

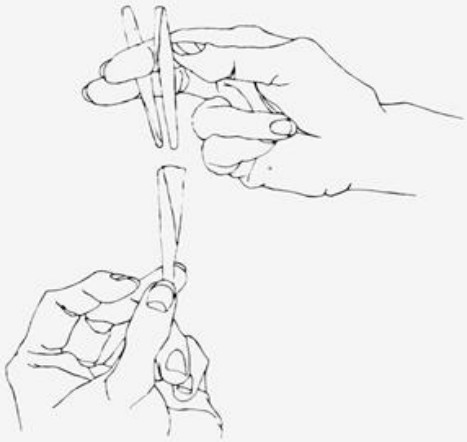


The Filter
All but one of the rolling styles on these pages requres a "filter". The basic filter device is constructed by tearing a thin strip of cardboard from a matchback and rolling it into a tight cylinder.



3. The finished flower somewhat resembles a poppy. It should be handled gently to avoid a possible sloppy firing.

4. The Joint for Two
An Australian friend sent us her sure-fire love joint. She guarantees that this doobie will put you both "down under".



1. Roll two American style joints and one open-ended clean bomb, with no filter.



2. Insert the two Yank numbers inside the shallow end of the clean bomb and wrap the juncture securely with several strips of gummed-edge rolling paper.



3. Use the American joints as the individual tokers. Cheek to cheek and joint to joint the two of you can face the outback.

Illustrations by Wendy Goldfarb

Superlawyers Part II:

After years of civilized highs, a day comes when the front door dematerializes under the assault of a pneumatic sledge, and the gendarmes rush in with warrants and handcuffs for all. They quickly seize your modest stash and everyone is suitably amazed when the grand piano turns out to be solid crystal cocaine. You need a good lawyer, quick.

The prosecutor hates your guts and wants to put you so far away they'll have to shoot you at daylight with a cannon. Obviously, selecting a dope defender is serious business. If you are smart, you've already been gathering information for some time, noting who represents the heavies when they get busted, and watching whether they get off. Ask friends, remember names—you'll be glad you did when the sauce hits the airscrew.

After being busted, the first thing you need is representation at your arraignment. Almost any lawyer will do for arraignment, although the better lawyer may be able to get lower bail or more favorable appearances schedule. Once the arraignment is over, you will have time to shop around for the attorney who is, hopefully, going to rid you of this totally unjust rap of which you're completely innocent.

A lawyer's office is part of his act, lots of expensive furnishings and shiny employees. Very little about the quality of legal wit can be determined from looking at the office, don't be taken in. A thickly padded carpet usually means a thickly padded legal bill, but it may be worth it. Top lawyers do tend to live a bit high.

As a matter of fact, unless you have bundles of green in the wall safe, it might be wise to check out the public defender's office. Some public defenders are top shelf attorneys and many public defenders are competent to handle routine busts with ease. In many areas, your case is just another number, another appearance, another guilty plea.

A lawyer on retainer sounds secure and arrived, but it doesn't mean much. Attorneys are accustomed to short hiring notice, retainer or no, if you have money available. It's going to be expensive anyway, so why drain resources in advance. Money stashed you can always recover; if your lawyer has it, goodbye.

O.K., you need a lawyer to appear with you at arraignment, to arrange bail, set conditions of release, to arrange an appearance schedule, and to take depositions, and to file early motions the next week. One possibility is to consult NORML's two lawyer referral numbers: Washington (202) 223-3170 and San Francisco (415) 563-5858).

This lawyer is used initially for the arraignment and for the first week's activities. He needn't be used thereafter. The best lawyer you can come up with in jail, with one phone call, may not be the best lawyer you can find given a week or two to scout around, so don't commit yourself to the first lawyer you involve. Don't lock yourself into a "gratitude factor" with that first lawyer, and don't cough up any money or retainer fees until you've had a chance to sit down and think. If possible, avoid being released in your attorney's custody so that a switch later will not entail a trip back to court.

Choosing A Dope Defender

As for collecting information, a lawyer friend may be willing to level with you about who's good and who isn't. Lawyers usually know more about their peers than they are willing to admit, but friendship can sometimes secure a frank appraisal, especially if the lawyer friend is not in the running for your money. A civil lawyer may also be a good source of an objective referral. Pal's experiences are good sources, but the fact that a lawyer got them off may do nothing for you. Your case may be much more complex and serious, or it may be so easy that you would be overpaying for their attorney. Law clerks, bailiffs, stenographers, and other tipsters in the legal industry are all good sources. But any one person could be wrong. Never rely on a single source: get as many opinions as possible.

Don't be misled by the idea of the lawyer with connections. This sometimes works but less than most people think. Attorneys with pull may be good for getting a paving contract with the mayor, but that may not help your federal bust. Likewise, the lawyer who implies that part of his astronomical fee will be spread around to grease the wheels of justice should usually be avoided, unless you're sure the system of corruption is working smoothly in your town. Very often, the $2000 that supposedly went to the judge went into your lawyer's pocket, and you would have been cut loose anyway.

In really heavy cases, the question becomes whether to go with a local attorney or bring in the out-of-town torpedoes. The local boy knows the background of the judge (may even play golf with him), knows people at the prosecutors' office, and knows the way the political wheels turn locally. You can consult with him often, and there are no heavy travel expenses.

If you have a family lawyer who is non-specailized, he probably will not be useful unless it's a very light bust. Dope law practice is so incredibly complex, with new defenses being developed daily and hundreds of opinions being handed down, that a non-specialist, no matter how sincere, is out of the running.

The out-of town hired gun may have specialized skills unavailable locally. Unlike the local barrister, he doesn't care if he offends the locals, if that's what it takes. He'll never be running for office, so he doesn't care, whereas local attorneys are notoriously political animals.

Don't overestimate your case: this is the most common mistake after a bust. Don't hire more lawyer than you need. Keep a sufficient margin, but if you've got a relatively simple case (considering locale and laws), don't fly in the heavy artillery for a light skirmish. Narrow your selection to three attorneys and decide. But before final decision, consider their records carefully; some lawyers are champions in the flyweight category alone.

It usually costs nothing to talk to a lawyer about your case. In the course of the interview, you can get an idea of how quick the lawyer is, how good his ideas are on how to beat your case, how good an impression he will make in court, and so on. The lawyer should exhibit a familiarity with current drug and search-and-seizure rulings, should be trustworthy, and a hairsplitter. Don't fall for the prints on his wall, you're buying the lawyer, not the lawyer's office.

After the lawyer tells you, "You're in big trouble!" to scare up the bill a bit, the lawyer will state a fee. A word to the wise; don't take your fur-coated parents with you. As soon as parents are involved, the price rises. Never pledge your entire fortune to a lawyer—some will gladly take it.

Don't feel discourteous bargaining. Be astute and make a reasonable counter offer. Find out *exactly* what you will get for your money; will the lawyer go through pretrial, trial and appeal? And set an ascending schedule of payment. Paying the least if you plead guilty. Try to extend the payments out as long as possible. After all, he's doing his work over a long period of time. Preferably, it should be on a pay-as-you-go basis.

A few attorneys are willing to make a deal that you pay no fee unless you get off. This is almost always a good deal, if you can get it. A good lawyer who has confidence in his abilities and is sensitive and sympathetic to your case may make such a deal. Go ahead and ask. Whatever the final arrangement, obtain a letter of confirmation of the deal or a written contract detailing what and for how much. Make certain that you know who will really be handling the case. Sometimes the big name attorney is just bait, and a young inexperienced lawyer will actually be handling your case. Forget this—you can get a young, inexperienced lawyer cheap if that's what you want. Cover things like this in your contract.

Once the handshake is over, keep on the case. Any suggestions for a better defense should be brought up; your attorney may have missed a crucial angle. You will be asked to write down every detail of your case. Do it. A change of hairstyle or appearance often works in your favor with the judge, so cooperate with your lawyer. Over all, make sure you're getting your money's worth. ◘

Ganga in Sumatra

By Lynn Borland

"Get in, get in. The truck's leaving." Alan and I frantically climb into the back of the 1948 Chevrolet truck and try to make ourselves comfortable atop the big burlap sacks stuffed with dried fish. There we sit in the scorching sun for 3½ hours before the driver starts the engine—waiting is an inescapable part of life out here.

We're headed for Blangkedjeren, a small town 108 kilometers (67 miles) north of Kutajane. The road is just a mud and rock track. It will take at least two days to reach 'Blang'. We rest that night at a Sumatran 'coffee shop'—a jungle hut where an old couple serve tea, coffee, and simple rice to passing travelers.

The moon is full and we smoke the last of the Kashmiri hashish we rubbed weeks ago. It still bubbles when heated.

At 5 a.m., we are on our way again. By this time, we are deep into the thick jungle, amongst weird vegetation, exotic flowers and the tallest trees I've ever seen. After a hazardous journey in which we almost fall off the mountainside, we arrive in Blangkedjeren.

We get a room at the only losman (hotel) in town, where 'Mama', the proprietress, prepares us a special fried chicken. The Sumatrans dose their food with so much chili we probably would have starved otherwise.

We immediately begin to ask a few people in town about the ganga. The next night, a local brings a fair-sized burlap bag of leaf to our room. We taste it but we've been poking all day and can't really tell anything. But our wakeup joint turns out to be okay, so we buy it all. He is selling it for about $1.75 a kilo.

We were so lucky to get good grass the second night in town, we figure we can just lay back and people will bring us all kinds of grass. But that's not how it goes. We hang around in town waiting, asking, but nobody has anything or knows where to get it. We didn't really need to ask, since everyone knew what we wanted. Maybe one Westerner makes it up here every two months, their purpose being to cop some good weed. The scarcity of travelers in Blang also creates a few problems for us—everytime we go into the streets, we're laughed at, touched and followed by groups of kids. It was an especial hassle for me, since they are even more curious about women than men.

After about four days, we walk upriver and come upon a couple of villages, but no ganga. In the last village we try, they also say no ganga; so we sit down on a log to rest. Then, we see this guy walking towards us carrying a very bushy, seven foot tall plant—resembling a Christmas tree. I say to Alan, "Oh, I thought he was carrying a grass plant, but it couldn't be." But as he gets closer, we realize it really is a grass plant. He has just pulled it from the ground. He lays the tree down, and Alan departs with him to search for more, but I stay and strip the pot tree of its many flowers. Alan and the Sumatran push about a half mile uphill where they find two more bushes. Not far from there, they discover another colossus, a plant about eight feet tall. It's so resinous that instead of chopping it up, Alan rubs about two grams of hash directly from the leaves. While Alan is doing this, people of the village keep bringing me different samples of grass, mostly flowers.

We see this guy walking towards us carrying a very bushy, seven foot tall plant—resembling a Christmas tree.

Soon Alan returns with the two bushes he chopped, and we hand-rub more hash from them. Altogether, we rub about three grams. Probably few people have heard of Sumatran hash; the locals are not into it and didn't even know what we were doing. The hash was very gooey the first day, but then a strange thing happened that I'd never seen before. It became quite dry the second day. Usually hand-rubbed hash stays gooey for months. However, it may not have made any difference in quality because it still became gooey when lit and was pretty strong.

By the time we finished rubbing, it is getting late. So, we cop most of the villagers' grass. It sells for about $1.25 a kilo.

The ganga turned out to be of several colors and various strengths. Most is various shades of green. The darker the green, the stronger the smoke. Some of the very dark green flower tops are so dark as to be greenish black; these buds are so strong that the last inch of the joint becomes a wet sticky mass. Mixed in are a fair quantity of light and dark brown buds. Of these, the dark ones are more resinous. There are several red buds, but only enough to make a doobie or two. We also have about a quarter pound of light green flower tops, long and thin. They smell like we were out in the fields rubbing. This grass, although not as strong as the resinous dark green, is, to my taste, more enjoyable smoke. It's quite strong, as well as sweet and flowery smelling when exhaling through your nose. Decent weed.

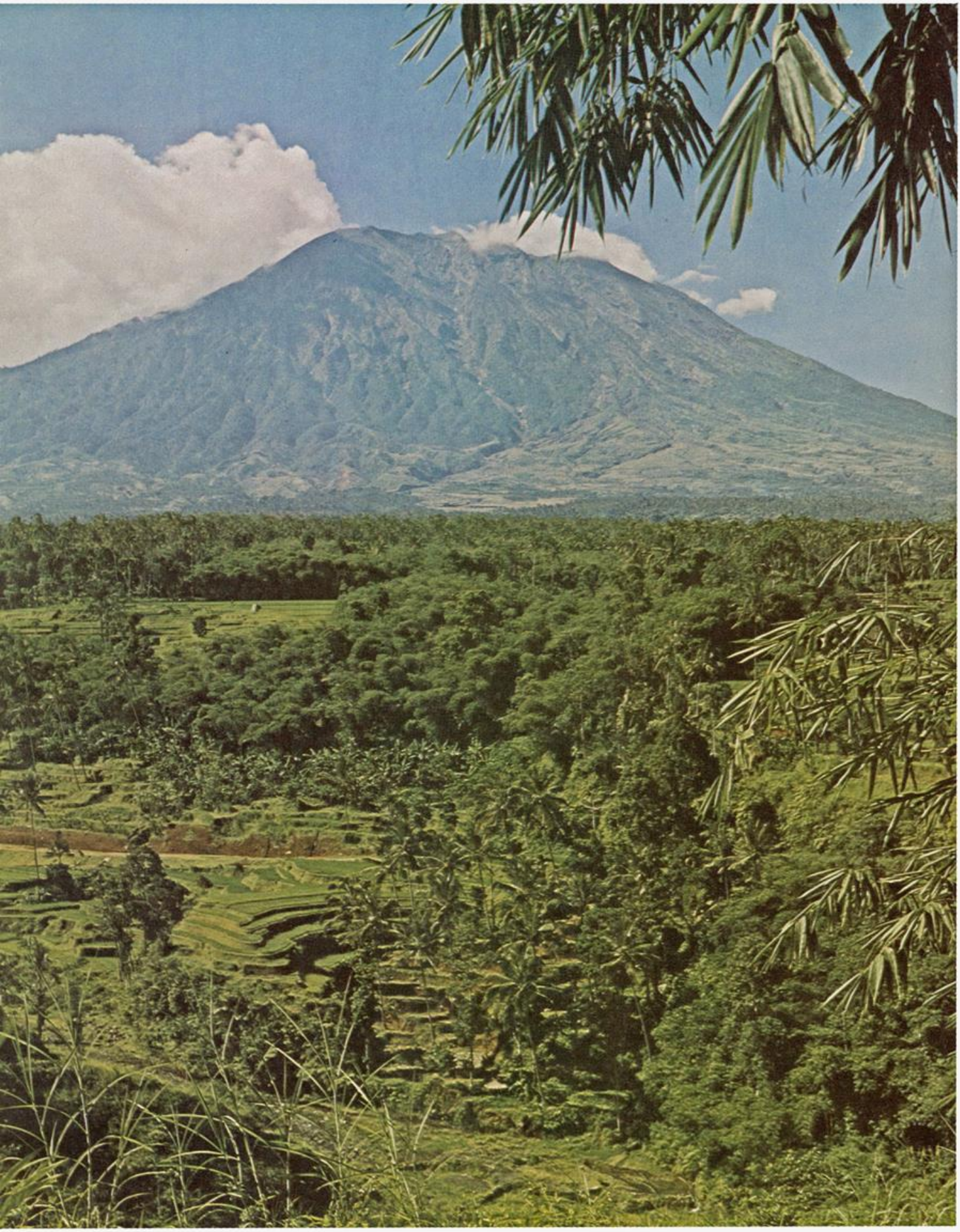
Before we go back to town, we conceal the grass, since even in the jungle, it's illegal. But we make it back to Blang with no trouble. With all that good grass to poke, we stick around a few more days. When we finally decided to split, we wait three days before a truck will take us.

The ride back is actually pretty good. No fish truck this time. We get off the first day and spend the night in the jungle, in a deserted hut by a rushing river. I spy many orangutans, which is great luck since they live only in Sumatra and Borneo. The name 'orangutan' means "people of the forest", and I wonder if they get high, too. We spend the next night in the jungle as well, but not by choice. Two trucks come through, but for some reason, won't take us. However, a Sumatran friend of ours, Malem Kin, comes by and gives us a ride in his jeep.

About ten kilometers before Kutajane, the jeep stops—a police check. There's one plain clothes cop with his gun at his side, ready for action. The cops here are a little kill-happy. Fortunately, we had our ganga well hidden. The cop made a thorough search of our bags, even looking in our peanut butter jar. But, we breeze right through. Soon after, we hear that our truck from Blang had been searched and two military men got busted with ten kilos of ganga. The two men wouldn't open their bags at first, but after the cop fired his gun into the air three times and then pointed it straight at them, they couldn't refuse. They were taken off to jail.

We spend one night in Kutajane, then leave the next morning on a bus. We conceal our dope well, because there's another police check at the border of the Ache province. But this is a very light check, and they barely look at our bags. So, we made it safely, feeling good about that and about the good ganga we had for smoking.

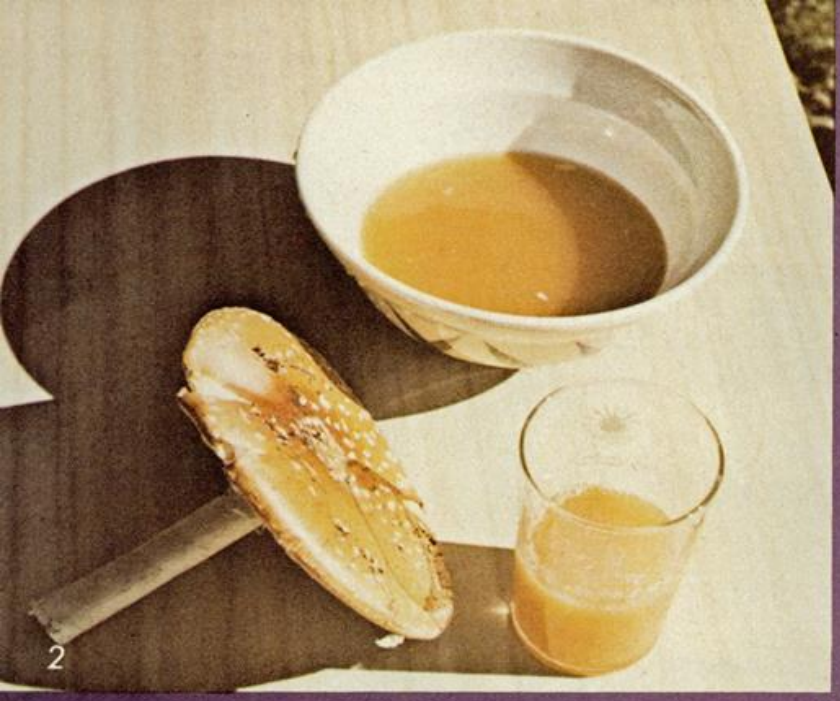
If you're ever in this part of the world and you don't mind roughing it a bit, we recommend this trip up to northern Sumatra. The jungle is amazing and the ganga is more than that.



TEONANACATL: MUSHROOMS OF THE GODS

The ancient Aztecs of Mexico devoured the holy mushroom *Teonanacatl* or "Flesh of the Gods" to experience divinity on earth. Shown here are photographs by Kobayashi Yoshio and Imazeki Rokuya from Gordon Wasson's *Soma: Divine Mushroom of Immortality*. *1.* A cluster of variously developed *Amanita muscaria*, known as *Soma* to the Vedic Indians. *2.* The tawny gold juice of the *Amanita*. *3.* A thickly knobbed bulb of *Amanita*. *4.* Ling Chih, the Chinese supernatural fungus. *5.* A mature, healthy *Amanita*.



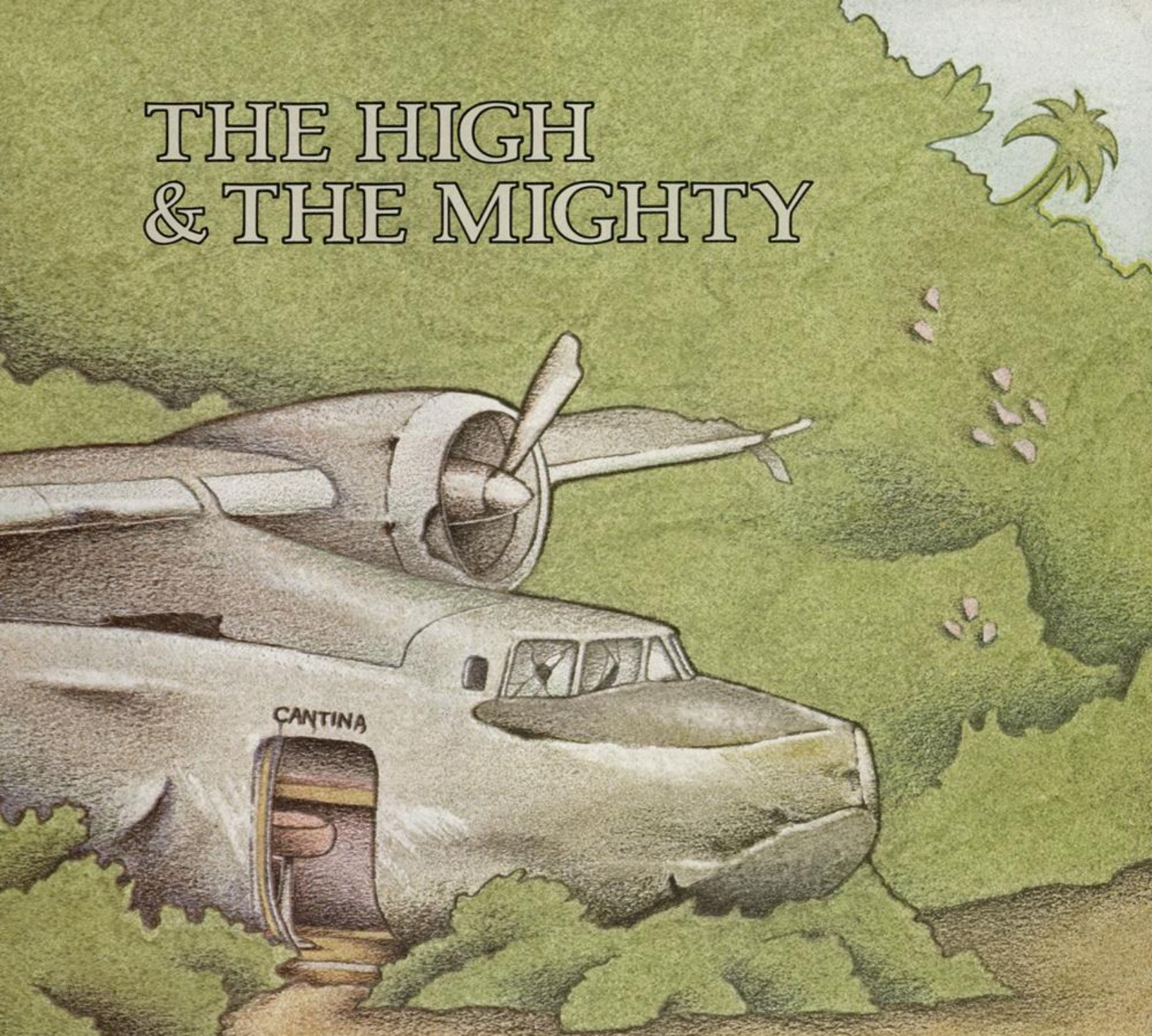

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THE HIGH & THE MIGHTY



By Leslie Morrisey

The juke box cast rainbows in the dim interior of the bar, a godforsaken quonset hut at the edge of the Everglades Airport. Two grease monkeys played the pinball machines in the corner as the bartender idly squeezed droplets of perspiration from his fists. His face looked like a jewfish ready for frying. I had ordered my third or fourth rye-and-water when a young but graying stranger dropped his tooled Moroccan flight bag on the bar and called out, "Gimme a shot of Old Congo, Jack."

"Get it yourself, Ace," snapped Leroy, his bowtie shaking. Leroy was a good bartender but he read too many boxing magazines. Grudgingly, he measured out a shot of bar scotch, then turned back to the pages of *Ring*. The stranger eyed his glass, raised it, squinted, puckered, swallowed, and set it back on the countertop with a sound like a rifle shot. It was the most action I'd seen in these parts since they outlawed alligator wrestling in Key Largo.

I'd come down here shopping for wings, and I was waiting on a pilot named Dale. It was 1972, the Jamaican smuggling scene was booming and I had been lined up by a chum, the kingpin of a syndicate, to accompany Dale on a run. For $100 plus expenses I was to knock out some boilerplate for *Argonaut* magazine about smuggling.

The stranger sucked up three more scotches and was beginning to resemble Stonewall Jackson when the general was shot by his own guard. "To Dixie!" he shouted, and I knew I had my man because Dixie was the code word.

"To Dixie," I declaimed, raising my glass woozily.

The stranger rolled his eyes to the ceiling. "Young man," he said, "what are you rebelling against?"

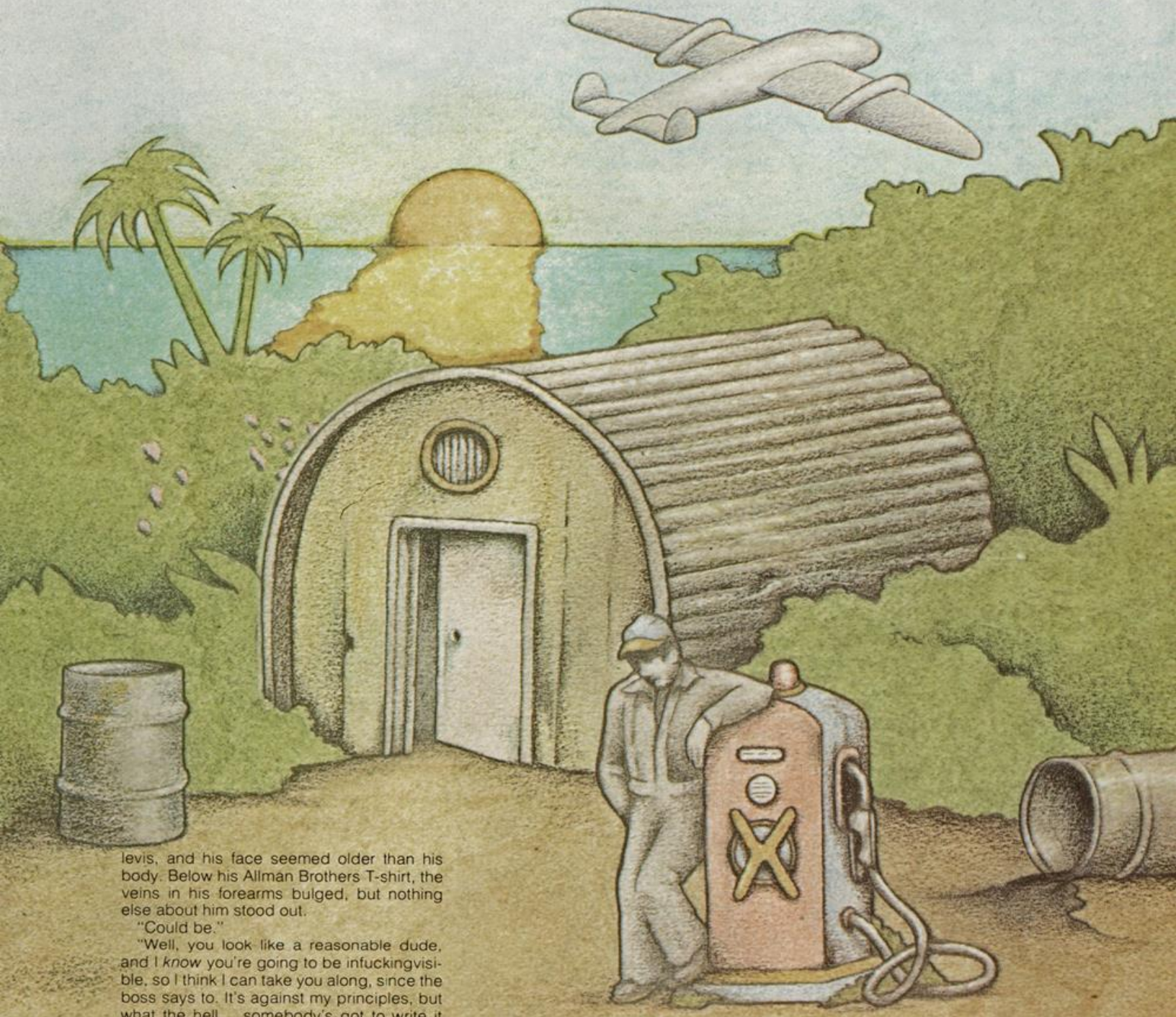
"Whatta you got," I said obligingly.

"Aha. . . ." He picked up his battered flight bag. "Let us discuss that matter. A fresh drink for our friend, Cuffey," he said to Leroy. Leroy was a good bartender but his hands were all wet. He fetched three clean slugs and we all retired to a secluded table.

"Over and out, doofus," the stranger said to Leroy. "My friend and I wish to discuss a matter in private."

"Shit," grumbled Leroy and shambled back to his copy of *Ring*.

"I hear you're looking for a little spacecraft ride to Jamaica." Dale looked me up and down, and I took the opportunity to inspect my pilot. He was a sprawling, thin cat in



levis, and his face seemed older than his body. Below his Allman Brothers T-shirt, the veins in his forearms bulged, but nothing else about him stood out.

"Could be."

"Well, you look like a reasonable dude, and I *know* you're going to be infuckingvisible, so I think I can take you along, since the boss says to. It's against my principles, but what the hell . . .somebody's got to write it down."

"Do you really think that old kite out there will make it, or should I bring a snorkle?"

"Shark repellent," Dale growled. From the bar, Leroy laughed horribly and I waited for Dale to join him. He didn't.

• • •

"Wake up, Les. We're almost there."

My stomach felt like a shitstorm on the tundra. Too many Old Congos. I blinked enough times to recognize the interior of the plane, and outside, cottony clouds.

"Welcome aboard," said a voice that sounded like an exhaust pipe. The co-pilot reached back and squeezed my hand, simultaneously sliding a lit joint into it. I took a poke and handed it back.

"The name's Scuzzi, rhymes with excuse me," he said affably. "I'm working for Dale. Usually, I fly 'em in."

"Who?"

"Oh . . .Haitians mostly. Cubans. Rastas. We bring 'em in, set 'em up, rip 'em off. Most disgusting people you ever saw—*mucho disgusto*."

"My regular co-pilot couldn't make it," said Dale. "He got busted last week when his plane had to set down in El Salvador with two tons of weed aboard. We're buying him out now, but in the meantime I'm working with Scuzzi. He was in Vietnam, same as me."

"Those were the days," Scuzzi said, fingering the beads around his neck. "Vroom, vroom, shoot 'em up . . .Now I just fly 'em in."

Dale pointed to the horizon with his joint. The sun gleamed on the Caribbean. "There's our destination." A long green line on the edge of the world gradually turned into rugged mountains covered by tropical rainforest. Dale cranked the radio controls and after much static and shouting and cursing in several languages, established contact with the Kingston air traffic controller.

"We're coming in," Scuzzi said, as he turned a wheel in the floor.

"Fifteen degrees on those flaps," Dale called out.

Dale throttled back and we glided smoothly to about a thousand feet, circled the aerodrome once and then dropped neatly onto the tarmac. Taxiing up to the Customs House, a whitesuited Jamaican greeted us genially. Dale produced a sheaf of papers, and for about an hour the two of them filled out forms and argued. Then, three large crates were dragged out and loaded into the plane. Scuzzi and I ducked into the airport bar for a quick drink while the plane was refueled.

"What's in the crates?" I asked Scuzzi. "The weed?"

"Whatever it is, it better know how to swim," Scuzzi said, laughing sickly.

Illustration by Doug Gervasi

Dale strolled in smiling, downed both our drinks and we hurried to the plane. Dale waved at the Jamaican customs man, and we were soon airborne.

The old Beech twin struggled gamely for altitude with the heavy load of boxes. No sooner had we gotten out of sight of the Kingston tower than Scuzzi unbuckled his seat belt and crawled back to the crates. Flipping open the cargo door, he booted the crates into the ocean.

"What was that?" I asked.

"Jamaican handicrafts," said Dale. "We're importers."

The Beech drifted gradually lower in an arc that turned us back toward the mainland. As we crossed the thin ribbon of beach where vacationers lolled under umbrellas, Scuzzi once again made his way to the cargo door, where he unzipped his pants, pulled out an enormous dragon of a cock, and attempted to piss on the sunbathers. A shower of yellow fluid splashed into the interior of the plane.

"So much for that bombing mission," Scuzzi said, his rumpled white safari suit showing spots of moisture. A single droplet hung from his moustache.

"Just like in 'Nam, right Dale," laughed Scuzzi, mopping his face.

"Just like in 'Nam," agreed Dale, rolling his eyes. "Now hang on, this is where it gets sticky."

The Beech lurched into a spiral turn, and Dale seemed to be grabbing knobs and switches with eight hands. "Carburetor heat on," he called out. "Landing gear down and locked. Flaps down. Mixture rich."

Dale chopped the power, and we plummeted like a stone toward a tiny dirt scar in the jungle that seemed no wider than our wingtips and only a bit longer. Dale wrestled the plane a bit sideways, throwing us into a forward slip as he fought the control wheel. At the last possible moment, he stalled the plane onto the edge of the runway, then crammed on the brakes. We skidded to a stop at the far end of the strip, where a mob of flower-shirted blacks rushed up willy-nilly with burlap sacks. Another group stood with submachine guns at the ready, hard-eyed toughs with spliffs hanging from their lips. Their hair was braided and hennaed bright red. So these were the notorious Rasta revolutionaries who bought their guns with some of the finest dope in the Caribbean.

"Hurry, mon! Hurry!" Their leader kept shouting. The Jamaicans tossed in the bales through the cargo door quickly, kicking and stomping the last ones, stuffing the plane full until I was huddled between Dale and Scuzzi, my back to a half-ton of ganja.

"Let's go, let's go, let's go!" shouted Dale hysterically. Scuzzi's eyes were pinned open. Dale revved the engines, but the Rastas kept cramming weed in. Dale released the brakes and the plane lurched. The Rastas scattered.

"The door, the door!" screamed Dale. "Close the fuckin' door." The leader ran out and slammed the cargo door. Dale poured on the power and we shot down to the end of the strip to make our takeoff run. Dale turned the plane 180 degrees at the very edge of the forest, revved up both engines until the whole plane drummed and rattled, and then we were moving. The plane waddled along, not seeming to take to the air at all. Scuzzi and I leaned forward involuntarily and Dale grabbed at the control wheel, trying to get a piece of the sky, but it was no good. We were too heavily loaded. Dale slapped the wheel forward, stomped on the brakes, and the plane did a ground spin.

"Too much dope, for Chrissakes. Take some out," called Dale. A couple of the Rastas ran out to the plane and pulled open the door, dragging out several bales of weed, the bags spilling open on the runway.

We taxied back for another run. This time, we grabbed air early, but couldn't gain altitude. Three feet off the ground, Dale retracted the gear. Two pickups with red lights flashing were square in our path. It was Jez Marston's CID men—the Jamaican secret police who run the island and control the ganja trade.

Behind us, the Rastas scattered, and machine gun fire stitched a row of bullets across one pickup door. I learned later that the whole place was armed to the teeth with French army surplus, some of it from Dien Bien Phu, rusty but trusty. Shots were flying everywhere, and Scuzzi came up with a .45 from Dale's flight bag and fired a couple of wild shots through the side window. The plane chopped its way through the treetops of the jungle and then we were airborne. A large branch was wedged into the nacelle of the right engine, but otherwise we seemed to be intact.

We limped to altitude and headed out over the Caribbean, once again posing as an innocent cargo plane, briefly off the radar screen as we went through a cloud, but now once more on our filed flight plan.

"Just like in 'Nam, right Scuzzi," Dale grinned. Scuzzi's hands shook as he rolled a joint from one of the burlap bags that surrounded us. I reached for my notebook to write down a few impressions of this fracas, and a last will and testament. A ragged hole was punched squarely through my spiral notebook. Now I was scared. What would the editor at *Argonaut* say?

"I've been on all kinds of runs," said Scuzzi. "Bombing. Strafing. Guerilla landings. Trans-Himalayan coke runs. The Tet airlift. Fly 'em in, that's my job. But I don't like this grass stuff. It's too—too *Sixties*."

Dale cast a worried eye on the right engine. A thin trickle of oil traced back to the trailing edge of the wing, where a flurry of rivulets vanished into the windstream. The oil pressure gauge was holding steady, but apparently the tree branch had ruptured an oil line somewhere.

"How long do you think it'll keep flying?" I asked Dale. He shrugged.

"The oil tank holds about eight gallons." He eyed the trickle of black fluid from the engine nacelle. "I'd say about another hour before she freezes up, if we're unlucky. We're going to have to land somewhere or die. I'm going to try to make Mango Island."

"How far away is Mango Island?"

"Oh, about two hours."

Anyway, it was strong ganja. I could tell because the whole plane reeked of the dank booty aboard. Scuzzi torched a joint, and I had to admit it had plenty of bite. It's fresh power amazed me after the dry stuff in New York. After two more joints, I almost forgot that I was going to die. I tried to think about something else.

"What's Mango Island like?" I asked. I'd heard that Mango was a main refueling point for smuggling planes. A crossroads of intrigue and sleaze, dope, bootleg aviation gas, beat-up tramp planes and leaky schooners.

"Muy disgusto," grunted Scuzzi.

"It's a rotten place," agreed Dale. "Overrun with wild boars, overgrown with jungle, overseen by French fascists. There's nobody there but 200 or so natives who have a little fishing business. They're at the south end of the island, but up north is an old military patch. Nobody uses it anymore except a few interisland planes that get lost in storms, the weekly mail plane, and smugglers like us. I'll tell you, I wouldn't want to go up in some of the crates those guys use either. . . ."

"Anyway, there's one road out to the airport, and about once a week the Mango police force, one gendarme, putts around the island on his mo-ped. Otherwise, this place is cut off from civ. It makes it very useful for smuggling, if you know what I mean."

"Mango's o.k." Dale continued. "There's one dude who runs the airport, sort of blustery officious type. 100% on the take. He don't see nothin', he don't hear nothin', he don't know nothin'. Just how much money you got, how much gas you want. He's crazy. Lives off the strip in the shell of a Grumman amphibian. He's rigged up a little saloon there, and he caters to the flyers and occasional weather layovers who stagger in. He's a cannibal."

"A cannibal?" I asked.

"He cannibalizes the planes that crash, ya know. Strips off the parts and sells 'em to other dudes. He usually gets five or ten times what they're worth. I mean, you need a magneto and you've got a planeload of Jamaican bales, you don't fly to Andros Island for it. Dope smugglers pay well. And you know, this dude really makes out, because whenever a dope plane crashes, nobody claims it. So this guy strips it for free."

"Mango Island sounds like a great place to crash," I said.

"Don't knock it. Better Mango than down there," Scuzzi said, igniting a joint and handing it to me. We radioed the Kingston tower at the Bennett Intercept, where we would drop off the radar, and told them we were on schedule. A bored traffic controller confirmed our position, and then we dropped down to wavetop level. Dale throttled back the right engine, and we were burning up fuel in the left like crazy, but it looked like we might make it if we didn't fall into the drink. Ten years later, we sighted land.

"Better fasten your seatbelt," said Dale. "If this engine conks out on approach, with this load we'll drop like pigeon shit." The sun gleamed on the Caribbean.

* * *

Scuzzi and Dale pulled together on the rigged-up Johnson bar sticking out of the floor and the Beech slid to a halt, throwing a cloud of dust into the doorway of a dump called "Royko's." This was where they sold gas on this gem of the Caribbean. A rotund figure dressed in yellow paddled out to meet us. Scuzzi nodded to him and he nodded in return. I thought he was a Mexican because he looked like Ringo Starr, but he was wearing a plaid sash-and-sox.

"Is this Royko?" I asked, as we stepped off the plane.

"Yeah. Royko's the fat fool who turned this oasis into a disaster," Dale said, loudly so the man could hear. Scuzzi rushed up and embraced Royko. *(Continued on page 50)*

i think therefore Siam



Photo by Wylie Naporto

Somewhere east of Suez, golden temples shimmer in the afternoon and saffron-robed monks brush past slender, black-eyed Siamese women. A long-haired mountain boy poles his sampan down a sleepy Bangkok canal to deliver his precious packet of Thai sticks.

The sun comes up like thunder across the bay, as Kipling would declare. Career diplomats breakfast in the colonial hotel, fiddling with their tea cups, as the contraband is loaded aboard a military cargo plane, tucked safely inside a gaudy ceramic elephant destined for someone's lover.

Back home, the hand-tied shafts are carefully unwound and smoked. There must be no waste, for the weed costs $2500 a single pound. The royal Thai is surely a rarity worth the price, if you have the tariff.





Photo by Robyn Scott

Lowland Weed Compagnie

The barge "White Raven", painted orange, blue, and carnival red, sits in a quaint Amsterdam canal in an old ship-building section of the town. Since 1969 it has been head-quarters of Lowland Weed Compagnie, legal marijuana growers and sellers. Dutch officials have cast a benign but watchful eye over the enterprise begun by Jasper Grootveld and Kes Koekert, both former members of the radical Provo group. But the Lowland Weed Compagnie is officially chartered and registered with the Amsterdam Chamber of Commerce, and here at 1 Wittenburgergracht they openly conduct the business of trafficking in cannabis—all buyers, wholesale or retail, welcome.

The company is the result of some sharp thinking on Grootveld's part. For years the Dutch have been notably tolerant of marijuana and hashish, going so far as to officially sanction nightclubs for hashishins in an effort to keep their dopers off the streets and out of the canals. However, dealing itself has always been frowned upon, and smuggling considered an insult to Amsterdam's reputation as a great world seaport. Dutch law prohibits the possession or sale of dried tops of marijuana plants; nothing is said about seeds, or about live pot plants. And there Grootveld found the loophole that began the Lowland Weed Compagnie, purveyors of live plants and quantities of seeds.

The White Raven simply brought aboveground a Dutch taste for marijuana that flowered in the 1950's with the importation of pot by blacks from Surinam, the former Dutch colony in South America. The barge itself presents a jolly relief to the earnest world of prosperous burghers. Hoekert, as head gardener, wanders amidst his green charges, occasionally snipping a bud or leaf like a greengrocer and popping it into his mouth, salad-style, though he concedes that smoking is more efficient. The former radical activist cherishes the simple pleasure of cultivating the plant.

"You get involved in the process of making the drug, growing it," he says. "This makes the use of it more meaningful."

Plants grow all over the colorful barge, a profusion of large and small greenery bursting from discarded shoes, garbage cans and baby carriages. The small community on board, which includes two children and one woman besides the two founders, fuss over the plants and give them care and conversation. A huge papier-mache American Indian adorns the highest mast (Grootveld explains that the Indians "smoked the original peace pipe.") A small windmill generates electricity.

Hoekert and Grootveld hope that their marijuana business will eventually go bankrupt. At the price of one guilder (forty cents) per plant or packet of seeds, that could happen very soon. The two hope to eliminate the market entirely by making every pot user his own producer. Their ambitions also include foreign markets, especially France, which presently casts a baleful official eye on pot. Recently one of Grootveld and Hoekert's missionaries was asked to leave France speedily and permanently. He was also required to pay $2000 in legal fees: the police had detected, by painstaking laboratory analysis, a trace of marijuana residue in the scant dirt under his fingernails.

"French police think that marijuana and heroin are the same thing," laments Hoekert.

That mentality is the duo's archenemy.

"If marijuana can be bought and sold almost free," argues Grootveld, "or grown by the individual user without fear, then the attractions of hard drugs will disappear. The so-called 'hippies' who buy plants from us are mainly clerks on their two-week vaca-



Amsterdam's open-air pot market blossoms.

By Lee Foster

tions."

Hoekert, who talks with oratorical persuasiveness, likes to unfurl a long roll of paper. It is his collection of official summonses, each requiring an appearance before civil boards for an explanation of the activity aboard the White Raven. The roll runs to four meters, but Hoekert has complied with each summons as part of his self-appointed role as educator of officialdom. However, the Dutch tolerance has held steady for these five years.

"We have the world's finest policemen in Amsterdam," he concludes. "They realize how futile it is to prosecute pot smokers. The weed will never disappear, and you can't make gardeners of the police force. The police here have much experience. They realize that pot smokers are orderly citizens who don't want to fight, assassinate the queen, or make revolution. Typical pot smokers want to live quietly and contemplate themselves."

The rapport that seems to exist between the Lowland Weed Compagnie and the police may stem in part from Grootveld and Hoekert's antipathy toward drugs other than marijuana.

'We have several reasons," explains Hoekert. "First, we oppose drugs that the consumer can't control. With marijuana, once you have the seeds you're independent, your own producer. Other drugs require undue faith in the supplier; those drugs are made for the benefit of the supplier, not the consumer."

To illustrate his point, Hoekert slides open a drawer in the barge's interior compartment, inside is a box filled with gumlike balls of hashish.

"Until recently, I had the world's largest collection of imitation hashish," he says. "But I gave most of it away to a museum and kept only these samples. Most of them are camel's dung, the other half elephant dung, for all I know. You'd be surprised at the number of people who rave about Afghani hashish and are actually smoking camel dung. I stick to marijuana; it has all the power I need."

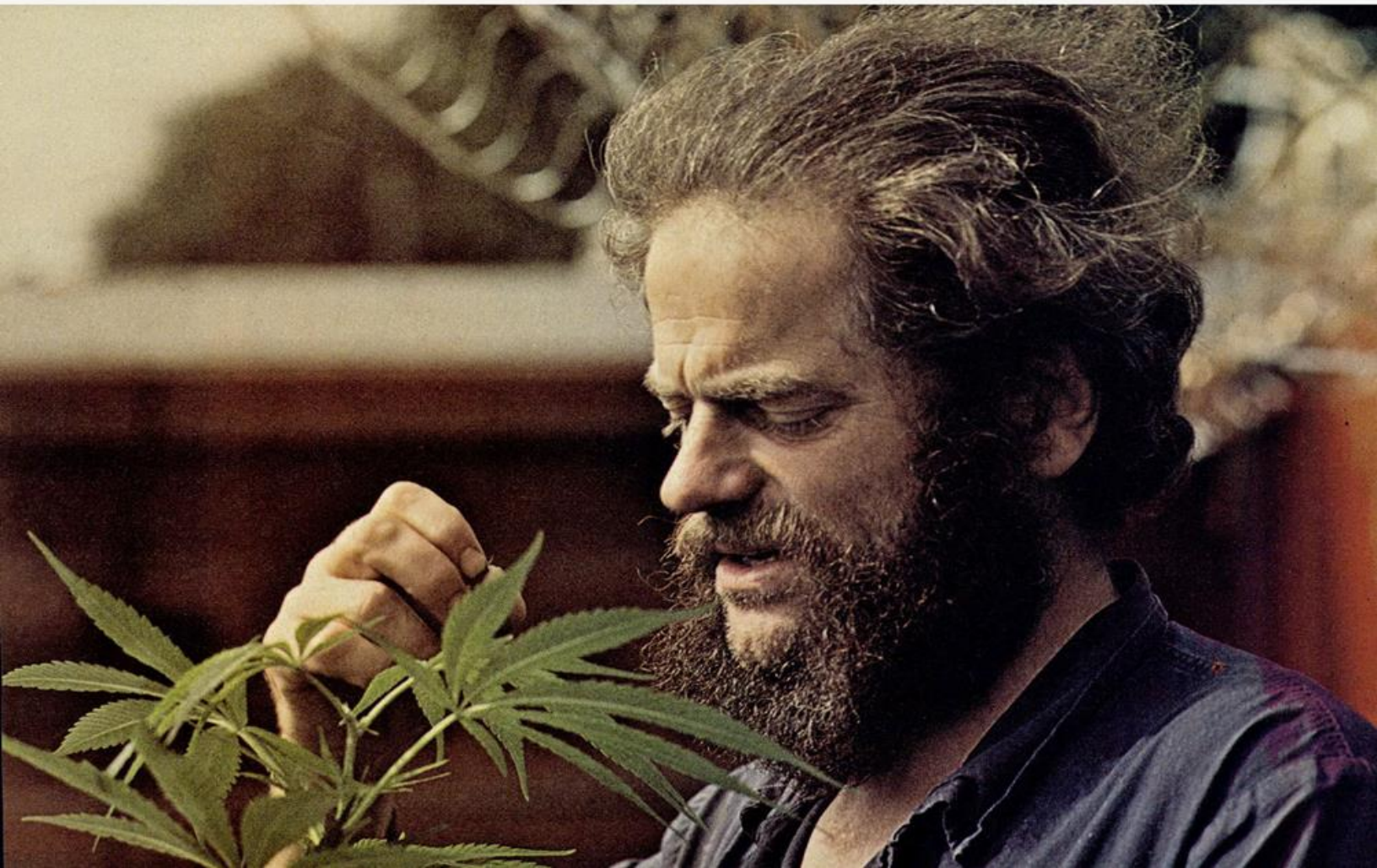
Lowland Weed Compagnie imbues its activity with humor. For example, the official letterhead is a parody of Interpol's, with marijuana leaves replacing the familiar olive branch, pot seeds balancing the scales of justice, and five continents receiving enlightenment from Amsterdam. An undercurrent of optimism is apparent onboard the White Raven, especially when the topic is marijuana's future.

"The day has come for some and will arrive for more people each year," says Grootveld, "when there's less and less 'work' to be done. They may want to consume and consume, wanting more and more, but they'll never be happy. Total consumption is mad, crazy. We encourage marijuana for some people because the contemplative state induced by the drug causes the user to question the consumption spiral."

For Hoekert, the necessity for marijuana is less analytical, but just as potent.

"Imagine the camaraderie," he says. "You walk on a certain day with a friend and drop seeds along a path in the woods. Then, returning a year later with the same friend, you harvest the plant and recall the earlier visit. You get into the sport of growing the plant, which is as satisfying as the final moment of use."

And so the barge White Raven floats quietly at its canal berth, receiving customers and dispensing the Lowland Weed Compagnie's balm. Here in America, the day when a few friends can join to open a dope deli may be far off, but when it does come, the example of two radical Dutchmen and their gentle business will be recalled.



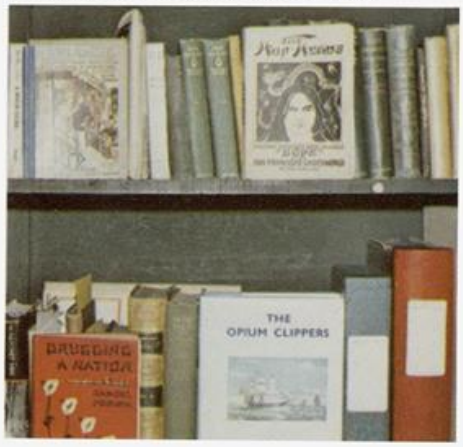
THE FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW MEMORIAL LIBRARY

By Clay Geerdes



The archives of reefer and other madnesses

A selection of opium-related books.



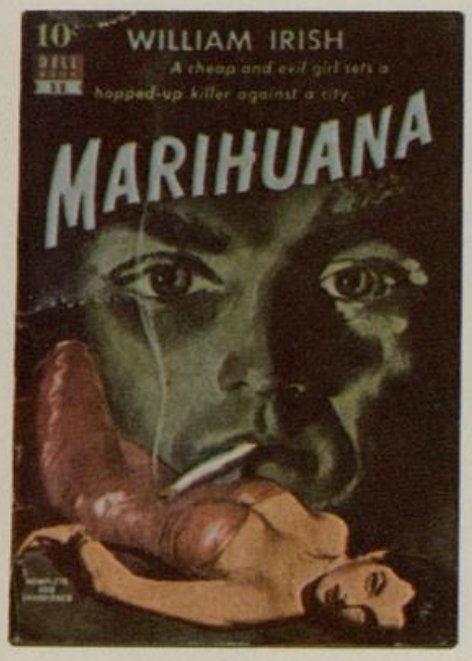
In 1857, a New England schoolteacher named Fitz Hugh Ludlow purchased sixpence worth of pure cannabis tincture and began experimenting with its effects and pleasures. The result was his essay "The Apocalypse of Hasheesh" and, later, *The Hasheesh Eater*, the first discussions, of dope usage in American literature. For over a century these and other invaluable reflections on psychoactive substances have been ignored. But no longer.

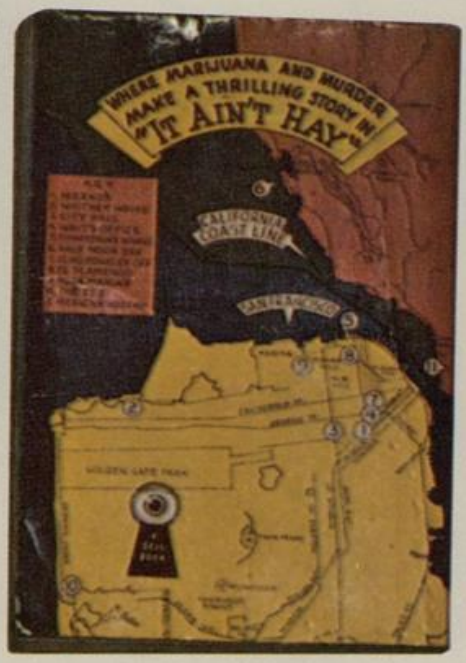
In 1970 a trio of rare book collectors (Robert Barker, William Dailey, Michael Horowitz) in San Francisco decided to pool their resources and gather the world's most complete collection of the literature of drug usage. The Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library now houses more than 10,000 books, pamphlets, journals, archival papers, manuscripts, letters, records, tapes, photographs, engravings, posters, comic books, and a wide variety of artifacts. Its current Board of Directors includes such notables as Richard Evans Schultes, Director of the Harvard University Botanical Museum, and Albert Hofmann, the Swiss chemist who first synthesized pure LSD.

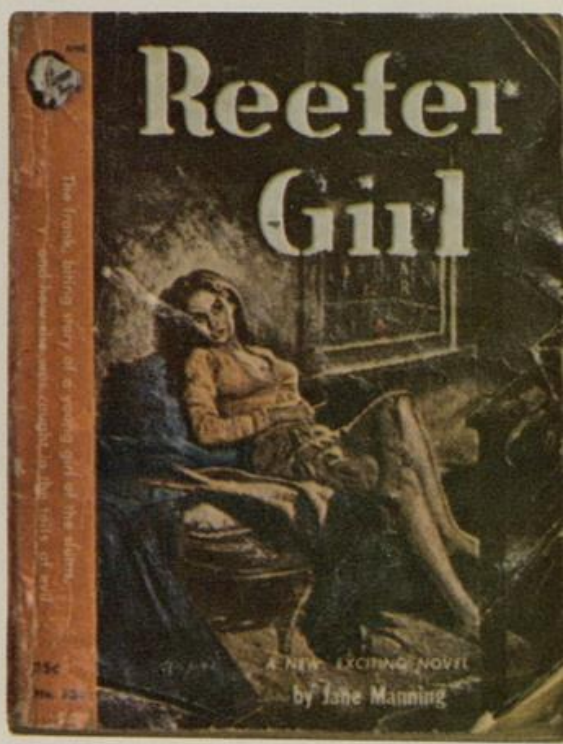
The philosophy of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Library was expressed in a 1973 pamphlet:

"No text, however inaccurate or evangelical, is overlooked for the curators believe that a truthful understanding of psychoactive drug use in Western and Eastern cultures cannot be gained if neglected, forgotten or ephemeral works are out of reach of the serious scholar. Drug usage in the West has emerged, literally and figuratively, from the underground; accordingly, the curators and their correspondents are obliged to draw from such diverse sources as the shelves and catalogues of bookstores—from the finest antiquarian shops to the dusty chaos of second-hand shops—and the street itself, often the only source of such items as the crudely printed mimeo sheets warning of the distribution of adulterated

Three anti-dope books, ca. 1940's-50's.









Amazon psychoactives collection.



South American cocaine artifacts display.



Antique pharmaceutical bottles collection.

drugs, for materials to enrich the diversity and utility of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library."

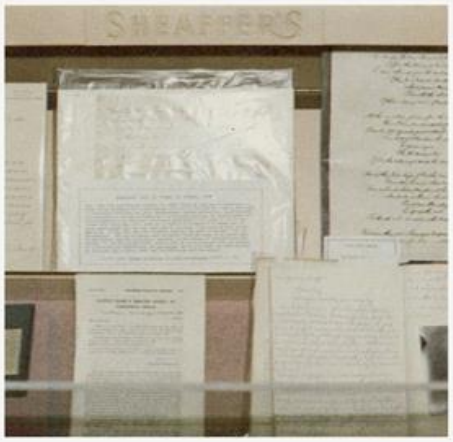
Enriched it is. On the walls of the library, which is in an old North Beach building, the scholar will see original movie posters touting Thirties exploitation films. Atop an antique glass case filled with early editions, one may examine a replica of the *amanita muscaria*, or magic mushroom. Another shelf houses a number of antique druggists' bottles that once contained the various powders used to mix Victorian prescriptions. One is marked "Opium." A large filing cabinet contains government-issue comic books on the evils of marijuana and other dangerous drugs, plus aboveground, commercial comic books that contain drug-related stories.

Other materials range from rare and limited editions to mass-market paperbacks, standard texts often out of print, privately circulated memos, acknowledged literary masterpieces, anonymous street writings, and exploitative tabloids. Much of the literature emphasizes firsthand accounts of psychoactive drug experience as related in memoirs, diaries, biographies, poetry, essays, fiction, and juvenile works. Of course, all the editions of *High Times* are featured on the shelves.

The library also holds several rare items of interest. One such curiosity is Alice B. Toklas's personal recipe for hash brownies, in her own handwriting.

In addition to collecting the most voluminous record of humankind's experimentation with psychoactives, the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library has begun republishing writers like Ludlow who have been excluded from literary canon because of their subject matter. *The Hasheesh Eater* is the fourth book rescued from oblivion thus far. The first three were W. Golden Mortimer's *History of Coca: The Divine Plant of the Incas;* Pitigrilli's novel *Cocaine* (1921); and a book of short stories by Claude Farrere, *Black Opium* (1911). The curators are also currently working with Laura Huxley on a book to be called *Moksha: The Uncollected Writings of Aldous Huxley on Psychedelics and Visionary Experiences.*

Manuscript case containing original drafts.



Michael Aldridge, Ph.D., a director of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library.



Botany and toxicology library.

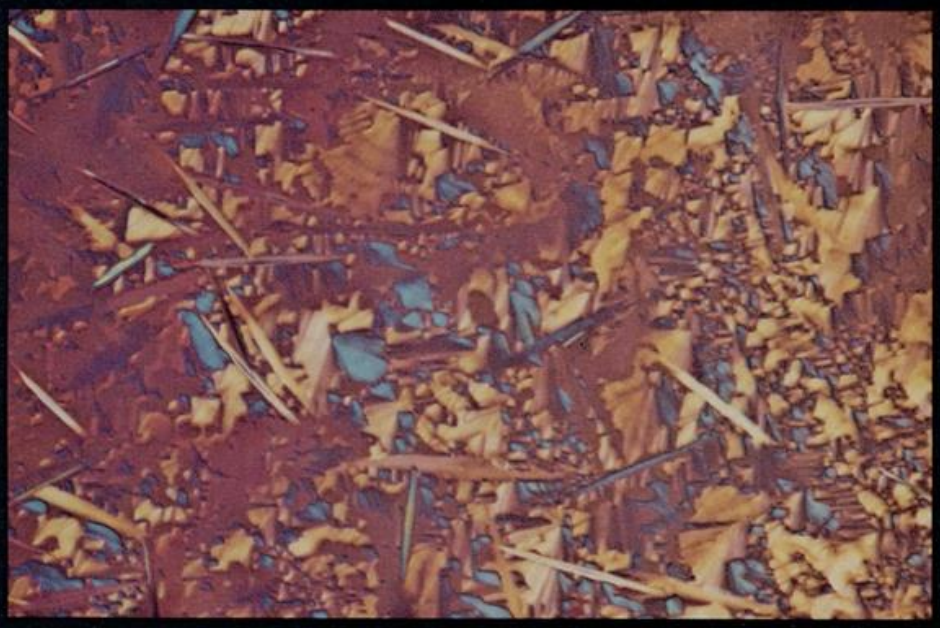


Beat writers and writings shelves.



Mescaline Magic

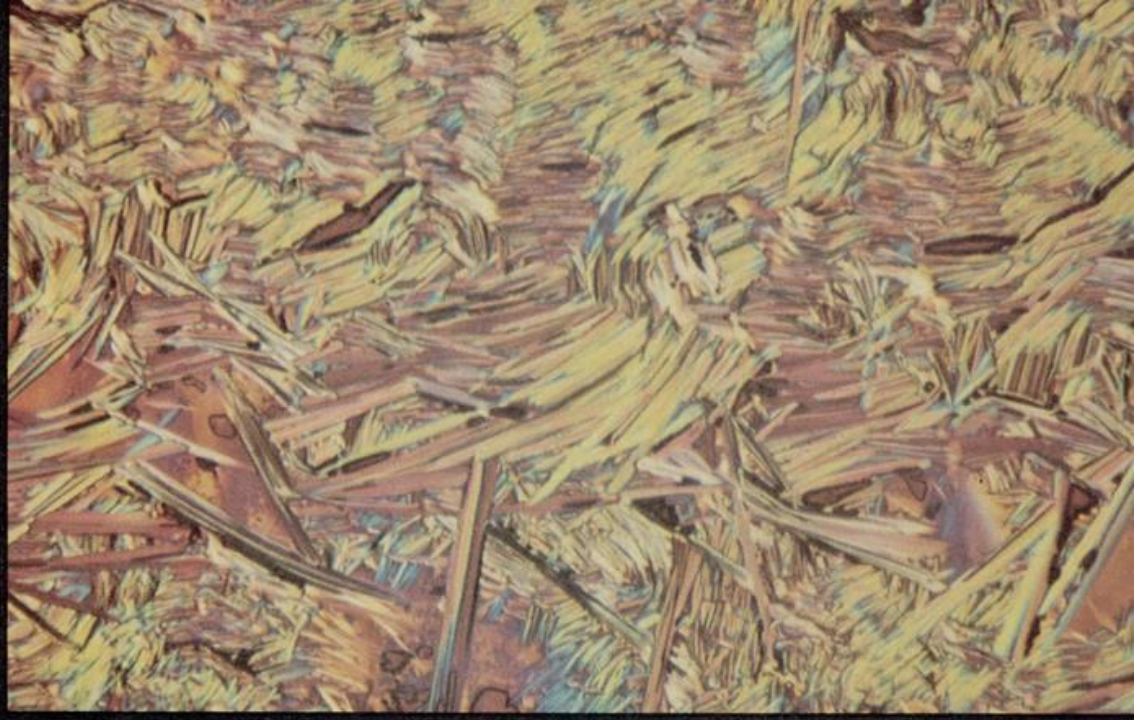
To create these stunning photomicrographs, photographer David Donofrio heated colorless mescaline crystals to 183° Centigrade between glass slides—liquifying them. As the slides cool, recrystalization begins, forming thousands of geometric crystal arrangements. Donofrio penetrated these patterns with rotating polarized light, while carefully controlling the rate of cooling. The results: a visually stunning abstraction of light and form captured on film. Like a kaleidoscope, the mescaline design is never repeated.

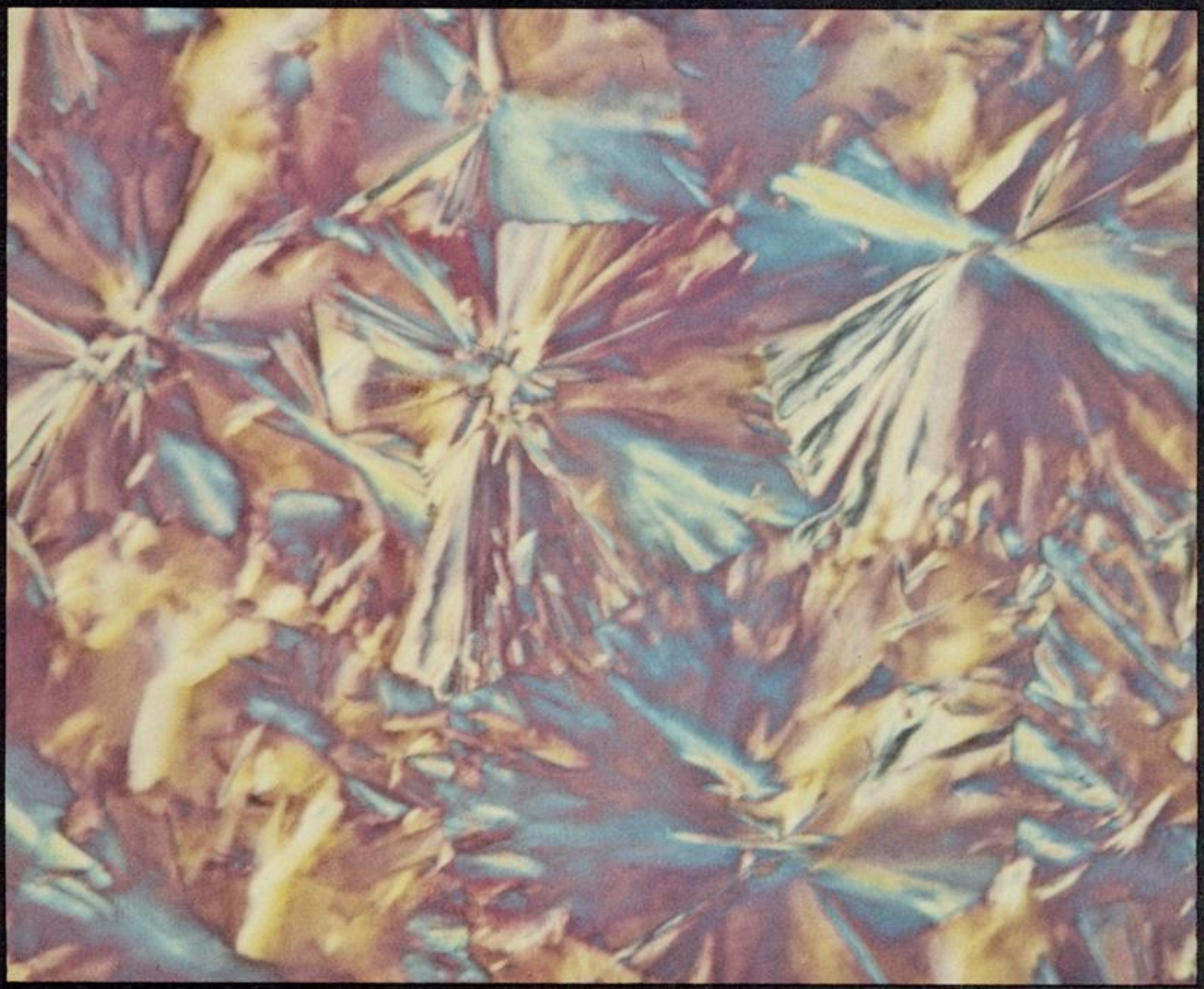




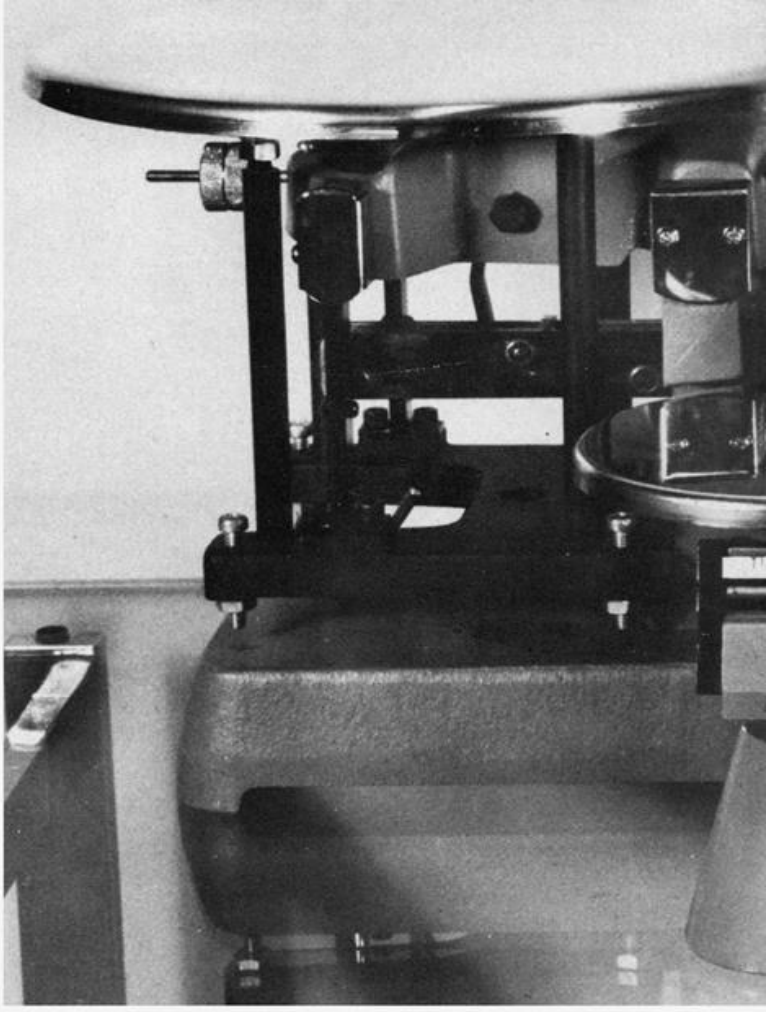








In The Balance



By Ron Lichty

"The most accurate scale I ever
one tiny dot in the center of the paper.

In the old days, pot was sold by the "kilo" or "key", the "lid", and the "dime bag". Any brick was kilo and moved at kilo prices. A lid was technically an ounce, but . . . And a dime bag was always ten dollars. But those practices have gone the way of the dollar joint. Today, marijuana is sold by exact weight and carefully assayed by both buyer and seller at every step of the transaction. Every serious dealer owns some kind of scale, as does every smart consumer and connoisseur.

"There is no hope with dope" cautions a sticker on the entrance to Allsteel Scale Company in New York's Soho district. "I'm looking for two scales," I say to the Allsteel salesman in a gray-fleck sports jacket. "One has to be very precise—super accurate—and weigh in grams. The other should weigh in pounds. Do you have any scales marked in both pounds and metrics?"

His voice is soothing, his manner detached. "Here's a heavy-duty scale with a combination rule," he suggests, giving me the official rap. "Its capacity is forty-five pounds or twenty-five kilos." He knows what I'd weigh on this baby. But he really doesn't want to know. At Allsteel Scale Co., like so many other scale companies in New York, it's not their business to wonder why scales are so popular.

"But there are thousands and thousands of scales," says the owner of a neighboring scale company. Leonard Charet has been in the scale business for fifty years; his father founded Manhattan Scales Co. over sixty years ago. He is aware of the scale business nuances and is willing to discuss them. "In the line of small scales alone, there's a list of manufacturers' names that's two or three whole pages, typewritten," he admits.

There are two types of scales, however. The spring scale and the balance scale. Unfortunately, spring scales are inherently inaccurate: they are affected by air pressure, temperature changes, and the varying elasticity of the spring. Walk into any three bathrooms and weigh yourself, and you'll get three different quotations. It's a tossup at diet time. The sixty-nine cent postage scale, still used by many smalltime dealers and even more smokers, is equally inaccurate. The spring scale's bug is that it multiplies error: if it's off one ounce weighing five pounds, it will be off two ounces weighing ten pounds.

Spring scales determine weight, and weight is affected by altitude, so the further away from the earth's crust, the less you weigh (you weigh less at the equator than at the poles, too). If you bought weed weighing in at 100 pounds on a mountaintop spring scale and took it down to Death Valley to sell it to your friends, when you weighed it again you'd have a hundred pounds *plus* a small stash for your own head. Don't buy dope in the desert or you'll get less than you bargained for. Remember Martin Luther King and go to the mountaintop.

There is a better way, though. The balance scale measures mass, not weight: it balances an unknown mass (the dope) against a known mass. While you might weigh only one-third as much on the moon (on a scale), your mass (on a balance) is the same everywhere (moon, mountaintop or valley). And the balance is far more accurate. It is unaffected by weather and doesn't multiply error.

The possible accuracy of a balance is almost beyond comprehension. "The most accurate scale I ever heard of," Charet pauses midsentence, then stops altogether, unable to find words adequate to describe the scale. He pulls pencil and paper from his desk and painstakingly drops one tiny dot in the center of the paper. "The most accurate scale I ever heard of will weigh that dot!," he says in awe. And Charet is not

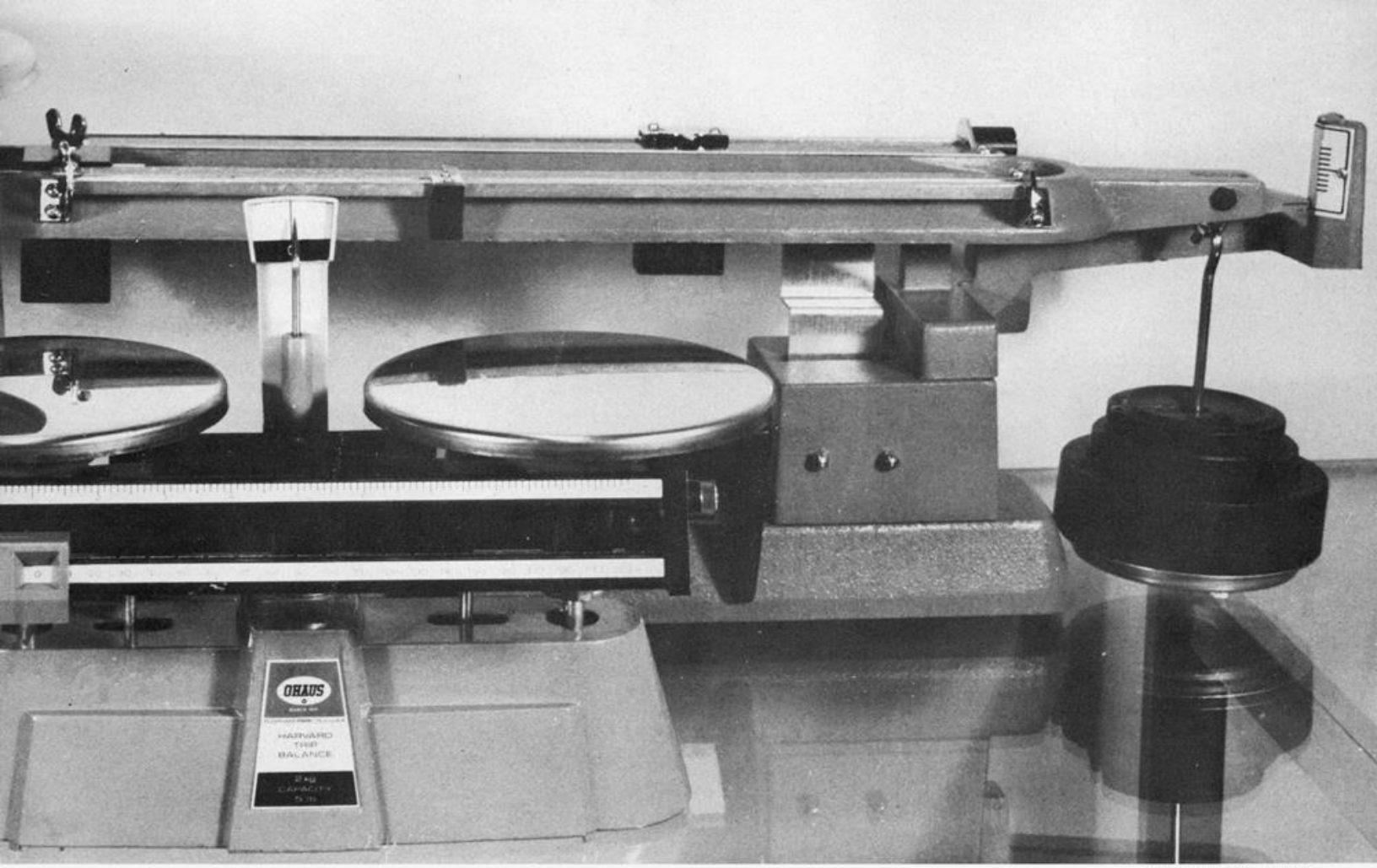


Photo by James Gregory

heard of," Charet pulls paper and pencil from his desk and painstakingly drops "The most accurate scale I ever heard of will weigh that dot," he says in awe.

easily awed.

Druggists are required by law to use balance scales, and diamond cutters wouldn't consider anything else. Neither would many marijuana dealers.

"I used to weigh out ounces on a little postage scale," says one dealer ruefully. "I'd always give my customers a little more than an ounce to cover any scale error. But no more. Now I've got a triple beam that's accurate to one-tenth a gram. When my customers ask for an ounce, they get exactly an ounce. I've saved a lot of money."

Another dealer switched to the balance a few years ago. He didn't realize the precious difference it made, until he had to buy a large quantity off a spring scale. "I bought fifty pounds of pot, carefully weighed on what is considered one of the best spring scales made," he laments. When I got home, I found I had only forty-seven pounds on my balance. On that one transaction, I lost more than a good balance scale costs."

Most dope scales are inexpensive. Ohaus scales, the most popular brand, start at about $50 for a triple-beam balance accurate to one-tenth gram—the answer to a coke dealer's jitters. It's as accurate as more expensive models of the same genre, but it won't take nearly as much punishment. The better class scales—manufactured by Detecto, Exact Weight, Toledo and Pennsylvania scale companies—are a steep hike into the high cost range. About $285 worth.

Ohaus scales are inexpensive because Ohaus mass produces—$8 million worth of scales last year. Beside pound and metric scales, Ohaus scales come calibrated in grains (for gunpowder), carats (for diamonds), and troy weight (for gold).

Scale buffs disagree about relative performances. "Personally, if I were to pick the best scale accurate to one-tenth of a gram, I'd probably pick the August Sauter or the Mettler scale, which sells for $1200," enthuses Charet of Manhattan Scales.

If you're into heavier weight, there's the Ohaus solution balance that weighs in one-gram increments up to fifty pounds.

The Hom double-beam bench balance weighs in quarter-ounce increments up to 300 pounds.

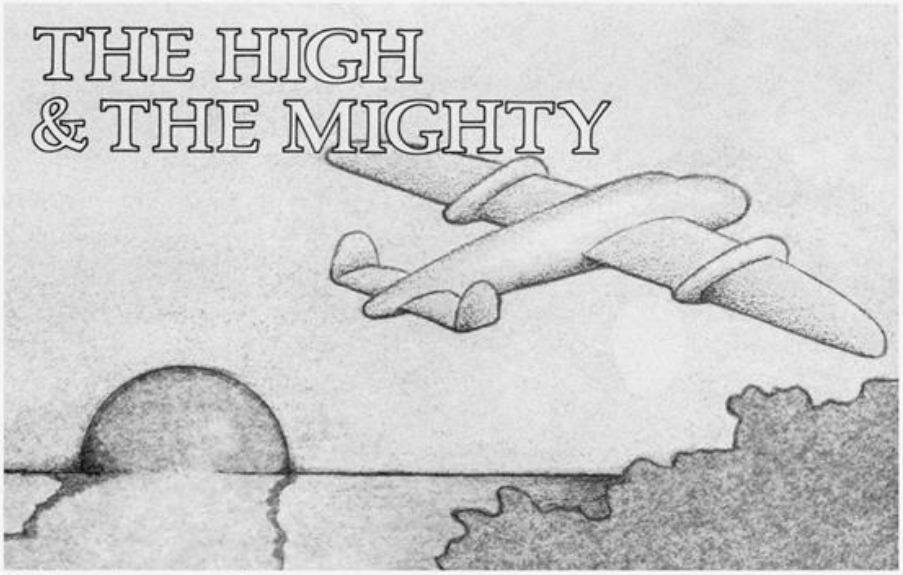
And if *tons* are your metier, have we got a deal for you. Several scale companies manufacture spring-hanging scales. They're not so accurate, but when tangling with tons what's fifty pounds in either direction. Let some one else worry.

"How much a scale can weigh—its capacity—does not determine its price," explains Charet. "The Department of Weights and Measures here in New York has a scale—it's enclosed in glass. I think it may have only a ten pound capacity, but it has to be worth $20,000!"

If you're just cruising for a high and aren't a stickler for accuracy, you can use a postage scale, à la five-and dime store. For a bit more accuracy and portability, one of several "pocket" scales sell for a couple of dollars. Unlike a postage scale, a pocket scale is often fairly accurate and both give approximate weight up to four ounces.

But then there's the Nichols scale, advertised as "a functional piece of sculpture." This inexpensive balance scale ($9) has a scoop on one end of a thirteen-inch rule. The scoop is filled, the rule is moved along the pivot until it balances, and the weight is marked. It's more accurate than a spring scale and a lot more funky.

Scales have become so necessary to some working folks that a sly politician may one day promise constituents "A scale in every pot." Should that day come, however, I'll enter the race myself under the more rousing slogan "Pot in every scale." But of course.



(Continued from page 38)

"Eh, Scuzzi!"

"Eh, Royko!"

"Eh!"

"Eh!"

We headed up a jungle path to where a stove-in fuselage rested among the palm trees. An incongruous neon light, unlit, spelled out "cantina". We went inside this dilapidated bar in the jungle and sat down.

"Eh, Scuzzi, long time. You flying ganja, vas?"

"Eh, Royko. It could be worse. Tell my friends about the plate in your head."

"Eh?"

"*Eh.*"

"Eh, well, you see, in my head I have a metal plate. In my skull. Sometimes I hear things. Bells, the buzzings, the voices. Royko pay no 'tention. But, sometimes," he paused.

"Eh, Royko."

"Eh, Scuzzi. I apologize to you. I apologize to your friends. I . . ." He stepped outside and soon returned. The screen door slammed, the flies on the window screens jumped into bright flight. Royko's arms were full of junk.

"Scuzzi, you want some good used landing struts, cheap?" They both laughed uncontrollably, slapping each other and grinning, cackling and coughing and laughing some more.

"Let me get you some absinthe," offered Royko, going over to the bar installed into the cockpit. He poured out some small glasses of the vile liquid.

Scuzzi set fire to a joint. It was passed around.

"Eh." said Scuzzi.

"Eh, you know what else this plate in my head tells me? Eh, you know?"

"What does it tell you?" Scuzzi asked solemnly.

"Eh," said Royko, sucking on the joint. "Eh, you know. World is made of land and water. Man is made of water. Do you understand this, my friends?"

"Eh," said Scuzzi.

"Airplanes," said Scuzzi, "no good! Airplanes are metal. Metal hates water. Metal tells man to build airplanes, fly away from water. Eh. You know why? Oil is metal. Oil hates water. Oil tells man to go to the moon. No water on the moon but much metal. Arabs. Aieeee!"

Royko poured another round of absinthe, and the little bar began to look really friendly, aside from the animal skulls that littered the cage of the python atop the bar.

"You know who puts plate in my head? Eh? Spacemens."

"Eh." said Scuzzi.

"That's right. Spacemens from outer space. That's who."

"Eh, Royko, you know Jesus was a spaceman."

"Sure, Scuzzi. I know that. These was Chinese spacemens. You know about hacupuncture? Chinese spacemens invented. They come to this planet to invent hacupuncture. Also to put plate in Royko's head. Eh, also to sell ganja."

"Eh," Scuzzi nodded.

"Eh, and so," concluded Royko, waving his arms, "that is how I have a plate in my head today." He fell backwards in his chair. We heard his plate hit the floor when he landed.

"Crazy fat fool," Scuzzi said, burning up a joint. "Most disgusting thing I ever seen. *Mucho disgusto.*"

I daubed a wet cloth on Royko's face.

"Gimme another absinthe," called out Scuzzi. The sun gleamed off Royko's metal plate.

* * *

Dale swirled the layer of coke in graceful spirals, twirling and turning it with the razor until the green marble table was dusty with chopped crystal. Then he made one final slashing fling and threw the coke into a perfectly formed line that stretched out in an arc.

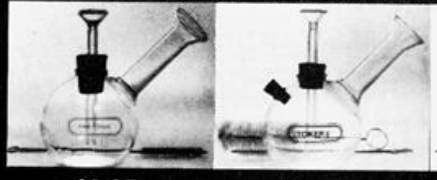
"So you need a new oil pump assembly for a Curtiss-Wright, eh?" said Royko, snorting his way through 40 degrees of the arc. "Something like that could be very expensive down here in the islands." He looked up slyly and Dale just nodded.

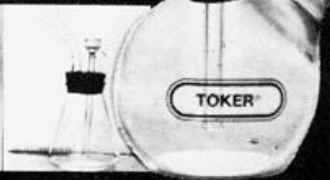
"How much, Royko?" Dale asked.

"Oh, I think a rare item like that might run about . . .oh, say two thousand dollars."

Scuzzi snorted and coughed, blowing all the coke onto the floor. Dale laughed shortly.

"Two thousand dollars?" Dale repeated.

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"Royko, I thought we were friends?"

Royko poured out another generous portion of coke. "Hey, Maggie," yelled Royko. "Come on in here and chop up this coke."

A long pale arm pulled aside a curtain that divided the cantina from the tail of the fuselage. A lanky girl with auburn hair, in an ankle length silk shift, stepped slowly from their sleeping quarters. She looked like someone I should know. She knelt gracefully next to the coke table with a straight razor and began chopping the coke.

"The whore of the Caribbean," muttered Scuzzi.

"Get fucked, dago," rasped the girl. Royko fiddled with an ancient all-band Motorola. It spit static and howled and then caught a station. Royko burped.

An English voice on the radio announced that the expected election returns in the United States indicated Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew in a landslide over George McGovern and Sargeant Shriver. It flashed on me. I had forgotten to vote!

"America," said Scuzzi. "What's it say on the Statue of Liberty—'give me your crummy, your disgusting, your sleazo masses' whatever it says. Y'know, that's kind of beautiful. It gets you right here." He patted his chest with his fist, and extracted a joint from his breast pocket. "You know, we got a saying in the illegal alien racket—speak softly and carry a big spic."

Royko gave him a hard look, and muttered, "Eat it."

"Whatsa matter, it touch a raw nerve, Eskimo?" laughed Scuzzi, simultaneously grabbing Maggie's thigh. She gave him an elbow shot in the ribs, and he coughed and choked, blowing the coke onto the floor again.

"You clumsy asshole," drawled Dale. The voice on the radio promised the first official election returns in an hour. The absinthe was making the front of my face go numb, and everything was beginning to sound so very far away. I heard Dale saying, "Listen, Royko, I gotta get out of here before morning, and two thousand dollars is everything I got. Can't we make a deal?"

"Why Dale, we're friends. Of course we can make a deal. I'll tell you what. Since I'm charging you $2,000 for the part, I'll install the oil pump assembly for just $1,500. How's that."

"$1,500! Installation!"

"Look, they don't call me Easy Deal Royko for nothin'," shouted the yellow-clad fat man. "I'll tell you what." He slammed his fist on the radio, producing a belch of static. "It gets lonely out here. Don't rush off. There's plenty of time to fix the plane and still get you to the mainland before sunrise. It gets lonely on this fuckin' frisbee. Lonely indeed. Stay and listen to the election returns. If Nixon wins, you pay $2,000. If McGovern wins, you get the part for free. And installation! What do you say? Is it a deal?"

We had no choice, since we had no more money. "It's a deal," sighed Dale, snorting the first line of coke. The radio said Nixon was having a party in Washington. Moses dipped toward the marble, and the white powder disappeared. Another round of absinthe, and I felt like I needed some fresh air, or any kind of air. I staggered down the wooden steps into the jungle, up a short path that brought me to the wrecked fuselage of a Lockheed Lodestar. I smelled salt in the air and for the first time felt I might live to see morning. A whiff of Shalimar perfume by Guerlain turned my head around.

"Are you all right?" asked Maggie.

"I just realized I've never drunk absinthe before and never want to again." I said. "But I might have to get used to it."

"I did. You know, I'm stuck on this island. We're all stuck on this island, until Royko decides to let us go."

"What do you mean?," I asked.

"Royko's very lonely and very greedy. He won't let you leave until he owns you," she said. "He's charging you for everything you've got. He'll own your plane and your weed before you leave here."

"Does he own you?" I asked.

"If you mean do I sleep with him, no. How could I sleep with someone who has a metal plate in his head. Metal loves Maggie. Maggie hates metal." She laughed. "Are you kidding? I put a magnet to his head at bedtime."

"So, how does he own you?"

"When I came here I was being kept by a prop jockey whose plane came down for repairs, just like yours. He left me as collateral, but by the time he came back, I'd tooted so much coke that he owed Royko more than he thought I was worth—$5,000—so he gave me to Royko."

"It sounds fucked up."

"It is fucked up, but nobody wants to take me off this cowpaddy because they all need Royko."

"Including me. I see what you mean."

She put her arms around me and kissed me, but I couldn't feel her lips because the cocaine had made my mouth numb. I held her for a second and then she pulled me down into the Lockheed. The moon gleamed on the Caribbean.

* * *

McGovern lost, and Dale paid Royko $2,000 for the oil pump assembly and promised him $2,000 more for installation and another $2,000 interest out of the profits from the weed. The Big Man would be pissed, but it was that or rot waiting for parts to be shipped to this godforsaken paradise, and by then we'd all be pissing cocoanut juice.

They had finished installing the oil pump, and we were having a last bottle of absinthe in the cantina. Scuzzi had gone out to the plane to get a farewell joint when we heard the bark of two Curtiss-Wright radial engines roaring to life. Dale and Royko leaped up.

"Scuzzi!" they shouted.

"Where's your coke!" yelled Maggie.

"My stash!" Royko screamed. "That low-life motherfucker ripped a kilo of blow."

"And he's trying to shanghai my wings," added Dale, running out to the plane.

"I'll give $5,000 to anyone who can stop him," Royko called after him.

We ran pell-mell out to the strip, but the plane was already on its takeoff roll. Dale was blazing away with his .45, Royko fired cannonades from his automag .44, but the plane rolled past us untouched by gunfire. Then, from the corner of my eye, I saw Maggie taking careful aim with a broomhandle auto Mauser .30. Gee, I thought, that's a nice gun. And it still fired, too. I heard the crack of her shot and the plane faltered and then slowed. Scuzzi



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slumped forward on the controls and we ran up to the plane.

Scuzzi was still alive. In fact, the bullet had gone clean through the top of his skull. "You shouldn't have done it," said Dale.

"I know. I know. I'm sorry," said Scuzzi, weakly.

Dale looked at the blood all over Scuzzi's head. "Just like in 'Nam, right Scuzzi?"

"Metal loves Scuzzi," chirped Royko. Royko wanted to croak Scuzzi right there, but Dale put his shirt around Scuzzi's head.

"Let's get this grifter to a hospital," said Dale. I saw Maggie reaching behind the seat, and then saw her sliding a large plastic bag of coke from her panties, while Royko and Dale were working on Scuzzi.

"I found your stash," said Maggie, producing the coke. Royko beamed.

Soon we were ready to depart. Dawn was coming soon. The engines were idling in the night air when Maggie came running back with a small suitcase.

"I'm paid off," she shouted over the engines. "Can I come with you?" I asked Dale, and he said it was o.k. if we could get this taildragging dinosaur off the ground. She climbed aboard.

"She's a sweet frail, take good care of her," shouted Royko.

"I'll take care of myself, you metal-headed mook," called out Maggie.

We made the 250 miles to the secret landing strip in the Everglades in an hour and a half. A mob of flower-shirted whites unloaded the plane in less than a minute. We dropped off Scuzzi and were gone. We spent the next ten minutes leisurely vacuuming the plane before our official arrival in Fort Lauderdale. The customs agents went over the plane with a jeweler's eyepiece, but we were totally clean.

* * *

Room service appeared with lunch. We were checked into a motel in Gainesville where Maggie and I were taking a little repast before I returned to New York and she returned to Macon. The phone rang and it was Dale. We hadn't seen him since we split in different cars the night of the unloading. The Big Man must have given him my room number, but it was cool.

"I just want to thank you for your help and all, Les," said Dale. A strange clicking on the wire chilled my blood.

"Help?" I said. "I'm just a journalist," I pleaded. "I didn't help." I always pictured phone calls as transcripts in a courtroom.

"Right, right," drawled Dale smoothly. "You know, they had to install a metal plate in Scuzzi's head."

"Metal loves Scuzzi," I philosophized.

"Well now, you folks be sure and drop in when you get down my way."

"We will," I promised. "By the way, is Royko really an Eskimo?" I asked.

"Are you kidding?" laughed Dale. In the background I could hear Leroy's throaty chuckle and then the phone went dead. Maggie hung up the receiver, her eyes gleaming.

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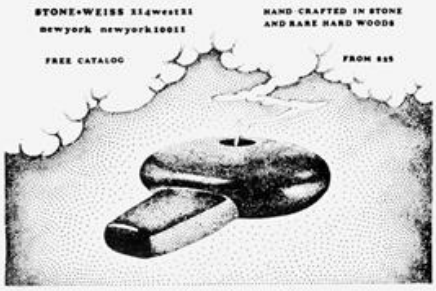


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Health

The following indicate the direction of research into psychoactive drugs:

- At the Addiction Research Center in Montreal, Dr. Albert Siemens has completed a project he claims demonstrates that white rats exposed extensively to marijuana develop a tolerance. This tolerance is not an "improvement" in the way the body handles marijuana but due to organic changes in the structure of the central nervous system.
- At the Esalen Institute at Big Sur, California, Dr. Stanislav Grof, formerly Chief of Psychiatric Research at the Maryland Psychiatric Research Center, and his wife, a medical anthropologist, treated terminal cancer patients with LSD to help them overcome their fear of death. They taught the patients to appreciate sensory phenomena, the "rites of passage" through birth, death, and the struggle for rebirth. The Grofs also found it helpful to integrate LSD with the mystic experiences of the various patients' faiths.
- Researchers at the Institute of Medical Research in Camden, New Jersey, studied blood samples of volunteers who had consumed large quantities of THC, marijuana, and hash. They discovered no changes in the chromosome structure of the subjects.
- The combustible parts of match heads and lighter fluid compounds contain several carcinogenic, or cancer-causing, substances, says Dr. Carl Marienfeld of the Environmental Health Surveillance Center in Chicago. He says that smokers inhale a cancer-causing soot which travels directly from the match head or lighter fluid.

One of the great paranoid rumors of the 1960s—the impending application of a marijuana-detecting mouth swab by drug authorities—may be about to come true, according to Georgia Tech research and development man Josepth Lupton. Lupton recently demonstrated the device, which he has worked on for twelve years, for the Georgia Senate Committee on Drug Abuse. If adopted by them, it could become a standard tool for the investigation of suspected cases of "stoned driving," which allegedly leads to thousands of dollars worth of damage in the U.S. every year.

According to Lupton, his machine can analyze a driver's breath in 20 minutes and produce a diagnosis of it on a chart.

Elsewhere, researchers report from Surrey University in England that they have developed tests that can determine the presence of marijuana in the blood or urine up to forty-eight hours after smoking.

And in Colorado, Lawrence Keir of Keir Laboratories has developed a simple hand and lip swab that shows the presence of cannabis up to six hours after use. The test does not distinguish between subjects who smoked marijuana and subjects merely in the presence of marijuana smokers.

Dr. Joel Fort, psychiatrist, advisor to the World Health Organization, and drug expert testified in a federal court hearing recently that "Untold pain and suffering could be relieved if marijuana were available for medical uses."

Fort said the drug's medical value and potential in treating glaucoma, asthma, cancer, even alcoholism and drug addiction "would certainly justify its legal availability for research and prescribing." He added that marijuana has been used medically since 5000 B.C.

The hearing was the result of a suit brought by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) three years ago. NORML is attempting to have the classification of marijuana changed, at present it is classified by the Drug Enforcement Administration in the same category as such drugs as heroin.

A marijuana research program funded by the National Institute of Drug Abuse, which has cost taxpayers $385,000 so far, has come under attack from other researchers. The project, directed by Dr. Reese Jones in San Francisco, is testing human tolerance and possible addiction to marijuana by having 32 test subjects smoke an average of 80 joints a day. They smoked around the clock for 21 days.

Jones claims the study proves dependency on pot. Test subjects, he said, went through typical withdrawal symptoms when the massive doses were ended. Jones says such a huge dose was the equivalent of marijuana consumption where grass is freely available and heavily smoked.

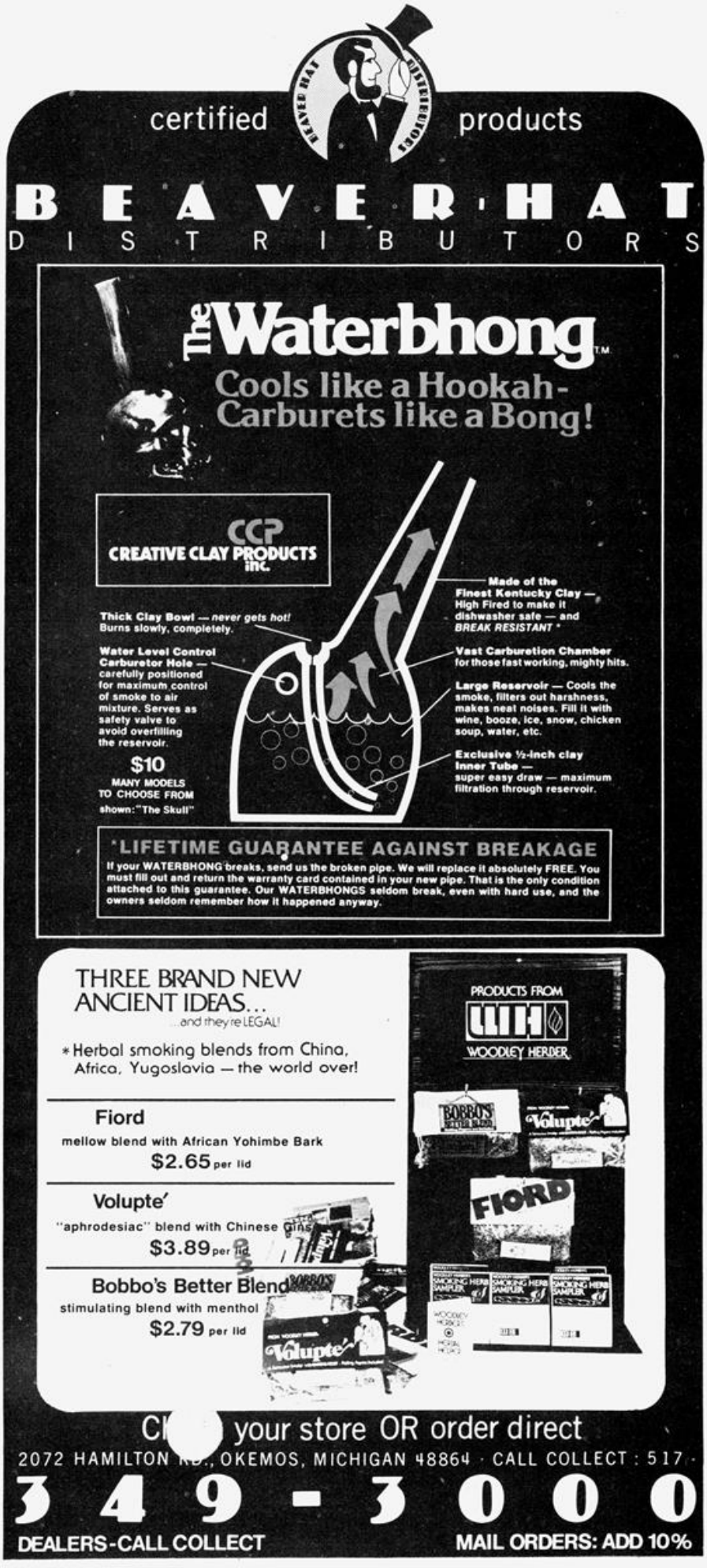
Critics of Jones denounce the physical and mental harm the subjects are exposed to. No other drug experts have been able to verify that such large amounts of pot are smoked anywhere in the world.

Two volunteers in the project—both of them veteran pot smokers—have complained that the dosage was so heavy that they had heavy hallucinations, muscle spasms, and at times thought themselves dead. According to Michael Kummel of San Francisco, one of the former volunteers, Dr. Jones has requested permission from the NIDA to triple the dosage to 600 milligrams of THC a day, or about 240 joints daily.

A government study on the relationship between marijuana and violent crime—marijuana seems to disincline folks to violent crime—has been suppressed by the National Institute of Mental Health.

The study, conducted in Jamaica two years ago by Dr. Vera Rubin of New York, found that pot smokers are much less prone to aggressive behavior than alcohol drinkers.

Dr. Rubin's study, which cost taxpayers $158,000, has been repressed because of "politics," an NIMH official stated.



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THE GREAT CHARAS: FIGHTING THE DRUG RING



By Henri de Monfreid



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And so I embarked on my last and most important charas venture. *The* charas adventure, I might well call it.

My original plan was simple. I learned that Greek hashish had vanished from the market. The thought of another smuggling trip to Bombay, of traveling indefinitely shuttlewise from the Himalayas to Suez, the endless formalities, the shady interventions, the journey itself—the battle with the monsoon and the tedious weeks of tossing in the swell of the Indian Ocean—all inspired a distinct aversion.

I longed for a respite—a villa by the Mediterranean. Why not grow hemp myself: compete openly with Chinese charas and have done with contraband? I realized the logical country for a hemp plantation was Abyssinia. Hemp-fiber would be welcomed for local rope manufacture and hemp leaves for export. But it would be several years before I could count on my hemp plantations producing a high-grade quality of ganja. To put Abyssinian ganja on the market immediately, the best method, I felt, was to mix with the dried hemp leaves some powdered charas, the resin from the tops of the finest female ganja plants.

The story of the great charas began with a business letter addressed to Edwin Turnwell, captain of the schooner Evelyn, Bombay. Would he be willing to act as my agent in a new purchase of charas? Six tons to be bought in Chinese Turkestan, if possible, and sent across India by rail. Although it was illegal to sell hashish in the British colonies, it could be shipped over British soil if it was destined for a country where hashish was still legal. Hashish was legal in Abyssinia.

Turnwell's answer arrived by telegraph. "Accept. Enchanté". I could almost hear him jubilate over the wires. But difficulties on Turnwell's end mounted as the months passed. Wires flashed back and forth, endlessly, permits were obtained, but no charas materialized. I had just formulated an energetic message to send over the wires when I received a cable: "Your presence here imperative. Come immediately. Urgent Turnwell."

That night I left on the Altair for Aden, and four days later, via a P. & O. liner, I landed in Bombay. Turnwell was on the dock, waving his arms like a disjointed windmill. His round eyes popped with excitement. I could see he was literally bursting with news.

"Well, Turnwell, what is the matter now?" The question seemed to startle him. He gripped my arm above the elbow and flinging a

nervous glance to right and left, towards the groups of homecoming colonials proceeding imperturbably down the pier amid shoals of baggage, murmured through his teeth in a melodramatic tone, though scarcely audible:

"Not here, this is no place; wait, later."

As our cab bumped over the uneven pavement, he sat looking mysterious, his lips pressed together, like a small boy with a secret. We drew up at last before the little bungalow in the suburbs, with which I was already acquainted.

Turnwell's room stood like an oasis in that unspeakable cottage. I have no distinct recollection of it, except that it was quiet and in order. He shut the door carefully behind me, motioned me to a chair by the window and took a seat opposite me. He was beaming with importance.

"Man, that charas of yours. It is a fortune!" he burst out. "Do you know, you can sell it here in Bombay for ten pounds sterling a seer!" He leaned back in his chair to note the effect of the bomb. His joy in the discovery was so sincere, that I hesitated to dampen it. For in one sense he had made a discovery, which I was curious to fathom.

"You don't say!" I murmured, trying to look as astonished as possible before the question which interested me primarily. "Sell it . . .to whom?"

"Oh, that is a long story." Turnwell settled himself in his chair. "But to begin with, have you ever heard about hashish? They get it from charas, you know. Smuggled into Egypt, it is worth its weight of gold!"

Something in the tone of that last remark of his, a certain excited glitter of his round eyes, affected me disagreeably. I began to regret not having taken Turnwell more fully into my confidence. But where had he acquired his information? "Who told you, and how—?" I started to question. He did not let me finish.

"As I said, it is quite a story," he broke in importantly. He related how two mysterious strangers, a Greek and a Levantine, had approached him with generous offers to purchase the entire six tons of charas.

"Did they give you a contract?"

"Not directly. I received a third visit. An Englishman. Oh, a gentleman. Here you have his name." He handed me the bit of cardboard, neatly engraved.

Leonard W. T. Ashby, Esq.

"He sent up his card one evening about seven," Turnwell went on. "Apologized for the hour, but said he had just arrived in Bombay and did not want to waste a minute before seeing me. Would I give him the pleasure of dining with him? Afterwards we could talk business. Such a dinner!" Turnwell sighed beatifically at the recollection. "Later we came up here. And what do you think were the first words he said? 'Mr. Turnwell,' he remarked, offering me a Havana (he had a monogrammed case full of them), 'I hear you have just taken out a permit to export six tons of charas. Do you mind telling me what you are going to do with it?' 'Oh,' I answered carelessly, 'I am going to export it.' The Englishman thought a while, turning his cigar round and round in his fingers. Then he spoke crisply. 'Perhaps, Mr. Turnwell, I might make you a better offer than your present customer. What would you say to five pounds a seer?' At that I nearly fell off my chair, but I took care not to show my feelings. I told him I wasn't in a position to make any promises. He said perhaps he could get six pounds a seer and maybe seven.

I told him I couldn't give him an answer immediately. I would have to consult my associate. 'Ah, you have an associate?' He said that in such an odd tone, I couldn't make out whether he was displeased or merely surprised. But, he added quickly, of course he understood. He would wait for an answer, and in the meantime I could always find him at his hotel. Well—and then I sent you the telegram."

"When was it you said Mr. Ashby came to Bombay?"

"Two weeks ago."



And Turnwell had seen him the day of his arrival. . . . That is to say he had telegraphed me nearly a week after their conversation. Why the delay, I reflected, or rather why had he telegraphed me at all? Was it loyalty or discretion, I wondered, studying the rosy face before me, wreathed in cigarette smoke like an elderly cherub on a cloud.

". . .I wanted to get you here as soon as possible, for naturally I would rather work with you. (Was this meant for flattery?) I don't know any of that crowd. They may be a gang of bandits. And besides . . .the permit is in your name . . ."

Naive young man—so that was the key to the mystery. Had it not been for that detail, I might never have heard of my agent nor the charas he had agreed to purchase for me. Volikis, I realized, had spoken the truth. That charas shipment of ours had upset the Egyptian market. The "Ring" was out to eliminate the competition. But if I let them have that particular six tons of charas, it would be at my own terms, and when and where I chose. . . .

"I suppose the first thing is to see Ashby," I suggested. With that Turnwell agreed. We parted that evening planning to meet again as soon as he had arranged an interview. At ten the next morning, he was at my hotel.

"I have just seen him," he announced. "Ashby will meet us in an hour." "On the boulevard?" I inquired as he gave an order to the cab-driver.

"Ashby will pick us up in his car. There we can talk freely."

Promptly at eleven by Turnwell's wrist watch, a rented automobile, very vast with its one passenger lost in the wide back seat, drove slowly past and stopped a few rods ahead. Turnwell presented me to a little man of about fifty with sharp features over which a yellow skin lay in innumerable wrinkles. One would have said he had just issued from the hands of the laundress, so spotless he was from sun helmet to gaiters. He reached me a claw-like hand, with a smile that added additional creases to the waxy folds about his mouth.

"Charmed at this meeting, Monsieur Franqui," he chirped in excellent French. (I had charged Turnwell to withhold my true name, preferring for a variety of reasons to remain incognito.)

"I may say that not a gram of hashish reaches the consumer that does not first pass through the hands of our organization," he affirmed. (A statement which I could have contradicted had I so chosen.) His group had become interested recently (and how recently I alone knew) in Indian charas. Ashby remarked in passing that he had unlimited funds at his disposal and he was prepared to make an offer which Turnwell had let him understand was superior to what I was accustomed to receive from my usual customers. What would I say to a tentative figure of six or seven pounds a seer?

I replied that seven pounds seemed a fair basis for discussion. We finally agreed on ten, including Ashby's commission. He tried to get me to make over the charas to him in Bombay; but I explained that I had obtained the permit for exporting the drug with the understanding that it was to be shipped to Djibouti. If it were to become known that I had disposed of the charas in Bombay to the Egyptian hashish syndicate, it would undoubtedly compromise the success of any further purchases I might desire to make in India. We ended our conversation with the understanding that I was to inform him at his Cairo address when the charas might be expected at Djibouti. In the meantime he would make all the necessary arrangements for its delivery.

I was not over-pleased to enter in contact with the Egyptian hashish syndicate, which Volikis had always characterized as a "den of bandits." If I let them have the charas it would mean postponing my Abyssinian project, perhaps indefinitely. I pretended to accept the Englishman's offer chiefly because I saw no other way out of the situation.

I had a boat leaving for Aden within two days. Turnwell was to

leave within twenty-four hours for Kashmir to purchase the drug. Ashby, too, was eager to return to Cairo, but he felt that it was imprudent to travel on the same boat as I. He would wait over for the next one. Besides he had a little affair to finish up in Bombay—for in addition to his connection with the hashish syndicate, he attended to matters of publicity on the side—and he was making engagements with a troupe of Indian dancers for music-halls of Cairo and Alexandria. An odd little man, Ashby, in appearance stiff and reserved as a Protestant pastor. He had a finger in a good many odd operations, among which the hashish trade, I suspected, was perhaps the most reputable. . . .

In my last conversation with Turnwell, I learned that my irrepressible agent had still another scheme up his sleeve.

"How soon do you suppose it will be before I can count on my commission?" he inquired as we sat over our coffee after dinner that evening. "As soon as your friend Ashby makes the first payment. Why?" I inquired, wondering what lay back of the question.

Turnwell hesitated and grew red.

"It . . .that . . .I have found another steamer for sale. The Caiman, a former Chinese coast-guard. A much better bargain than the Southern Cross; it can be bought for a song."

I was in no mood for philanthropy. Nor did I intend to let my sensibilities be moved by the pathos of the situation. I quashed his enthusiasm with brutal directness, telling him that once he had fulfilled his obligations towards me, he could buy a fleet of steamers if he chose. That was his affair. Personally I had no need of a steamer. It was for him, as my agent, to see that the charas arrived in Bombay at a time when it could be loaded immediately on a boat for Aden. If he felt incapable of assuring me that, I would remain in Bombay myself to handle the affair.



Two weeks after my return to the African coast, I received a telegram from Turnwell, announcing the purchase of the charas and his own arrival in Bombay. Owing to certain difficulties of transport, he explained, he had been obliged to abandon the drug in the north, to follow after him, he assured me, within a few days. That news gave me a fresh opportunity to regret my choice of Turnwell as a business agent. I could not help wondering what pressing business had demanded Turnwell's presence in Bombay, while my charas wandered over the railroads of India, unattended.

After that first telegram I received no further news from Bombay for fully two weeks. Then in reply to a letter and a cable of my own, demanding news of the traveling charas, a letter came, crammed with excuses. The shipment had been held up at Srinagar. When he wrote, he was about to make a flying trip to Rawalpindi with the papers. He urged me to be patient, assuring me that such delays could not be avoided, and promised to put the drug aboard a steamer leaving a week later or at most within ten days.

A week passed, two weeks, and no further news came from Bombay. I cabled again. In reply, I received a reassuring message.

"Merchandise leaving end of week on steamer Canossa after difficulty with Excise Office."

I drew a breath of relief, reproaching myself with having nourished unjust suspicions. Such delays, as Turnwell had said, were not extraordinary under the circumstances, as I knew from personal experience with the Indian administration. I made the Altair ready for sea; several days later, we hoisted sail for Aden. We reached port on the eve of the day scheduled for the arrival of the Canossa. I went ashore to spend the night at a little hotel in which I had put up many times before. The proprietor greeted me like an old friend.

"Well, Abd el Hai, on your way to India again?"

I explained that this time I had merely come for goods the Canossa was bringing from Bombay. In the course of our conversation, I mentioned Turnwell, whom the hotelkeeper remembered.

"Odd you should speak of him. Only the other day I had news of Turnwell from one of our guests. I had not thought of the man for months. It seems he is going back to the sea again."

"??"

"On an old Chinese freighter, I believe. Belongs now to an Englishman who bought it in Bombay. It was the owner himself who told me. He engaged Turnwell to bring it to Europe."

"Do you remember the owner's name?"

"Fellow by the name of Ashby. Though what he could want with an old Chinese tramp, I can't . . ."

"You don't recollect what he called the steamer?" I broke in hastily.

"He told me, but I have forgotten. Some Chinese name, I suppose. He bragged a lot about his purchase, that Mr. Ashby. I took it he had never owned a boat before."

The news, I confess, staggered me. Ashby, Turnwell, and presumably, the Caiman. . . . The situation seemed all too clear. The Caiman on the way to Europe with Turnwell and doubtless my six tons of charas on board. The hashish syndicate had carried the day; I could imagine no other explanation. At any rate, the arrival of the Canossa would remove any doubts I still might cherish in the matter.

Then I came off an *empty* Canossa, I found a reply to my Bombay cable awaiting me at the hotel. "Owner and master steamer Caiman: Captain Turnwell. Destination, Abyssinia, via Perim." My charas had been stolen. It was on the way to Egypt. But by what route? The declared port, Perim, was manifestly a blind. Turnwell, Ashby as well, knew better than to touch at an English port, as dangerous for a vessel carrying stolen goods as a French one, under the circumstances. I had the right to appeal both to English and French authorities to protect my interests—a right I intended to utilize to the utmost.

On the other hand, the men who had appropriated the charas had committed an act of piracy; there was no other name for it. They had loaded it on a ship which left Bombay with false papers, to be smuggled into Egypt in contraband. For once, I had the powers of the law on my side!

Then began the battle of telegrams. A one-sided battle, at the beginning.

During a week or more, answers to my cables poured in from all directions. No news of the Caiman anywhere. As if it had disappeared into thin air. Then one morning, I received a dispatch from Alexandria. It was signed Vaporidis (the name of a Cairo banker whom I had already heard mentioned in connection with the activities of the hashish syndicate), and read:

"Cease action. Goods in our hands. Come Alexandria for understanding."

The first concrete result. Five days later, I climbed a dark stairway of an old house in Alexandria, and was received in a dusty office, much less luxurious than I had anticipated, by an Egyptian clerk who opened his eyes wide as I handed him my card. The banker was absent; he would not return to his office before five in the afternoon. Promptly at five, I repeated my visit.

When I had sat there for nearly an hour, a bell buzzed somewhere overhead. Getting instantly to his feet, the clerk with an air of mystery, swung aside a row of bookshelves that masked a door in the wall. A door which, even without the protecting shelves, was all but invisible, as the chocolate-colored wall paper of the room lay smooth across the panels. I heard the clink of a bolt on the other side, and the door opened inward on well-oiled hinges.

Beyond, in a vast room containing massive office furniture, had assembled what looked like a Board of Directors' meeting. Ten men sat about a mahogany table at the end of which a gray-bearded Greek presided with the dignity of a Cabinet Minister. He waved me to a chair facing him and during the conversation that

followed, acted as spokesman.

"We are glad of the chance to talk with you," he began as I took my place in the circle. "By the publicity you have given to-ahem-certain matters, you threaten to compromise your own interests and ours."

"Publicity?" I repeated stiffly. "I fail to grasp your point of view. There is nothing illicit about the merchandise you refer to. I shipped it to Djibouti through the regular channels . . ."

"You were to have shipped it . . ." the speaker corrected with a dry smile. "Come now, Abd el Hai," he went on with a change of tone. "We are men of business and this is a business matter. How much do you want?"

"Not a piastre. When the charas reaches Djibouti we will talk business if you choose so. Not before."

My interlocutor bit his lips with impatience.

"There is no question of returning you anything," he returned coldly. "We offer to make you a fair payment, nothing more. If you do not choose to accept it, that is your affair. We are seated here, comfortably," he went on. "Keep on running about; make all the noise you want to; we can afford to wait." At the words, a discreet smile went the rounds of the table. I got to my feet.

"Stay in your armchairs, gentlemen. Take your rest while you may; you may have plenty of sleepless nights ahead . . ." I took my leave, flaunting an air of confidence which in no way expressed the true state of my feelings.

I planned to leave Alexandria that night, but as I passed before the Hotel Claridge on my way to the station, I caught sight of a familiar figure in the lighted hallway. Ashby himself. A sudden impulse carried me through the door. The Englishman had disappeared.

"Mr. Ashby?" I inquired at the desk. The clerk consulted the register.

"The gentleman is not in." I came near protesting he was mistaken, but thought better of it and walked away. Half an hour later I again demanded Ashby. He was still invisible. But I did not intend to be disposed of so easily.

I waited on the terrace until the day clerk of the hotel went off duty. As soon as he left the building, I presented myself at the desk, carrying a bag, and asked for a room. On the register I signed, "Captain Turnwell, Bombay," and walked off to the room assigned me, wondering how long it would take before the fish rose to the bait . . .I did not have long to wait. Barely an hour later, a call came from the desk. Could I receive Mr. Ashby?

"With pleasure."

I switched off the electricity, leaving the room in semi-darkness, lighted only from street-lamps beyond the window. At Ashby's knock, I admitted my visitor, closed the door behind him, and turned on the lights again. The Englishman tottered as if he had received a blow. His waxy features went dead white. Visibly he was frightened. My back against the door, I spoke with utmost affability.

"See here, Ashby," I stated frankly. "You have been working for a group of bandits. It may mean serious trouble for you in the near future. Don't you think it might be more to your interest to swing over to my way of thinking? I could make it worth your while . . ."

"No doubt, no doubt." Again a nervous glance towards the door. Manifestly the man was thoroughly scared.

"I make no threats of any sort," I reassured him. "You have only to tell me what became of the Caiman . . ."

"I . . .I have no idea where your charas is," Ashby muttered. His face had not yet resumed a normal color and his fingers twitched as he spoke.

"And there is no convenient means of reviving your memory?" I glanced casually towards a check book which lay on the table between us.

"I tell you, I don't know what has become of your charas," he repeated unsteadily. Then without transition, he broke into a hysterical tirade. Some one had played him false. He had done all the work; and now he had been shoved aside. He continued for several minutes in the same strain, almost on the point of tears. Was the man lying? In any case, it seemed clear that he could or would furnish me with no information. I put the check book back in my pocket and rose to my feet, signifying that my visitor was free to leave. At the door, he turned to me with a word of entreaty.

"Don't show yourself much in the hotel, I beg you. If they learn that the two of us are staying here, no knowing what might happen. They already accuse me of having warned you. . . ."

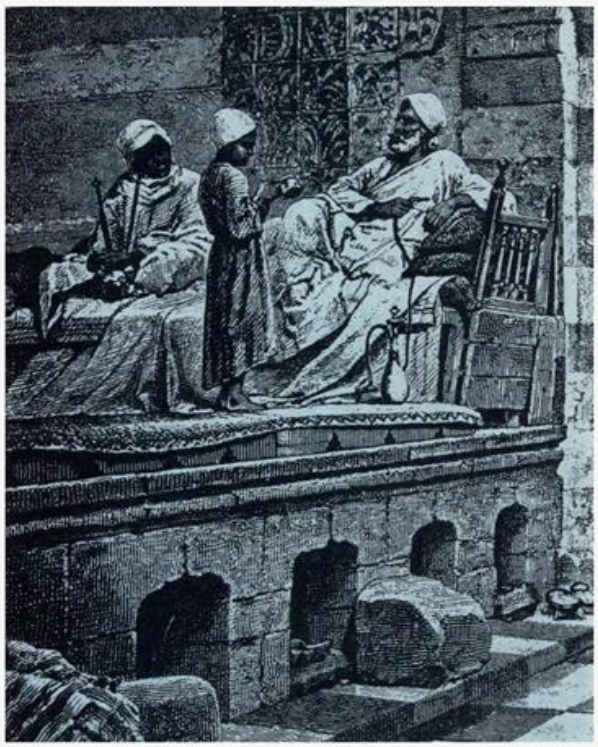
I closed the door on the worthy servant of the drug ring. Perhaps the scene had been carefully played; but something told me the man had spoken the truth.

Volikis, whom I saw in Cairo the following day, shared the opinion.

According to Volikis, the cargo was still on the high seas.

"My advice is to keep your eyes fixed on the south of the Indian Ocean. They may try to send the Caiman around the Cape."

The idea seemed plausible. In that case, Turnwell's steamer would have to put in somewhere to take on coal. I found the optimism of the Greek most consoling. Though as I thought it over later, the south of the Indian Ocean seemed rather too large a region for one man to survey . . .by telegraph.



The Great Charas (concluded)

During that trip to Egypt, I acquired another ally. A young French pearl merchant established in Cairo, with whom I had done considerable business, offered to help me in the quest for the lost charas. Pelletier viewed the whole matter with romantic enthusiasm; he knew several members of the hashish syndicate personally; and he felt convinced that he would have little difficulty in ferreting out information. I counted little on the aid that might be furnished by the amateur detective . . .but I considered it useful to possess a partisan in no way connected with the drug trade.

Pelletier took his role seriously. I had scarcely returned to Djibouti when I received a telegram.

"Discovered whereabouts Caiman. At Socotra. Will transfer cargo to ship for Zanzibar."

Within twenty-four hours, a second cable from Pelletier arrived, contradicting the first.

"Caiman hiding Red Sea. Information sure." Six hours later, the pearl merchant telegraphed again.

"News confirmed. Steamer Elsa passing Canal to meet Caiman."

That was an eventuality I had not foreseen. The Ring had decided to risk no encounter with the Bedouins of the Red Sea coast. They were sending the charas through the Canal on another ship, to land it somewhere on the north shore of Egypt.

I wasted no time. Preparing the Altair for sea, I mounted a toy cannon in the bow; provided the crew with rifles or revolvers; and manufactured several hand-grenades—a capsule of dynamite and a handful of buckshot in a pickle bottle. Nor did we lack the customary classic equipment for such expeditions; each man wore a curved gembia, belted at the waist. When we met with the Caiman, I planned to send a shot into the engines, and in case of resistance to recover my property by force of arms, if necessary. However, knowing Turnwell as I did, I little feared that matters would progress as far as that. A mere show of force would suffice.

As we passed before Perim, we crossed an Arab boutre traveling south. Approaching within hailing distance, I called to the nakhoda to ask whether he had seen a small steamer with three masts and a yellow funnel.

"Two days ago," came the answer. "Fifteen miles north of Moka, close to the land." My suspicions seemed confirmed.

We reached Moka the next morning. No trace of the Caiman in the harbor. The usual crowd had gathered on the beach—askari with guns and silver dagger-hilts; Bedouins shining with butter,

black-skinned coolies and Soudanese slaves, splendid of torso, but invariably bowlegged or knock-kneed. An askar offered to conduct me to the house of the Sheik—for I had brought with me a letter from a former Arab customer of mine, requesting the dignitary to furnish me all cooperation in getting back my stolen charas.

My guide left me at the door of the Sheik's house, an ancient building four stories high, with a spiral stair, built doubtless for strategic reasons, narrow and steep, lighted only by occasional slits in the wall. A slave to whom I surrendered my letter, led me into a dark little room in which twenty Arabs sat about, chewing the green shoots of kat. In a few words, I related the story of the stolen cargo and my quest of Caiman, the fugitive. But no such steamer had entered the port of Moka. In case it should, the Sheik promised me to lure the captain on land and to hold him prisoner till my return. For my part, I guaranteed a reward of 1,000 francs payable when the prisoner was turned over to me. Inquiries made in town and along the beach brought no further information. Absolutely no one had seen the Caiman nor any ship like it. The steamer had evidently avoided the port; perhaps it lay at anchor among the Hanish Islands, the only possible hiding place for a boat of its dimensions.

Accordingly at midnight, we hoisted sail for Djebbel Hanish. Morning came as we rounded its southern tip. Not a boat in sight; not even a boutre of fishers for us to question. We headed for little Hanish Island, a rock three miles long, which at the north encloses a little bay affording excellent shelter.



As we rounded the northern end of the island, I made out between the two capes that mark the limits of the bay, the vertical lines of three masts against the sky. A single cry went up from the deck: the Caiman! Starting the motor for greater speed, I swung the Altair to starboard and steered straight for the anchorage. To my surprise, as we changed our direction, I saw the three masts shift their position against the sky and disappear. Had we been seen? In thirty minutes we rounded the cape into the bay. It was empty. Far out at sea, a big freighter was making for the horizon.

The Caiman, I decided, must have slipped around the southern end of Little Hanish as we approached, and from that point, hidden from us, had headed for the east coast of Djebbel Hanish. The wind had risen in the meantime and the sea was running high. I dared not risk the Altair on the eastern side of Great Hanish; it took us nearly three hours to beat our way across to a little anchorage at its southwestern tip. I left the boutre, and accompanied by Abdi, climbed painfully up a steep slope of crumbling lava-rock to the summit of the island. From that point we could view the entire sea. Not a boat anywhere. Even the big freighter had disappeared. I had been duped by an optical illusion. What I had taken for the Caiman lying at anchor, had evidently been the freighter passing between the two islands. When I changed our direction, its speed became apparent as it continued its route towards the north.

Feeling it useless to play hide-and-seek with our own shadows, I resolved to return straightway to Djibouti, in the hope that during our absence fresh news of the fugitives might have come. Instead of the anticipated telegrams, I found only a letter from Pelletier, explaining with pride how he had happened on the news of the Caiman. It appeared that while waiting in an anteroom at the house of Vaporidis, he had "discovered" an open telegram lying on a table. As if by accident. . . . The amateur detective had led me on a pretty chase. The Drug Ring must have hugged themselves with delight at Pelletier's gullibility . . .and mine. How nicely I had fallen into their trap.

Where was the Caiman? As if in answer to the unspoken question, a pair of bare feet thudded across the room behind me. A Somali, carrying a blue envelope. I tore it open; read it once, read it twice.

"Steamer Caiman at Seychelles Islands." Signed: French Consulate, Bombay.

"Nothing yet, Abdi?"

"No bottom, Abd el Hai."

My mate drew in the lead, in wet, even coils. The metal clinked on the deck. All about us, black waves rose and sank with clocklike regularity. The seventh sounding since sunset, and still no sign of the submerged plateau that rises, a vast submarine mountain, sheer out of 9,000 feet of water.

"No bottom, Abdi?"

"Not yet, Abd el Hai."

A month had passed since I received from Bombay the news of the Caiman's presence in the Seychelles Islands. For days the wires hummed with messages. Telegram to the Governor of Seychelles: "Seize the cargo of the Caiman." Telegram from Seychelles: "Regret, impossible under local laws." More cables to Bombay; the cumbersome machine of the law put in motion. A silence, of consternation no doubt, followed the command; then a reply came from the distant islands: "Seizure effective Monday providing owner of cargo transmits 30,000 rupees bond." At the same time I received an urgent dispatch from the attorney whose services I had engaged at Mahè—also by cable. "Send bond sure. Dutch ship in harbor will load cargo Caiman Monday if seizure not made."

I received the two telegrams on a Saturday afternoon. The banks of Aden were closed. I had until Monday morning at nine o'clock to deliver the sum at Mahè; otherwise, once more the fugitive charas would slip through my fingers. On the face of it, it seemed obvious that others beside Turnwell had an interest in preventing the seizure of the Caiman's cargo. It scarcely seemed probable that Turnwell would have put in to Mahe harbor without assurance in advance of certain protection

But for once I had the Empire on my side. It alone could dominate the situation. I climbed the hill above the port of Aden to call upon the Resident. The official was not at home. He had left to play golf that afternoon and would dine in town. Undiscouraged—by this time, I had been given many a lesson in Oriental patience—I sat down by the roadside at the gate of the villa, to wait for the dinner-guest's return.

A midnight interview, courteous and brief.

"Deposit the sum with the trading-house of Cowadjee," the Resident told me. "Bring me the receipt and I will guarantee the transaction."

Sunday morning an official cable went over the wires to Seychelles: "Bond deposited here. Seize the Caiman's cargo." Twenty-four hours later the reply came announcing the seizure. I had scored my first victory.

But the Dutch ship remained in the harbor. . . .

I consulted the sailing-lists. The only boats for Seychelles left via Bombay or Dar es Salaam on the African coast. No sailing was scheduled for a month. Odd coincidence

There remained the Altair. It had made the crossing to Bombay; it could also attempt Seychelles. I equipped the boutre, selected a crew with care, and we headed south into the Indian Ocean.

"What does the lead say, Abdi?"

"Nothing as yet, Abd el Hai."

Morning broke over the sea whipped at the surface by a fine rain. Were the currents carrying us east and north? Had we left the Seychelles behind us? If so, we might plow on indefinitely. . . . Only three days of the allotted weeks were left! That plateau, over a hundred miles square, shrank to a grain of sand in the immensity of the ocean.

The day dragged through and brought no change. At each sounding, the lead spun out endlessly. . . . Night came; I resolved to keep on until noon next day, before putting about. At midnight, a sharp cry forward—echoed joyfully by a dozen voices:

"Bottom, Abd el Hai. Twelve fathoms."

The currents had not carried the Altair out of her course. They had merely held us back.

When morning came, the Seychelles lay before us, granite peaks, their summits wrapped with rain clouds and streaked by torrents; their base green with coconut palms. By noon we reached the channel of Mahè, above which the town lay piled in a succession of terraces, gleaming white through a heavy curtain of leaves. But more welcome still, sight of a ship moored to the wharf—a steamer painted white, carrying three masts and a yellow funnel. The Caiman . . .My quest had ended!

When I came to take over the stock of charas, I made a surprising and agreeable discovery. Its quantity had multiplied. From six tons, it had grown to twelve! Turnwell had made use of my purchase-and-export permit not once but twice. Their attempt at piracy was costing the Hashish Syndicate a pretty sum. The great charas adventure was turning out better than I dreamed.

"I hope you bear me no ill will," Turnwell mumbled as we parted, offering me a hand that trembled slightly.

"Au contraire," I assured him. I shook the limp hand vigorously as I left him, solitary, round-eyed, and pathetic, helpless as a lost dog in the pelting tropical rain. I never saw him again.

But the charas adventure was not over.

In two weeks' time, the Altair with its precious cargo, put into Djibouti, and unloaded on the Customs' docks. There it could not long remain; goods of that nature deteriorate in the heat, and it was to my interest to transport it as rapidly as possible to the Abyssinian plateau, to my future hemp plantations.



The night of our arrival in Djibouti, I received a visitor. A gentleman preferring not to give his name, but who presented himself as an old friend. "Old friend" was scarcely the title I myself should have given him—I had last seen the gentleman comfortably seated in an armchair in Alexandria, as he said, to await my return. Vaporidis himself.

He came towards me, very man-of-the-world, his hand outstretched.

"I congratulate you sincerely. You have given my former associates the lesson they deserved."

I rose to the bait obligingly.

"Your former associates?"

"I have broken with them completely. Disapprove heartily of their methods. The affair of the Caiman proved the last straw . . ." He paused with a virtuous sign. "And now, if you have time, we can talk business."

"Business," I repeated innocently. "But if you have severed connections with the Syndicate?"

"From now on I plan to work independently. Like your friend Volikis. I am sure we can cooperate Tell me, how much do you want for your charas?"

"No price you can pay," I told him bluntly. "I am keeping it for myself."

"Come, come," the Greek retorted with impatience. "This is a business proposition. I have told you I condemn the attitude of the Syndicate."

"You took a different view when you held the upper hand," I reminded.

"You are not the man to nourish a grudge," he flattered. "I am ready to pay any price . . ."

"And I tell you I do not intend to sell."

"But you are taking the charas out of the country," Vaporidis objected.

"Merely to get it out of the heat."

"You can sell it to us from Abyssinia as well as Djibouti," he suggested slyly. "We have a man up there who can arrange matters. A European who—"

"I am not going to sell," I cut in briefly, "to you, nor to any one else."

"Not even six tons?"

"Not even six."

"If that is the case," the smooth features of the Greek grew sharp with restrained anger, "look for trouble ahead. Only, don't come to me to help you out!"

"Trouble ahead . . ." I wondered what the Greek had meant. I had purchased the goods legally; the forces of international law, of two governments, had aided me in recovering it. I had been authorized, legally, to import it into Abyssinia.

I was still naive . . .Ten days after this interview, I found myself in a situation fully as serious as the affair of the fugitive Caiman, though less spectacular. I lingered on the coast, making preparations for a prolonged absence from the sea, a telegram informed me that the charas which I had shipped to Harrar in Abyssinia and which lay in deposit at the Customs, had been seized by the order of the Ethiopian government and transported to the capital, Addis Ababa.

At the news that my charas had been seized, I took the next train for Addis Ababa to plead my case. At the British legation, I learned from a slim young levantine, a Greek naturalized citizen of the Empire, to whom the new charas offensive had been entrusted, that it was indeed true that his government had decided to interfere; in fact no stone was to be left unturned until the charas was destroyed.

A sad blow to my dream of hemp-cultivation. The most I could hope was to prevent the destruction of the merchandise I had spent so much time, money, and effort in procuring. Was it just, I argued, to destroy goods which I had been authorized to import? That argument, I observed, made a serious impression on the Ethiopian authorities. With the matter still pending, I lost no time in calling on the chief of the local Customs, a Syrian who, I may add, was subsequently dismissed from office. That elegant young man received me in silk pajamas, having just risen from his bed at eleven in the morning. He motioned me to a chair, yawning copiously, ordered coffee for the two of us, and remarked with a smile of disdainful compassion:

"You are making a desperate struggle, but I warn you in advance you will not succeed. The odds are staked against you. What do you plan to do? Fight the Union Jack alone?"

I replied hotly that I did not see what the British Empire had to do with it; and that I still was confident the Ethiopian government would restore the charas, even if it obliged me to take the drug out of the country. The official shook his head.

"The government is going to burn your charas," he stated definitely: "Only," he paused with an enigmatic smile, "as you know, charas is a poor combustible. It might be—hem—more practical to burn something else in its place! That is, if you are interested in getting your merchandise back again."

"If I am interested . . .? I repeated with considerable astonishment. "What do you mean? Is it a question . . .of price?"

The Syrian yawned ostentatiously.

"Of course. What did you think I meant? Suppose you recover a part of the charas; a ton, say; will you be content to let the matter rest?"

For an instant I experience an hallucination: the shade of Vaporidis standing by the speaker's elbow. Yield to them my charas? Far better destroy it! I had been ruined before. Rather than lose the battle to the Greek and his associates (I had not believed for a moment that he had broken with the group) I would burn the shipment myself, and stand over the bonfire until the last gram of charas was consumed!

"I want all my merchandise or none at all," I told the Syrian firmly. "What is more, I have no intention of paying for it twice." With that, I took leave of the official, leaving his coffee untouched.

Ten minutes later I reported the conversation to a friend at the French consulate. It was clear, the diplomat assured me, that the Syrian had acted entirely outside his official capacity. The Ethiopian government had no inkling of the matter. Were it to learn of the proposed bargain, the Syrian would not remain five minutes in office. . . .

"But tell me," the speaker continued, eyeing me quizzically." If the Ethiopians do give you back the charas and order you to take it out of the country (which they are perfectly justified in doing), once you have the shipment in Djibouti, what do you plan to do with it?"

"Ship it to Germany and sell it to manufacturers of chemicals," I told him. "And what is more, I will send it from Aden in a British ship!"

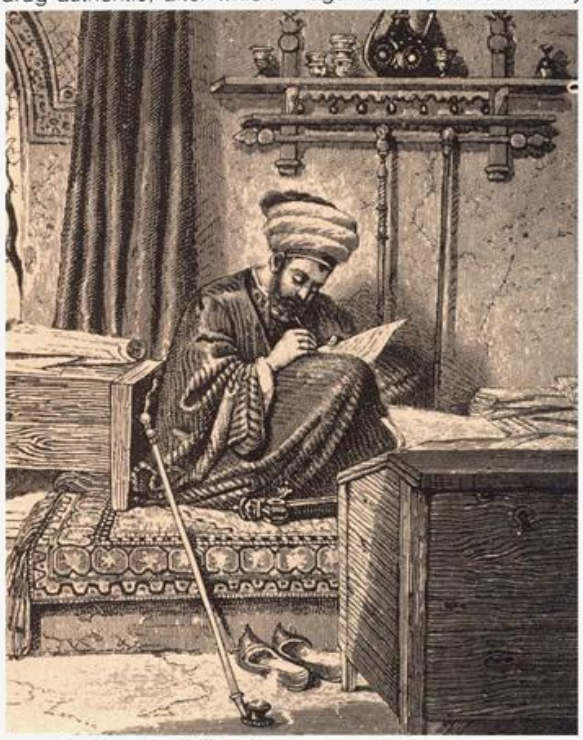
The Frenchman opened round eyes of astonishment.

"But, my dear man, it will be like putting your hand into the jaws of the lion!"

I shook my head.

"Take into account the sporting spirit of the race," I disagreed. "If I entrust the charas to the English, they will watch over it like a babe in arms."

The Ethiopian government sent me forthwith a notification stating that the charas would be returned to me . . .in Djibouti; and that all expenses incurred, transport and storage, would be refunded. I was present when the charas received careful inspection from the Anglo-Levantine, who pronounced the drug authentic; after which an armed guard conveyed it to the station and locked it in a freightcar, sealed with the arms of three nations: Ethiopia, England, France. Whereupon the charas and I in the same train began the long descent to the coast.



Until Dire Daoua all went well. There, as is the custom, the train stopped for the night. The following morning, when I arrived at the station, I discovered that the car containing the charas was no longer attached to the train.

"A hot-box," some one explained. "The inspector gave orders to have the car uncoupled."

"A hot-box . . .during the night?" I remarked incredulously. "Call the inspector."

He came straightway, a Greek employee of the road. The man explained that an axle had heated. He had taken off the car because of the value of the goods it contained.

"It can continue, of course," he admitted dubiously, "though at your own risk."

I replied that I was willing to assume the entire responsibility; the car was brought from a far corner—a particularly discreet corner of the yards; coupled to the end of the train, and we got under way at last, one hour after the scheduled time of leaving.

I decided now not to take my eyes off the precious shipment until our arrival in Djibouti. I installed myself in a third-class compartment crowded with natives, separated from the charas by two freight-cars and a third filled with baggage. As the train pulled out of the station, a section-boss—also a Greek—ran down the track and jumped aboard. He traveled with us until Adagala. I confess I remarked his depature with relief. I had begun to view every Greek, however humble and innocent in appearance, with suspicion.

During the halt at Adagala, I walked up and down the platform surveying the car of charas and chuckling inwardly at the myth of the hot-box. For myth it was undoubtedly; I had examined the axle at every station—it showed no signs of heating. On leaving Adagala, the road climbs a steep grade for six miles or more to a tunnel, beyond which the roadbed becomes level again. I remained at the window, leaning out from time to time to assure myself that the car of charas still followed docilely at the rear of the train.

Straining and puffing, the locomotive attacked the grade. When we had covered over five miles of the distance between Adagala and the tunnel, my diligence received its reward. A dark form slipped through the doorway of the baggage car, felt its way cautiously along the rail and disappeared between the baggage car and the car of charas. In one bound I reached the platform. No means of passing around the two freight cars; I hoisted myself to the roof and ran towards the end of the train—no great feat in view of the slow speed we were making up the grade. I leaned over the rim of the baggage car. Below me, a Somali was working at the coupling.

"Esh te savvi? (What are you doing?)" I shouted. His start of surprise almost threw the Somali on the tracks. I clambered down beside him.

He mumbled something about the guard having sent him to repair the coupling (he had been trying obviously to knock out the coupling pin!) The plan was clear. The car, uncoupled in the tunnel, would have rolled down the grade, carried by its own weight. By the time the "accident" was discovered, or I had time to notify the station or return to Adagala, the trick would have been played. I would have found the seals broken, the car empty, and the charas vanished beyond recovery.

I rode beside the Somali on the couplings, to the next station. There I confronted the man with the train guard, an Abyssinian whom I knew personally. As I suspected, he had given no orders whatsoever to the Somali, who did not belong to the train-crew. He was a sectionhand, it appeared, who had boarded the train at Dire Daoua. I let the fellow off without punishment. I held no grudge against him; he had merely done what he had been told.

At Djibouti, where I and my charas arrived that evening, I saw the drug deposited at the Customs and straightway set about obtaining a permit for its transport to Aden. My countrymen seemed to think I had gone temporarily mad. The officials humored my folly to the extent of granting me the permit on the receipt of which I paid down 50,000 francs in bond, to be refunded when I brought word from the authorities in Aden stating that the charas had been delivered into their hands.

The next day, a squad of askari loaded the charas on the Altair. A government launch accompanied us to the limit of French waters, and twenty-four hours later we arrived in the Bay of Aden. At the Customs, to which I went to inquire where I might unload the charas, I was ordered none too courteously to return to my boutre. A tug lay alongside the Altair, manned by soldiers in uniform.

"Keep your hands off the cargo. My men will attend to the unloading," an officer commanded.

Obediently the crew and I stood aside while the askari emptied the hold, conveying the charas between two rows of bayonets to the Customs. The assistant director, an Indian, received the merchandise and delivered me a receipt—so many tons of charas, to be shipped to Hamburg. For the first time in months, I breathed a long sigh of relief. The shipment was at last in safe-keeping . . .in the hands of the English.

In Djibouti, I presented the receipt and had the bond refunded. It was evident that the Europeans of the port, my countrymen in particular, viewed my content with considerable amazement. They took pleasure in painting for my benefit the jubilation of the British legation at my lack of elementary foresightedness. I let them talk; my responsibility had ended. The merchandise was on the way to Hamburg. That part of the transaction, I felt assured, would be carried out with scrupulous exactitude. Once the shipment arrived in Hamburg . . .well, we would see. . . .

And we did. Not being possessed of second sight, I could not follow from afar the details of its reception. But all in due time the story came to me.

In Hamburg the charas received a welcome generally reserved for traveling diplomats. The representative of three nations, the Customs, and the police, stood waiting on the pier to receive it. The British agent was particularly in evidence, for once again the influence of the Empire had been at work persuading the local authorities that within the heavy cases lurked a grave menace, only to be avoided by seizure and destruction.



A procession formed, the merchandise carried in the lead like a catafalque, and diplomatic agents, customs men, and police following behind Escorted to a private room and in the presence of two chemists, the cases were ripped open and the first of the sacks opened to the light.

The chemists bent over the contents, which gave off a slight musty odor. One of the scientists dipped his fingers in the dark mass, lifting a fragment to his nose. He wrinkled his brows in a puzzled frown.

"I have never seen any charas like this," he muttered.

He turned to his colleague, who also was busy examining a dark powder in the palm of his hand. The two men conferred together in undertones. Then they turned to the representatives of the three nations who stood looking on against a background of uniforms.

"Gentlemen," the spokesman began. He said "Gentlemen," but his remarks were addressed to the English in particular. "This is not—ahem—precisely charas. In fact—ahem—it is not charas at all."

"Not charas? Then what is it?"

The chemist tossed aside the sample, dusting his fingers.

"Erde," he said shortly. "Humus, or, if you will, topsoil."

Hastily the other cases were hammered open, the sacks torn apart and their contents dumped on the cement floor. All contained the same dark powdery substance. Erde . . .as the chemist had said. And while less interesting, no doubt, than the charas it had replaced, it offered a certain rarity to the group that crowded about the heap of earth to finger and comment . . . for it was authentic—the rusty-red soil of the African desert.

"—And there the story ends."

Abd el Hai set down the keshir cup he had been turning in his fingers as he talked, and looked out over the water, his eyes reminiscent, his lips pressed together as if to check a smile.

"But the charas?" I persisted.

"What more is there to tell? The Drug Syndicate checkmated; the Intelligence as well. . . ."

"And you?"

The smile of my companion grew more definite.

"I told you once, that like the rat of the fable, I have left a good many tails on the battlefield. But not on that particular occasion."

With that, I had to be content.

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The Appellate Division of New York upheld that state's tough drug law, saying the law "did not violate the cruel and unusual punishment provisions of the Eighth Amendment to the Federal Constitution." Presiding Justice J. Clarence Herlihy, in reference to the state's mandatory sentences for drug offenders, said that "In our present day society, the punishment fits the offense." Herlihy also said that "providing hard drugs to a consumer is the equivalent of deliberately taking aim with a deadly weapon and killing an unknowing and suspecting victim."

•

An appeals court has ruled that a major narcotics defendant, Francisco Toscanino, must be released if he can prove his charge that American agents had kidnapped him in Uruguay, tortured him in Brazil, and brought him here for trial. This decision altered a long-standing rule that the manner in which a defendant was brought to the United States did not affect a trial court's power to proceed with his case.

It's been established that the Constitution does not permit American agents to violate the rights of United States citizens abroad, and that aliens in the United States are protected against unlawful search and seizure in this country. But the Toscanino decision indicates for the first time that this Constitutional right can also protect foreign citizens from American agents abroad.

In a similar case, however, Julio Juvenito Lujan lost his appeal when the court ruled that his abduction from South America was not sufficiently reprehensible because it did not include "torture, brutality, and similar outrageous conduct."

•

The belief that New York City cops are paying less attention to marijuana violations appears to be completely false, according to a survey of drug-arrest statistics of the last four years.

While top New York City police contend that marijuana has long had a low priority in enforcement, it appears that this attitude is not prevalent in the street cop. More misdemeanor arrests involving possession or use of small amounts were made in the first seven months of 1974 than in all of 1971, when law enforcement efforts were supposedly intense for all types of drugs. "We can't tell them not to make marijuana arrests," commented one highly placed narc, "It's still on the books as a crime."

In 1972, the police declared they would be concentrating on major dealers in the harder drugs. In fact, the total number of drug arrests that year was 25,079, down from 41,254 in 1971. But, statistics show a total of 6,072 marijuana arrests in 1972, up from 5,221 the previous year. There were 2,308 misdemeanor marijuana arrests in 1972, up 186 from the previous year.

The misdemeanor arrests should have decreased if cops were ignoring personal marijuana offenses. Instead, they have increased rapidly, with 4,670 misdemeanor pot busts in 1973.

While marijuana arrests comprised 24 percent of the 1972 drug-arrest total, this figure climbed to 41 percent in 1973 and 44 percent for the first seven months of 1974.

The Arizona State Supreme Court recently ruled that marijuana seized during a search of a vehicle stopped for a traffic violation can be used in a drug case.

Glendell Ray-Joliff, 26, and Christopher Smart, 23, were arrested in 1974 by a Pima County deputy sheriff on the dope charge after he stopped a car towing a boat for speeding. Joliff was driving the car, and Smart was lying beneath tarpulin on the bottom of the boat, surrounded by bags containing 400 pounds of marijuana.

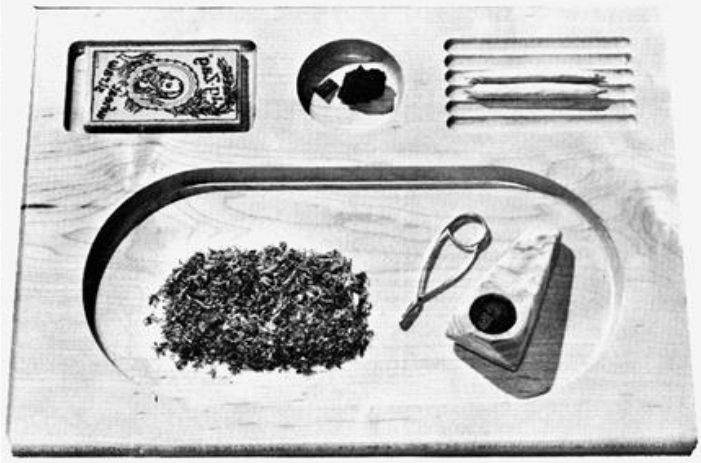
The court upheld the search of the boat "as an incident to a valid traffic arrest." Chief Justice James Cameron, who wrote the Arizona opinion, said the "unique character of a moving auto on the highway coupled with grounds for valid arrest" precluded the need for a search warrant.

•

A federal judge has ruled that the U.S. Customs dope-sniffing dogs can constitute an illegal invasion of privacy by detecting drugs too efficiently.

California customs agents acted on an anonymous phone call that a truck parked at a Santa Ana gas station was loaded with pot. They brought two dogs to investigate, and obtained a search warrant after the dogs indicated there was marijuana in the truck. John Solis, 29, was arrested for the 1,525 pounds of pot that were found.

U.S. Court Judge Harry Pregerson ruled that the discovery of the pot was an illegal seizure because, while the dogs may legally be used at the border, where citizens expect such things, bringing them onto private



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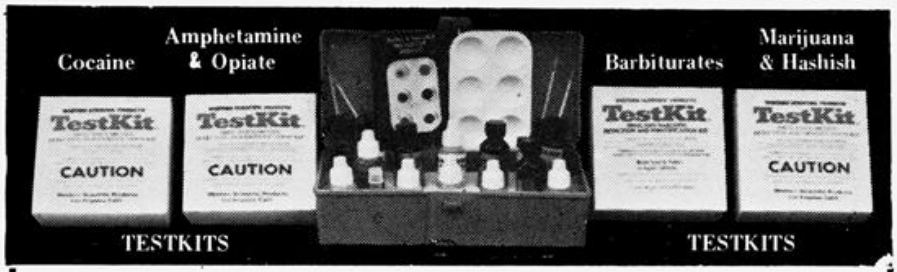
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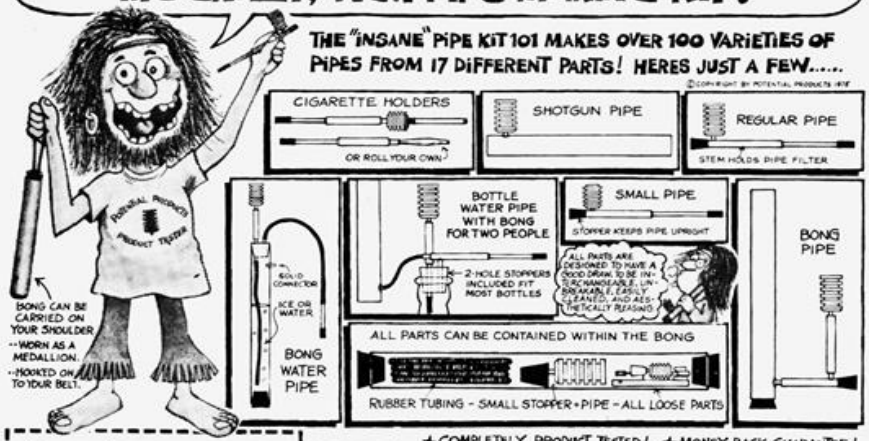
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property without probable cause is an unconstitutional invasion of privacy, especially because the dogs are so efficient at finding hidden substances. The government is expected to drop the marijuana charges against Mr. Solis, who has since been rearrested on two counts of murder.

•

Seven narcotics agents have filed a $7.8 million lawsuit against a Collinsville, Illinois family, charging libel and slander in connection with a series of drug raids. The seven, all from the St. Louis area, each filed a $850,000 claim in the suit against Mr. and Mrs. Donald Askew and their son, Michael, charging that the family has been making false statements about the conduct of the agents.

The Askews' home was raided in 1973 by the agents, who did not know that they were at the wrong address. June 2 is the trial date for the $4 million suit filed by the Askews charing that their home had been raided illegally.

•

In a landmark decision, a California Appeals Court has ruled that, under certain conditions, a prison inmate may have a justifiable right to escape. Appeals Judge Robert Gardner, overturning the lower court decision, cited as a precedent a case in an English court 238 years ago, in which a judge ruled that inhumane prison conditions "excuseth the felony" of escape.

The case centers on two women inmates from a narcotics rehabilitation center in Southern California. They recently escaped from custody after being continuously threatened with rape by lesbian inmates. The women contend that they complained to prison authorities to no avail and finally escaped to save themselves.

A trial court convicted the women on escape charges after they were recaptured. But their defense attorneys appealed the conviction, arguing that the women escaped out of necessity.

Gardner ruled that for the "defense of necessity" to be admissable, the prisoner must first have tried every recourse available to protect himself in the prison, and must also turn himself in to authorities immediately after the escape.

The decision has been appealed by California to the state Supreme Court on the grounds that the ruling is too broad. But deputy state attorney general Conrad Petermann acknowledged that "maybe now the time has come" for the defense of necessity to be admitted as a new defense.

•

The DEA has announced that "pot jewelry" is now the only marijuana sold legally across the counter. In the last several years, key chains, chokers, belt buckles and pendants containing marijuana leaves have become a popular holiday gift. The announcement comes after inquiries from manufacturers of the costume baubles that feature pot encased a solid resin base, or a laminate plastic chunk. The agency has decided that marijuana so preserved is "effectively destroyed." However, they have cautioned that marijuana is not so "destroyed" until it has been committed to the plastic.

Books

DRUGS AT MY DOORSTEP by Art Linkletter (Word Incorporated, Waco, Texas 76703, $0.00) Kids do say the darndest things, like, "Let's do another 500 mikes and get *really* shredded," and "Look at me flying!" It was the latter remark, uttered by ingenue daughter Diane Linkletter in 1969, that plunged kindly bozo Art Linkletter into the dark night of his soul (it says here) and through a nightmare of introspection to a profound reassessment of himself, society, and youth.



All cant and horseshit of course, but it sounds good. Art Linkletter was so upset and resentful over his daughter's dive that he expressed it at a 1970 convention of manufacturers in Boca Raton, Florida: "If I ever get my hands on him," he said of Tim Leary, "so help me God, I'll kill him." Bitterness consumed Linkletter, and lumpheads from all over sought his endorsement of their own petty programs to combat the menace of Drugs. "Looking back at myself in those shattered months after Diane died," he admits, "I think I was adrift."

At times he blamed himself for pushing her over the fatal flowerpot by an improper, celebrity-infested upbringing; other times he blamed fiendish drugs. Round and round it all turned in his head, until President Nixon (who wrote the foreword) slapped him back together, and gave him a Mission: lobbying one of those incredible Nixon drug laws through Congress. Before long, Art was seriously investigating the nationwide Drug Problem on his own. This modest volume thus represents years of soul-searching, speech-making, and chats on the phone.

It's all here: what drugs really are, what their effects are, interviews with dopers, how to recognize an O.D., what to do *IF YOUR CHILD IS ARRESTED*, and so on. Art Linkletter manages to be 100 percent American: Daphne turns into a laurel, and Alpheus writes a handbook on the cause and prevention of possession by God. Yet after all this Art's still a stooge, and Diane is just as dead as if she'd been chasing a ball in the road and been flattened by a semi.

But the book can be *used*, to be sure. It fulfills a function. Art Linkletter's name carries weight all over America. Parents whose offspring have fallen foul of dope can learn that kids take drugs because it's the *in* thing. Everybody *else* is doing it, how's it going to hurt? Well, nine times out of ten it's going to hurt *bad*, so it's good to know about Synanon and such. Young junkies may try methadone, though even Linkletter can figure out that "if you take away a lazy man's left-handed crutch and give him a right-handed crutch, you haven't done a thing except change the way he limps."—

—Dean Latimer

POT ART: MARIJUANA READING MATTER edited, culled, collaged by Stone Mountain (Apocrypha Books: Tucson, Arizona 85711, $4.95) Right down to the first dope-inspired underground comic, which ran in the East Village Other in 1965 and 1966, *Pot Art* is a reprise of the earliest (in some ways wildest) days at the *East Village Other*. Somewhere behind its publication lurks the genial figure of Walter Bowart, the EVO founder who moved to the Arizona desert in 1969 and since then has published some of the most lavish avant-garde and mystical books in America, under the aegis of Omen Press, (of which Apocrypha Books is a division). *Pot Art* is a homage to Bowart's own layout trip at EVO, which is similar to the non-style of Tristan Tzara's Dada broadsides. The only difference was Bowart's obsession with grass.



Pot Art is thus a highly miscellaneous encore of a golden age of the underground press—roughly from 1965 to 1972—replete with straight media scare stories, poorly drawn cartoons, old engravings with new captions, upside down lettering, articles from Scientific American and Moneysworth, News clippings, dope legends, grass recipes, antique advertising with improbable dope paraphernalia spliced in, Ron Cobb's cartoons, photographs with crudely superimposed thought balloons, and odd bits of information, such as George Washington's penchant for hemp, relayed in a self-congratulatory and Olivetti-Lettera 22 sort of way. The effect is nostalgic, like a "1904 Sears Catalogue" for the Woodstock generation, if you like that sort of thing.—*E. Kibble*

HOW TO HIDE ALMOST ANYTHING by David Krotz (New York: William Morrow & Co. $5.95) The author once ran a business in Greenwich Village building custom stashes. His sales spiel ran, "We descend from and draw upon a heritage of need; the king, the insurgent, the libertine and the most staid judge—those with something to safeguard have long called upon specialists like ourselves . . .Everyone has something to hide." Now in retirement, he reveals all the tricks of his trade, including detailed plans suitable for an ounce of dope or an entire room with a growlamp-lit marijuana forest.



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doorjambs, wall panels, and ceiling and floor tile. The trick here is to make the object look permanently affixed but of easy access to the owner. The larger compartments require more complicated construction: false corners, beams, bookshelves, and walls that can hide closets and rooms. While eminently practical, Krotz is whimsical throughout, labeling, for instance, a luxurious plywood approach to secret panels is dubbed "The Gothic Wall." Such secretive witticims abound here.

Krotz is obviously a head, though he writes for the broad spectrum of paranoiacs: his stashes will accommodate negotiable securities or bondage leathers as well as dope, and he gives helpful tips on hiding love affairs, tape decks, houses, employees of large corporations, and so on. The illustrations, unhappily, do not serve the text well: they look like a Sunday New York Times children's fashion supplement when a more nuts-and-bolts approach is called for. Still, his specific instructions are more than adequate, and his wise principles enable the intrepid security freak to improvise for himself. Once you've read this useful and entertaining book, you'll never look at a wall the same way again.—*Steven Kline*

OPERATION INTERCEPT: THE MULTIPLE CONSEQUENCES OF PUBLIC POLICY by Lawrence A. Gooberman (Pergamon Publishers, Maxwell House, Fairview Park, Elmsford, N.Y. 10523—$11 cloth, $6 paper) and THE INTERNATIONAL CONNECTION: OPIUM FROM GROWERS TO PUSHERS by Catherine Lamour and Michael R. Lamberti (New York: Random House, $7.95) *Operation Intercept* is a sociologist's study of what happens when there is an official crack-down on a much demanded illegal substance, namely marijuana.



In 1969, Richard Nixon began a program of intense search-and-surveillance at the Mexican border dubbed "Operation Intercept", designed to choke off pot at the source. Lawrence Gooberman, then working in a New York City drug rehabilitation center, noticed that many of the pot smokers he met were complaining about the scarcity of weed. The now-legendary pot famine of 1969 had begun, and many of Gooberman's contacts were switching to other, more plentiful, drugs, such as heroin and barbiturates. Gooberman hypothesized that Nixon's policy had not only failed, but had backfired in an awful way. The switch by many from light to hard drugs seemed a direct consequence of "Operation Intercept".

Operation Intercept is written in "socese", a dry text interspersed with slangy extracts from "sources" like the *East Village Other* and interviews with "subjects" (dopers). Certainly not the most entertaining book possible on the Great Pot Draught of '69, *Operation Intercept* does present serious and ample proof that the Watergaters' formula for ending pot smuggling was the ultimate dirty trick. Nixon, Mitchell, Kleindienst, Liddy, Caulfield and Mardian *were*

successful in creating more American junkies than ever before.



Originally published in France as *Opium's Big Strategies*, Lamberti and Lamour's indictment of government involvement in the deadly heroin traffick is being released as *The International Connection: Opium from Growers to Pushers*. The book digs deeply into political and economic relationships that preserve the smooth and profitable functioning of the big heroin routes, from the Corsican Mafia's "traditional pipeline" from Turkey to Marseilles, to the more recent "Golden Triangle" in Southeast Asia.

Referring to ostensible American antidrug campaigns, the authors of *The International Connection* write "By blaming other countries for what is one of the gravest problems confronting the United States today, the authorities can divert attention from the fact that the cause of evil is essentially indigenous." By way of example, the book unravels the complexities of Turkish and Iranian diplomacy as it concerns opium production, and exposes the U.S. complicity in opium production in Thailand, Burma and Laos. *The International Connection* applies a Marxist analysis to the subject of international drug trade and expertly illuminates the superficiality of American declarations of a "war on drugs". It provides a powerful condemnation of the political system which, by its very nature, engenders heroin abuse and addiction.

The authors call the junk problem "an inevitable by-product of a decadent capitalist system which must be called into question in its entirety," and conclude that heroin addiction "will take its place alongside poverty, racism, and social injustice on the list of insoluble problems which, though ceaselessly deplored, are finally accepted by the majority as necessary evils." Until the revolution, of course.—*Rex Weiner*

MARIJUANA: IF THE COPS COME, EAT THIS BOOK by Stuart J. Faber (Good Life Press, P.O. Box 7334, Burbank, CA 91510, $1.95) You're driving down the road

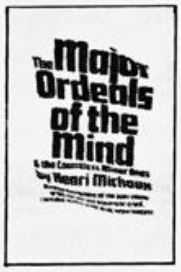


with a joint in your pocket and nothing on your mind when, all of a sudden, you see a squad car come creeping up behind you. No problem, you figure; you'll simply toss the fag away and the cops'll have nothing on you, outside of a trumped-up traffic ticket, perhaps. While one officer puts you through the usual changes, however, his partner clicks on his flashlight, discovers the discarded joint *outside* your car and promptly hauls you in. Still reckon you're safe from the clutches of possible conviction because they didn't find the joint in your possession? Ha! Fat lot *you* know.

According to lawyer Stuart J. Faber, knowledgeable author of *Marijuana*, the cops still have a case. "Very often," he writes, "clients have protested to me that they shouldn't be convicted of possession because they threw the object away as the police were approaching them. It is their feeling that since they 'abandoned' the object and it wasn't found on their person, they weren't actually in possession of it. By circumstantial evidence, however, police very often can establish that the object on the ground came from the person who threw it, and that is sufficient to establish conviction."

That's only one of many potentially valuable bits of legal advice offered in Faber's book. Other topics covered in this slim volume include how to distinguish legal vs. illegal entry, search and seizure, tips on maintaining a healthy sense of self-serving paranoia, and how to behave in the presence of the law (keep your lips zippered at all times). The book is informative, set in large, easy-to-read type, and small enough to carry conveniently in a coat pocket. But it is not good enough to, as the title recommends, eat. Nevertheless, we recommend it as the best little book ever written on the subject of staying out of jail.—*Joe Kane*

THE MAJOR ORDEALS OF THE MIND AND THE COUNTLESS MINOR ONES by Henri Michaux, translated by Richard Howard (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch, $6.95 cloth, $2.95 paper)



If you've ever struggled to write down the perceptions that speed like meteorites through your mind while under the influence of drugs, you'll appreciate the achievement of Henri Michaux in writing *The Major Ordeals of the Mind*.

Michaux is a French poet who wrote one of the first accounts of taking mescaline, *Miserable Miracle*. In his new book, various drugs are mentioned, but his starting point is effects, not causes. Alienation is one of those effects, and Michaux relates drug-induced disorientation to the thought processes of schizophrenics in particular, and abnormal mentalities in general.

Since abnormal mentalities, whether caused by drugs of psychological alienation, are verbally stateless, the task Michaux sets for himself is to speak for them: "How clearly I saw them—and how I should have liked to speak in their name!" The paradox is that very few, apart from those for whom he tries to speak, are capable of judging his success. His writing is contracted, dense, and at times difficult to follow without a compensating effort at heightened comprehension.

Michaux is a very serious man. For him, drugs are as serious a business as poetry, or madness. Throughout the book he described his various experiments and visions step by step, consistently aiming for the truth of the experience—despite his expression of it in language he insists is inadequate. Finally, he asks, aren't these worlds so much smoke? Yes, but something remains, a "profoundly hollowed depth" which persists beyond the experiment; an altered consciousness: "evolution in process."—*Michael Perkins*



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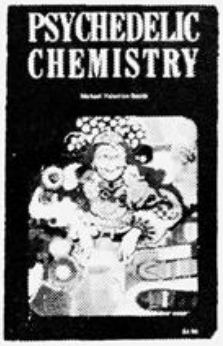
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Records









MUSIC OF AFGHANISTAN A typical Afghani band features string instruments, drums, harmonium, flutes, double reeds, finger cymbals, and tambourine shakers. Of course, urban sharpies in Kabul use fancier instruments than country performers, the latter mobbing into the cities at festival times. As for Afghani superstars, Ustad Mohammed Omar is featured on no less than four of five albums mentioned here. His specialty is the hollow, broad-bodied *r'bab* (three to six plucked strings, ten to fourteen sympathetic strings), the national master instrument, comparable to the sitar of neighboring India. Omar delivers two sprightly compositions on *Afghanistan: Music from the Crossroads of Asia* a lean and enchanting solo to being *Music of Afghanistan* (Folkways FE 4361), and a classical solo on *Afghanistan: Music from Kabul* (Lyrichord LLST 7259). Omar is also included in the expansive *UNESCO Collection Afghanistan* (Barenheiter Musicaphon 30 L 2003), where he is pictured wearing a suit and a Russian-style hat, playing in his seated, cross-legged quartet that includes a turbaned *dhol* (double-headed large drum) player, a *sarinda* fiddler, and singer and *tumbur* picker Sher Mohammed Ghazni.

The *sarinda* is a violin bowed at the waist. On 7231 one Yar Mohammed, a peppy singer and a virtuoso on the *sarinda*, really set the camels trotting, sawing away in the camel-driver style called *baggay* (could this be the next Big Sound after reggae?). In the less prosperous backwoods, folks make do by stretching two strings along a pole with a tin can resonator to create a bowable *ritchak*–surprisingly musical in skilled hands.

Omar also joins ensembles: on *Music from Kabul* he backs Kamal Gul Zakhail as she sings "You said you'd sneak out to meet me at the village well, now where are you?" in the Pashtu equivalent of the Hindu's girlish trill.

The *tumbur*—used in Indian music as an inconspicuous backup instrument—steps out front on these records to give Afghani folk singers a guitarish accompaniment, or to join a drummer in knocking out some favorite Afghani stomp tunes. Other instruments used as leads include fiddles, flutes, double-reeds, and the *cheng* (jews harp)—all heard on the two-volume *Folk Music of Afghanistan* (Lyrichord LLST 7230 & 7231) and the aforementioned UNESCO.

Afghani music may freak some people out. While the posher tunes of the Pashtun (the majority ethnic group) ensembles may be rock 'n'roll to Afghani ears and feet, it's a camel of a different color to the stateside bopper. A favorite of mine is the sound of the double-reed *sorna*, a small, straight horn. Equivalent to the snake-charming Indian *shahnai* of Sabu the Elephant Boy movies, the medieval European *shawm* and Breton *bombarde* (under revival by Alan Stivnell), it's the grandfather of the oboe. The *shahnai* is seen occasionally in American jazz, notably in the skilled hands of Dewey Redman. In soaring Afghani examples on 7231 and UNESCO, the *sorna* wails and wanders in the ether so long (when does this man breathe?) that I conjure a bagpiper, while partners beat the *dhol* in erratic but powerful rhythms meant to lead a bridal procession, pace a work gang, or advertise a new movie in town.

A gentleman named Malang is the master of the goblet-shaped *zerbaghali*; he is featured on a rousing track on the *Music of Afghanistan* album, while on *Music from Kabul* his lightning-fast rolls, precipitous scale climbing, and deep thunk-unh sounds steal the spotlight from demonstrations of the *delruba* (a type of fiddle), the *dotar* (a folk lute), and harmonium. And then there's the *tula*, the Afghani flute, played by shepherds in a breathy style and by Kasakh women who swing on the *cheng*.

"Lie, lie, lie-ay, liela; shu unshedutarabo, kutto prabrela naza." (I heave a sigh but no one hears it.) A lot of harsh coughing between stanzas.—*Anton J. Mikofsky*

ELLIOT CARTER Concerto For Orchestra (Columbia M 300112) Here is the closest musical equivalent to those squirming, slithering, hyperactive canvases of Jackson Pollock. Elliot Carter's music is among the busiest being turned out by the avant garde; a busyness achieved largely by variety and abundant materials. Carter tells us that his point of departure was a poem by St.-John Perse, *Vents* (Winds), that described "a United States constantly swept by forces like winds, forces that are always transforming, remold or obliterating the past and introducing the fresh and the new." Carter's work, like the orchestral collages of Charles Ives, tosses elements of familiar Americana—hymns, folk tunes, marches—in a tidal wave of sonority in a totally abstract medium.



Nonetheless, the image of a wind that transforms does not apply. The texture of Concerto is simply too complicated for the newcomer—even a musically experienced one—to gain an instant analytic foothold. It has "movements," but instead of being played as consecutive segments, they are intermingled. Each movement providing the others with enveloping context; each movement corresponding to an instrumental grouping: the cellos play in tandem with

the piano, harp, and wood percussion. The violins ride along with the high winds and metallic percussion; horns, low drums, and tuba are partnered to the double basses; and the violas fraternize, to say the least, with the midrange instruments. Each movement/grouping has its special musical command. But despite the concerto's breakdown into these constituents, you are not likely to "hear" it that way the first five times. What you hear is an overall build-up of tension, common with a multitude of events occuring in the foreground.

Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic truck at full steam in this album. It is one of their best modern music releases. A first-class reading of a contemporary cornerstone, it's one of the first albums to buy if you're exploring new music.—*Jack Heimenz*

GOLDEN RAIN: BALINESE GAMELAN MUSIC Recorded in Bali by David Lewiston (Nonesuch Explorer Series H-72025)



"Gamelan" is Balinese for orchestra, and almost every tiny village on Bali, the last bastion of Hinduism in an Islamic archipelago, has its gamelan. The Nonesuch Explorer series specializes in presenting exotic sounds from around the globe, and this recording has expertly captured the communal phenomenon of Balinese music. If you listen closely you can even hear the excited twittering of tropical birds providing their own accompaniment.

Instrumentally speaking, the gamelan is a percussionist's nirvana. Assorted metallophones with clearly vibrating bronze keys, deeply resonant drums, bass-voiced gongs, gong chimes, and cymbals are its basic equipment. The melodic line is enriched by sotto flutes. The album's first side has two cuts demonstrating the relatively new style of gamelan gong kebjar which began to emerge in 1915, about a decade after Bali came into the hands of the Dutch. Less epical and more impetuous than the more traditional styles (kebjar means to "burst into flames"), these two works, "Golden Rain" *(Hudjan Mas)* and "Bumblebee" *(Tumilingan)* represent jazzier aspects of Balinese music. With a philosophical sense of time these musicians direct the essential melody through the xylophone-like instruments—after the drummers tantalizingly begin the pulse. This melody is occasionally paraphrased with fiercer, shorter notes. The overall effect is that of great rhythmic variety and instrumental color, without being ornamental to distraction. Hypnotic gong strokes punctuate so as to keep the listener at one with the flow of the composition.

The flip side is an altogether different experience. It is the Ketjack monkey chant, based on an ancient Balinese exorcism rite. The chorus of over two hundred men gathers in tight circles. Dramatic and musical scenes from the great Hindu epic, the *Ramayana*, are enacted. Each man repeats a single rhythmic monosyllabic sound, imitative of a monkey, by which these participants hope to disconcert the demons. It is a startling experience, unequalled in Western civilization. Some may recognize the Ketjack from the labyrinth scene in *Fellini Satyricon*, where it was used on the sound track.

Listeners intrigued by *Golden Rain* might find it rewarding to experience the more classical and compelling style of the *Gamelan of the Love God* and the greater variety of form in *Music from the Morning of the World*. Both are from Nonesuch Records.—*Brad Foster*

INSTANT INSANITY DRUGS W. Cleon Skousen (Key Records KLP-1101, Box 46128, Los Angeles, Ca 90046, $5.00)

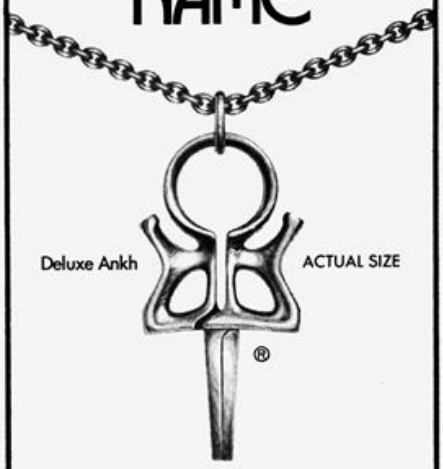


"Tommy Forrester is dead." A somber beginning for what may be the comedy album of the year, but there's really no drug situation too tragic or too horrifying for Skousen (the editorial director of *Law and Order* magazine, a former FBI agent, and author of *The Naked Communist*) to milk. Lecturing before a coughless, sneezeless, probably empty auditorium in a remote yet resonant voice, Skousen creates a truly fascinating gallery of characters—junkies, freakers-out, skin-poppers, teenyboppers, suicides—and kills them off with distinct relish. "I was looking at my friend Linda," runs one of Skousen's shticks, "suddenly feathers popped out of her skin." Spasms, traumas, and hallucinations abound, faces melt in mirrors, and curbstones loom above hippies like the white cliffs of Dover while canyon floors rush up to their noses, and of course they jump. Little Tommy Forrester sees colored notes emerging from phonograph speakers. Quips Skousen: "A bad trip can send him (the head) walking down the highway seeking to merge himself with an oncoming automobile." Of course, the catastrophes Skousen mentions describe my *good* trips, but I still can't help laughing. This guy slays me.

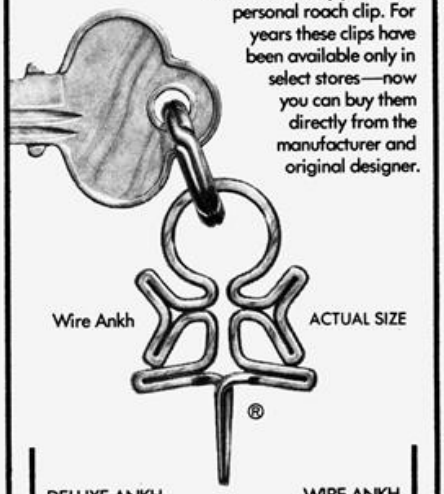
On Side One Skousen plays to the acid paranoia which assailed the parents and police of the mid-Sixties. If you're unfamiliar with the US Army's LSD research (an experiment in which hundreds of soldiers were fed LSD unawares and rendered unfit for military service for several hours—"Think what it could do to a city," Skousen hints darkly) or with the pioneering acid studies of the sinister Max Wrinkle of Southern California, Skousen will fill you in. On Side Two he goes into the archetypal history of teenage drug abuse: pep pills, goofballs, speed, smack, acid, a swan dive off a tall building, and a quiet, tearful service over the remains, with a sober eulogy and a prayer for teenagers everywhere, recited by the deceased's gym teacher, played by Pat O'Brien. This makes me feel *old*. I don't know about you, but I started on grass like everyone else.

At the end of Side Two the empty auditorium bursts into canned applause.—*Eric Kibble*

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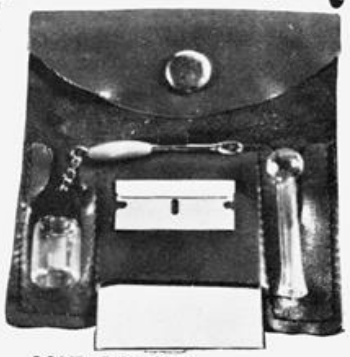


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Harry Anslinger's bid for Celluloid Stardom



The B movie is often an attempt to ease a lousy idea into the public consciousness. Propaganda itself is a lousy idea, but at two in the morning, watching TV stoned, a bad movie can provide good entertainment. Take for example *To the Ends of the Earth* (1947), an officially sanctioned narc movie.

To the Ends of the Earth was Harry Anslinger's big bid for celluloid stardom, one skirmish in the lengthy rivalry between the great narc and J. Edgar Hoover, the great commie hunter. But where Hoover got Jimmy Stewart for *The FBI Story*, Anslinger's Hollywood friends slipped him Dick Powell, ferret-faced former Busby Berkeley song-and-dance man, looking slightly constipated as a tough T-man. And so dope ran a poor second to communism as America's number one Fear.

Anslinger's grasping ambition and racism propel the film forward, but the great killjoy's mug appears only briefly at the beginning, where he is pictured at a treaty signing on "Long Island, home of the United Nations". No doubt he was once again trying to dupe international dickdom into dubbing him Chief Narc of the World. This movie's emphasis on international "cooperation" (meaning that all countries should adopt the U.S.'s dope laws) was apparently another Anslinger bid for the title.

After introducing the boss, the narc, played by Powell, recounts his heyday as a flatfoot with a fat expense account. This was back in the late Thirties, when (according to this film) Hirohito was pushing opium instead of color TV's. But the lesson is still relevant today: unrelenting narcs will follow you to the ends of the earth to **Stop Dope.**

Powell's odyssey begins in his rose garden, where the amateur horticulturist putters wholesomely under the watchful gaze of his dear mother. The phone rings and he is off on a Mission. Ordered to intercept a mysterious Japanese freighter suspected of transporting opium, the clean-living fed is horrified when the inscrutable Jap skipper, steaming for safe international waters, ensures his escape by dumping 200 manacled, screaming coolies into the wonton. The next day the hardboiled Powell leaves for China to apprehend the bloodthirsty tar.

Once in Shanghai, Dick quickly falls into the rotten core of the oriental dope demimonde. He also travels a lot by rickshaw. What he does *best* is to stare cow-eyed at the equine Signe Hasso, who has the hardest job of the film—that of expressing emotion with her four-footed face. Hasso is the governess to Shu Peng, a lithe subdeb refugee from Japanese-held Manchuria. Shu Peng giggles, looks edible and arranges trysts between Powell and Hasso. The narc repays the favor later by accusing them of masterminding the opium ring. But Powell's prime suspect commits suicide by eating a bamboo sliver salad in a noodle factory. This was one fanatic who wasn't hungry a half-hour later.

Via telegrams from the omniscient Anslinger, Powell learns that the real honcho behind the opium rings is one "Gene Hawks", a suspected Japanese agent. Powell departs for Egypt at this point, for reasons I could not fathom, though I've viewed this film three times. Probably to better tout the international brotherhood of narcotics agents. One soft Egyptian evening, inspired by a telegram from the boss, Powell congratulates his fellow narcs for

their unstinting cooperation. The camera lingers a few loving seconds on the face of the Englishman, the Frenchman, and the Egyptian, who all look like they're waiting for another cup of coffee.

What feats of detection these men perform! On a nocturnal visit to a Nile rose garden, Powell, with the acumen of a P.G. Wodehouse eccentric country uncle, recognizes that the rose garden is, *in fact*, a cleverly disguised poppy farm.

The finest detective work transpires one incredible night on the Sinai. A single Musselman is leading a camel caravan to Lebanon with the doojie. While the Arab sleeps, Powell's agents transport a huge fluoroscope to the middle of the desert by truck. Then, they X-ray each camel and sure enough, they've got the shit inside them. For some reason, the camel-driver sleeps through all this, but then so did most of my friends.

Powell now goes to Havana (why, I'm not sure) where he encounters Ms. Hasso and little innocent Shu Peng. Both are on their way to New York, accompanied by a brutish Chinese gent and an oily German merchant.

Even in Havana, the footloose T-man receives cooperation from other narcs. So why is he always one jump behind the heinous Gene Hawks? Well, now the most inspired smuggling takes place right under Powell's federal nose. He has boarded the New York-bound freighter as an invalid. He's so clever. But while he is fending off Shu Peng, the refined heroin is thrown into the ocean, tied to weights with "chemically treated" ropes that disintegrate like a time-release aspirin, sending the bouyant narcotic to the surface. There, smugglers with synchronized Timex watches pick it up for delivery to Gene Hawks.

But Powell finally gets wise and there's a thrilling sea chase, multiple denunciations, and then Powell is shot six times in the stomach. He catches the slugs in his teeth and spits them back at little Gene Hawks. That's right, Gene Hawks, Tojo's most dreaded secret agent is . . . little innocent Shu Peng, who's played by a no-talent who went on to make so many B flicks that hornets sent fan mail.

Anslinger now reappears at "Long Island, the home of the United Nations". He looks ready for bronzing—a reminder that only a vigilant FBN (or DEA) can preserve us from the enemies of decency like the evil Japanese, who use opium "as a weapon to keep the world divided and its citizens slaves". And I thought it was the British who introduced the poisonous poppy to China.

Powell is now free to love the equine Ms. Hasso, and together they gallop into the sunset, back to his rose garden to ask Mom the big question: does grass lead to horse?

SEND FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG

HT-1 Double bubble bong. $15.00

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Paraphernalia

Photography by James Gregory



Piece Pipe
That's right, hundreds of possible pipes, all of them in ready-to-assemble pieces, come with the Insane Pipe Making Kit. The Insane kit was created three years ago by two Philadelphia mechanical designers who wanted a universal pipe to fit the needs of any smoker. Since then they've sold 15,000 Insane kits, each including large bowl, small bowl, screens, stem, extension, mouthpiece, cigarette holders, regular connectors, special connector, solid connector, stem stopper, and three rubber stoppers, as well as a bong tote that can be carried on your shoulders, worn as a medallion, hooked on your belt, or tied around your neck when you jump into the Seine. ("In-Seine"? Get it?) All the finely machined parts of this doper's Erector Set are interchangeable, unbreakable, easily cleaned, aesthetically pleasing and have good draw. From Potential Products, c/o Butler Records, 13 East Butler Pike, Ambler, Pa. 19002.



Chanel of the Gods?
The world's best incense is made in India, they say, but its olfactory character is redolent of herbs and spices, holy cows, beggarmen, *aguru*, *mogra*, and the like. Such scents are as uncongenial to Western noses as the Black Hole of Calcutta. Anyway, when the Hare Krishna movement, if that's the word, came to these shores, it brought with it the secret of Indian incense-making, in an array of flavors guaranteed to please the plutocratic American nose. For example, strawberry. Everyone loves strawberry, right? No wonder their *Spiritual Sky Scented Products* are the best-selling incense in Krishnaland. Now they're branching out into convenience and hardware stores, because *everyone* loves incense. Cough up $1.25 for a packet of organic smoke sticks (also available in cones and powder). Contact Rishava at Spiritual Sky Scented Products, 3959 Landmark St., Culver City, Cal 90230. Incidentally, there are numberless brands of incense, and the incense companies suggest that you buy some of each to decide your preference. Rama-rama-sis-boom-bah.



Put Another Nickel In
No, you can't score reefer from these rolling paper vending machines, but you can get all kinds of papers. And who's to stop that local cornerstone of commerce, the little guy, from putting Bambu-sized hits in his own machine. Head shops and all-nite diners all over the world are inundating the manufacturers with orders for these weather-proof, burglar-proof rolling paper dispensers. One year in the development (to remove the stale peanuts, chewing gum and prophylactics?) these machines are immune to junkie attacks! And each machine, it says here, "comes with two keys". You can take that any way you want. From S. S. Bramley Corp., 45 Atlantic Ave., North Long Branch, New Jersey 07740.



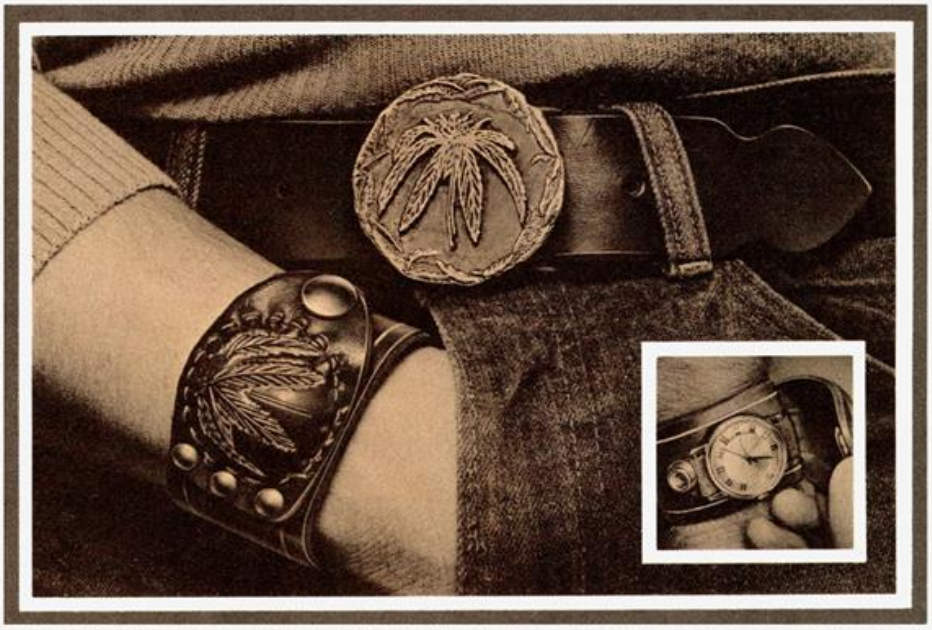
Too Busy to Inhale?
Busy men and women often can't spare the time to inhale their own cocaine, but they really don't want the extra cost of hiring someone to do it for them. What they need

is the Tooter. All the harried cokehound need do is unscrew the top of the trapezoid (or is it a pentagonal polygon?), toss the coke down the chute, press the little button in back, thus dividing the snort into Pez-like piles, and schuss each palatable portion up dynamic businessperson's nostril while tireless executive dictates letter, relaxes in sauna, etc. Available in black, silver, and industrial blue, the aluminum inhaler is also a portable stash: industrious exploiter merely screws top back over the leftover cocaine to seal in flavor and goodness, and pops it into vest pocket or attache case for use when needed. A steal at only $25, the Tooter is available from select retailers and better stores everywhere; the manufacturer is Good Times Co., 2845 South Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal 90034. Leftover cocaine, indeed.



Meet a Girl Named Maria

There's nothing like a meal of mushrooms and a sixteen-hour chant, but what if you forget that tricky 11,864,395th verse and wind up scat-singing "Mazatecs in de col', col' groun' "? Don't laugh—it happens to us all. Now there's a ready reference book for cosmic carollers. *Maria Sabina and Her Mazatec Mushroom Velada* is a complete shamanic performance, a transcription of an authentic "consultation" with the Sacred Mushroom in text, pictures, and sound. R. Gordon Wasson, leading authority on psychoactive fungi and author of *Soma: The Divine Mushroom of Immortality*, recorded the 'room's rap as it spoke in the voice of Mexican Mazatec peasant woman Maria Sabina. The entire ceremony is here printed in English, Spanish, and Mazatec. Included are an explanatory prologue, index of Mazatec mushroom metaphors, a spectacular photo sequence by Allan Richardson, and the full musical notation in a separately printed score set out by Willard Rhodes. The numbered edition, on special paper, bound in half-leather, handsomely boxed with the four long-playing records and musical score, limited to 250 copies, is available for a modest $250. The clothbound edition with four cassettes, shrink-wrapped, is $82.50. From Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017.



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Trans-High Market Quotations



The prices listed are the latest available, but do not necessarily reflect average prices, only particular prices as reported to us. If you believe prices to be inaccurate, or have any pertinent information that will help us update these listings, we encourage you to send them to us. HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. ◘

• • •

NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA —BOSTON—BALTIMORE— WASHINGTON, D.C.

Regular Mexican and New England Green $12-25/oz. ... $100-200/lb. ... Jalisco Mexican $20-25/oz. ... $175-300/lb. ... Guerrero Mexican $25-30/oz. ... $300-400/lb. ... Oaxacan Mexican (light taste, pale color) $35-45/oz. ... $500-600/lb. ... Sensemilla Green $50-65/oz. .. $650-800/lb. ... very little commercial Colombian available ... Jamaican (very sticky) still in short supply $20-25/oz. ... $200-300/lb. ... Green Colombian (spicy, immature) $30-40/oz. ... $375-475/lb. ... Gold Colombian (greenish, pressed in bricks) $35-50/oz. ... $400-450/lb. ... Gold Colombian (seedy, cylinders) $35-55/oz. ... $400-550/lb. ... Red Colombian (small buds) same prices ... Chiba-Chiba $40-70/oz. ... $400-600/lb. ... Malta pot $45/oz. ... $375-475/lb. ... Wacky Weed $60-90/oz. ... $850-950/lb. ... Thai Sticks (green: fair to middling; gold: very good quality) $15-25/stick ... $175-225/oz. ... $2200-3000/lb. ... Moroccan (Metellin) Hash (green) $75-90/oz. ... $800-100/lb. ... Red Lebanese (crumbly) $85-100/oz. ... $1050-1300 ... Afghani Black Surfboard Hash (rich and tasty) $120-150/oz. ... $1600-1900/lb. ... Santa Marta Gold Hash (very crumbly, kief-like) $60-90/oz. ... $700-1000/lb. ... Lebanese Hash Oil $15-35/gram. ... $400/oz. ... $4500-5500/lb. ... Afghani Black Oil (excellent) $450-600/oz. ... $6000-8500/lb. ... Mazar-i-Sharif oil $30/gram ... Bombay hash oil $60/gram ... THC (PCP) $1-2/hit ... $75-90/100 ... $350-550/1000 (green tabs much better than red) ... LSD (blotter, windowpane, and purple microdot—in that order of frequency $1.50-3/hit ... $70-150/100 ... Quaaludes $3/piece (714's and 300's—usually in small quantities) ... Mexican bootlegs (quick hitters) $2-2.50 ... Peyote (fair to poor) $275/lb. ... White Crossroads $.50-1/piece ... $25/100 ... $200/1000 ... Cocaine $50-70/gm. (fair to poor) ... $60-100/gm. (good to excellent, flake and rock) ... $1200-2000/oz.



DETROIT—CHICAGO— ST. LOUIS—ANN ARBOR— INDIANAPOLIS—MILWAUKEE—

Regular Mexican $12-20/oz. ... $110-170/lb. ... Top grade Mexican $15-25/oz. ... $130-200/lb. ... commercial Jamaican ... $20-40/oz. ... $200-400/lb. ... Colombian commercial $25-35/oz. ... $225-350/lb. ... Colombian red or gold $30-45/oz. ... $350-450/lb. ... Homegrown (seeds imported—plentiful and good) $10-15/oz. ... $75-110/lb. ... Thai sticks $20-25/stick ... Connoisseur Colombian, Hawaiian scarce ... Hash scarce, some Lebanese and Moroccan available $85-145/oz. ... $1,100-1,500/lb. ... coke (plentiful, wildly fluctuating quality) $55-85/gram ... $1,200-2,000/oz. ... THC—acetate honey oil ... $40/gram ... LSD (all flavors and types) $.50-$2/hit ... White crosses $17-25/100 ... $140-180/1,000 ... Angel dust very scarce, big demand ... psilocybin $20/oz. ... $250/lb. ... (St. Louis special) home brew beer free—$.25/bottle (12 oz.)

NASHVILLE—MOBILE— CHARLESTON—MEMPHIS— BILOXI—RALEIGH—

Mexican commercial $15-25/oz. ... $125-200/lb. ... potent Mississippi homegrown $12-15/oz. ... $120-150/lb. ... commercial Colombian $20-35/oz. ... $250-380/lb. ... medium-low quality Moroccan or Lebanese hash (low availability) $5-7/gram ... $80-110/oz. ... Mexican pot oil (low quality, quantity) $80/oz. ... Christmas Tree ups (green-clear caps) $37/100 ... White crosses $20/100 ... Black Mollie ups $30-40/100 ... assorted street downs $.50-1/hit ... blotter and windowpane acid $2-3/hit ... cocaine (quality varies) $50-90/gram ... $1200-1800/oz.

AUSTIN—DALLAS— ALBUQUERQUE—PHOENIX— SAN DIEGO—SANTA FE—

Mexican grass $10-20/oz. ... $75-150/lb. ... $25-30/lb (1000-2000 lbs.) ... Top grade Mexican scarce, occasional Oaxacan (good) $230-350/lb. ... Guerrero (only fair) $175-200/lb. ... Occasional African sticks and low-grade Thai sticks (usually broken) $20-30/stick ... $145-225/oz. ... Some Colombian $300-350/lb. ... Hash scene grim ... Red Lebanese (water based) $105-120/oz. ... Moroccan (fair quality) $110-140/oz. ... coke in abundance: very good Peruvian coke $60-100/100 gram ... $1250-1800/oz. ... Colombian coke $1200-1500/oz. ... Acid (all types plentiful) $.50-1.50/hit ... $25/100 ... Methadrine (hydrochloride or ether base) $100/teaspoon ... $800/oz. ... Reds (tabs or caps) $25/100 ... $150/1000 ... THC (PCP) $40-75/gram ... white crosses $80/1000 ... $4,000 + travel expenses/100,000 ..

SAN FRANCISCO—BERKELEY— LOS ANGELES—DENVER— BOULDER—SANTA CRUZ—

Mexican commercial $15-25/oz. ... $100-160/lb. ... virtually all other types of pot in small supply, connoisseur very tight ... Colombian $40-45/oz. ... $500/lb. ... Thai sticks (some opiated) $20-25/stick ... $2,400-3000/lb. ... Thai hybrid (from Denver—better than Colombian, not equal to sticks) $550/lb. .. Kief $150/oz. ... Pakistani gold seal hash (dark green inside, black outside) $100/oz. ... Black Moroccan hash (good, not excellent) $125-140/oz. ... White blotter acid (very potent, rare) $75-125/100 ... Clear light acid ($85-140/100) ... Colombian rock coke (excellent) $70-100/gram ... $1,300-1,800/oz. ... white crosses $110/1,000.

(False Mexican shortages are being contrived by some Southern California dealers to drive up prices.)

ATLANTA—MIAMI— TAMPA—GAINSVILLE— ORLANDO—NEW ORLEANS—

Regular Mexican (getting harder to get) $15-20/oz. ... $120-150/lb. ... Jamaican commercial $160-230/lb. .. Jamaican tops (scarce) $250-300/lb. ... Colombian very scarce, (mostly exported north) $30-40/oz. .. $200-350/lb. ... Blond Moroccan hash (probably pressed kef) $80-100/oz. ... $1000-1300/lb. ... Colombian hash oil $25-30/gram ... $200/10 gram bottle ... cocaine (quality getting better—cleaner cuts) $40-70/gram ... $1000-1500/oz. ... LSD (all types) $1.50-2.50/hit ... quaaludes $1.50-4/piece.



EUGENE—PORTLAND— BRITISH COLUMBIA— BOISE—CHEYENNE— BUTTE—

Mexican commercial $15-30/oz. ... $100-190/lb. ... Boise Bang homegrown (decent) $10/oz. ... Kootenay Thunderfuck (B.C. homegrown) $10-15/oz. ... $110/lb. Colombian (scarce—no connoisseur) $40-60/oz. ... $350-550/lb. ... Hawaiian (Mauii — Kona—rare) $1400/lb. ... hash scene grim—Red Lebanese $110-130/oz. ... $1000-1250/lb. ... occasional mediocre hash $75-100/oz. ... $700-1000/lb. ... hash oil $20-30/gram ... LSD (blotter predominates) $1-3/hit ... B.C. psilocybin $10-15/four-way dose ... cocaine scarce and expensive.

Trans-High Market Quotations

HAWAII

Regular Mexican grass $25-40/oz. ... good Colombian buds $50-75/oz. ... Kona or Maui leaf (crop rip-offs have driven up prices) $100-200/lb. ... Kona buds $125-175/oz. $1500-2000/lb. ... Maui buds $100-130/oz. ... $1100-1600/lb. ... Thai sticks $15-35 depending on size and potency ... no opium .

AMSTERDAM

Congolese grass $340-400/kilo ... Regular Indonesian grass same prices ... Sumatran (Amsterdam's finest) $480/kilo ... Regular Afghani hash $30-45/oz. ... $1000-1200/kilo ... Connoisseur Afghani $45-55/oz. ... $1400-1600/kilo ... Blond Lebanese $28-35/oz. ... $800-920/kilo ... Red Lebanese $33-40/oz. ... $1000-1450/kilo ... Regular Moroccan $20-30/oz. ... $480-780/kilo ... Connoisseur Moroccan $20-30/oz. ... $800-1000/kilo ... Pakistani $30-40/oz. ... $800-1200/kilo ... Nepalese (hash to sink your teeth into) $50-70/oz. ... Turkish (1st class) $45-50/oz. ... Black Bombay (opiated) $55/oz. ... Kashmiri $40-45/oz. ... $1050-1200/kilo ... Nepalese Hash Oil $2800/litre ... Turkish and Sumatran Opium $3-4/gm. (keys of Turkish available readily) ... Chinese Opium $2/gm. ... Burmese Opium (rare, the real Golden Triangle stuff) $6/gm. ... LSD $2/hit ... $500-700/1000 ... Cocaine $50-100/gm. (mostly very poor).

BANGKOK

(Combat in adjoining countries causing shortages) Thai sticks $.80/stick ... $10/lb. ... lowland grass $2-5/lb. ... mountain opium $2-3/oz. ... $25-35/lb.

BARCELONA

African grass (becoming more plentiful) $200-300/lb. ... Moroccan blond hash $70-80/oz. ... Pakistani brown hash $130-150/oz. ... cocaine (medium purity) $90-120/gram.

BOGOTA

Commercial local $25/lb. ... Punta Rosa $35-50/lb. ... green Brazilian $5/oz. ... Santa Marta gold $50-60/lb. ... Santa Marta hash (quality unstable) $20-40/oz. ... $150-250/lb. ... Peruvian pink flake coke (informant scene growing) $1500-3000/lb. ... Rock Bolivian coke $250-500/oz. ... $2000-4000/lb.

BOMBAY

Primo Afghani (rich, brown) $2-8/oz. ... opiated Bombay black $10/oz. ... $100/lb. ... ghee-adulterated street black hash $2/oz. ... $40/lb. ... Uttar Bradesh hashish $150-300/kilo (by lot size) ... Gold-seal Paki (many fakes) $15/oz. ... $100-150/lb. ... Kerala grass $15/lb. ... cocaine $50-100/gram .. $1200-1800/oz.



CALCUTTA

Bhang tea (marijuana brew sold by street vendors) $.04/cup ... Green hash $80-$150/kilo ... Nepalese temple balls (only in select circles) $35-50/oz. ... opium $.15-.25/hit ... $3-4/oz. ... blotter acid $3-5/hit ... South American cocaine (by way of Australia) $10-20/gram.

FRANKFURT, GERMANY

Afghani black hash $20/7 or 8 grams ... marijuana $25/lid ... acid $4/hit.

HONG KONG

Viet grass (big crunch expected) $40-60/oz. ... $500-750/lb. ... Thai grass (not sticks) $50-150/oz. ... mainland opium $5-10/oz. ... $100-150/lb.

ISTANBUL

Antonia black hash (great quality, hard to get) $10/oz. ... $100 lb. ... Turkish hash (commercial) $5/oz. ... $50/lb. ... opium $75/lb. ... downs $15/100 ... Scotch (black market only) $20-25/fifth ... extreme paranoia in Istanbul.

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

Mazar-i-Sharif Afghani brown (excellent) $3/oz. ... $100/kilo ... average local hash $1/oz. ... $35/kilo ... quality cocaine $450-550/oz.

KATMANDU, NEPAL

(Recently became last and final nation on earth to declare cannnabis illegal—prices going up) ... Nepalese valley grass wrapped in banana leaves $1-3/oz. ... regular local hash $200-250/kilo ... primo local hash $300-400/kilo ... Tantapani hash (red) $3/oz. ... $30/lb. ... finger hash (still poor) $3/oz. ... $25/lb.

KINHASHA, ZAIRE

Black banji (potent black grass—sold in balls good for 3-4 joints) $1/3 balls ... $8-30/lb. ... it's possible to get a prescription for pharmaceutical cocaine, fillable at drug stores.

LONDON

Moroccan hash (prices being hit by inflation) $50-75/oz. ... $600-900/lb. ... Afghani primo (brown and tasty) $75/oz. ... $100-1200/lb. ... green Paki (crumbly center) $50-100/oz. ... Afghani black grass (very potent when fresh) $80-125/oz. ... $1500/lb. ... African green grass $45-60/oz. ... Commercial Colombian grass (very average) $35-45/oz. ... red or gold Colombian grass (good as in the States) $50-100/oz. ... $600-750/lb. (erratic) ... cocaine (price not right) $70-125 /gram ... $1200-2000/lb. ... Mandrax (still popular) $1/piece ... Mexican quaaludes (new in town) $2-3/piece ... Dormadinas (Spanish ludes) $1/piece ... LSD (blotter and tab) $2-5/piece.



MAZATLAN

Durango red $20-25/lb. ... Oaxacan $20/lb. ... Oaxacan buds $25-up/lb. ... Sinoloa green $15-20/lb. ... Guerrero (hard to find but worth looking) $35-50/lb. ... Mexican brown heroin $5000/lb. ... quaaludes $.10/piece ... Colombian rock coke $4000-7000/lb. ... Magic mushrooms $30-50/lb. ...

MELBOURNE

Regular joey grass $10/oz. ... $75/lb. ... Vietnamese prices skyrocketing $250/lb. & up ... Nepalese hash $800/lb. ... LSD $7-10/hit.

WINNIPEG—TORONTO—MONTREAL—

Regular Mexican $200-250/lb. ... Mexican tops $250-300/lb. ... Jamaican (scarce) $400-600/lb. ... Colombian $350-600/lb. ... Thai sticks $18-25/stick ... Afghan, Lebanese, Moroccan hash available but takes waiting time $1200-1600/lb. . hash oil $400/oz. ... cocaine (scarce but getting less so) $60-100/gram ... $1400-1900/oz. ... Jamaican grass oil $2800/lb. ... Honey oil $6000/lb. ... LSD (clear light and frog forms) $1-2/hit ... nitrous oxide growing in popularity.

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The Trans-High Market Quotations are intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way are meant as an inducement to illegal activity, nor as an endorsement of any drug or drug usage or trafficking. ◘

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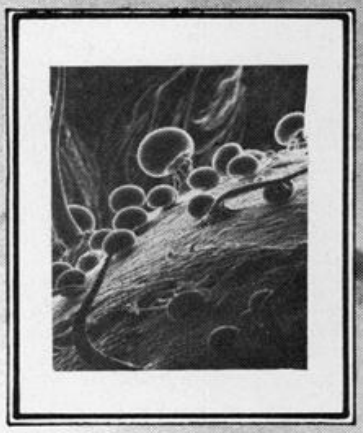
1 MARIJUANA LEAF SURFACE



NEW Micro Scanner enables us to view an inside world . . . Up to 3,000 Times Actual Size.

Response was so great to our feature article in the last issue of "HIGH TIMES", we created a Special Limited edition of black and white Lithographs and 'T'-Shirts in these images—

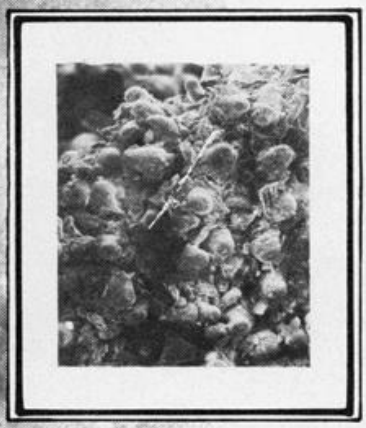
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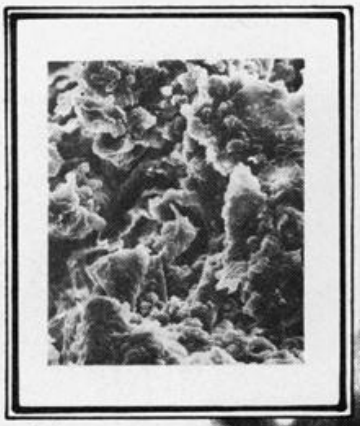
2 FEMALE MARIJUANA FLOWER



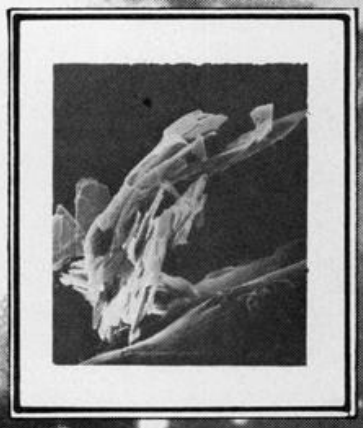
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PLEASE SPECIFY SIZE S M L XL

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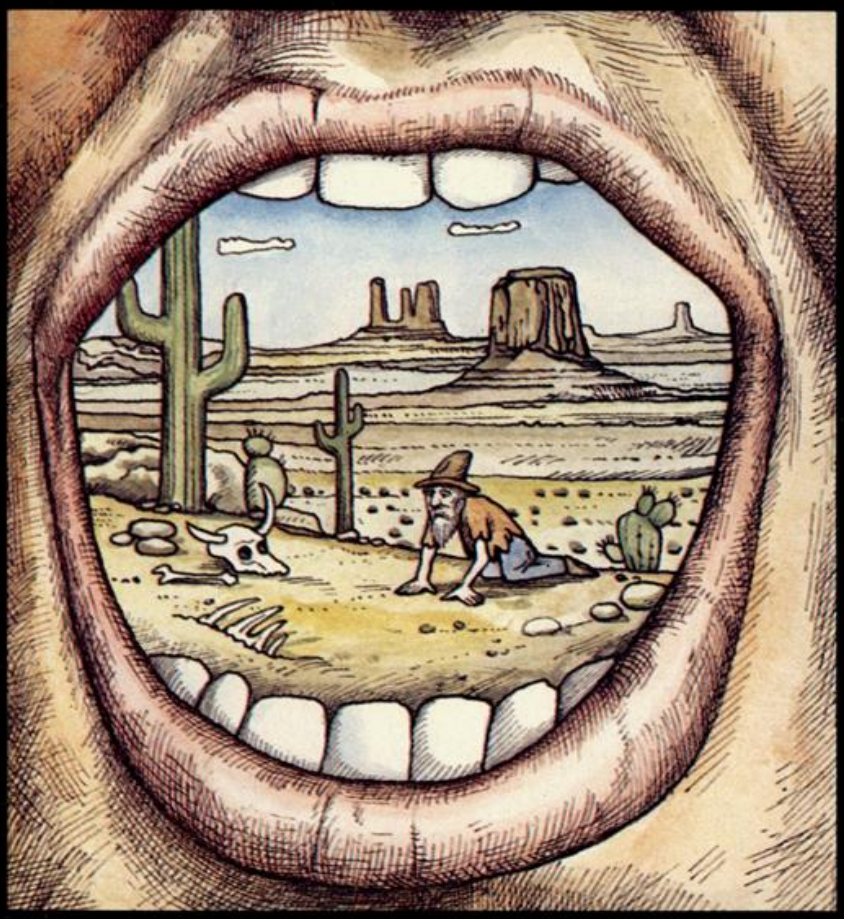
ADDRESS _____ APT _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

* Two coupons, one for you and one for a friend *

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DESERT MOUTH

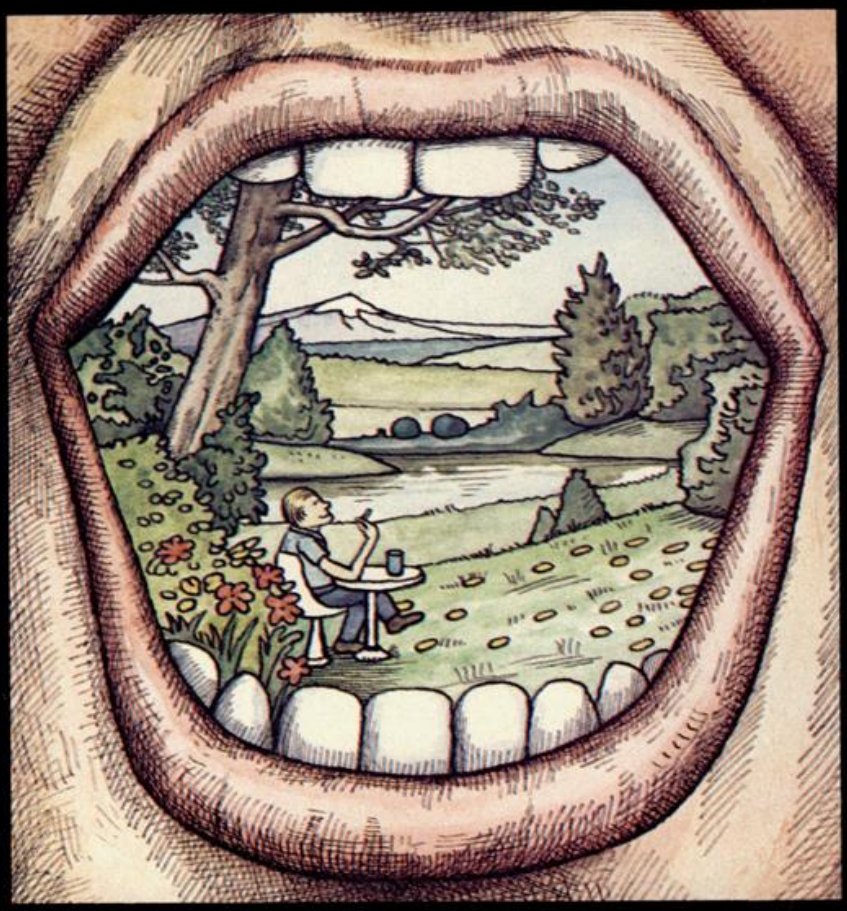
is gone forever !!

If that hot, dry, rough throat you get from inhaling harsh smoke is getting you down, your problem is gone forever.

Cooleaf

is here!

Cooleaf Mentholated Cigarette Paper delivers a smooth, light, refreshing smoke—the only Cigarette Paper that cools your throat as you smoke.



Cooleaf's Green Stripes guarantee you the refreshing coolness of natural Brazilian crystal menthol—a plant extract, applied with our exclusive process. Patent pending.

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I certify that I am over 21 years old, so send me my J◊B Sample Kit. I enclose my check or money order for $1 to cover cost, postage and handling.

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

Only one sample to a family, please, offer good only while supply lasts.

An Adams Apple Advertising Production

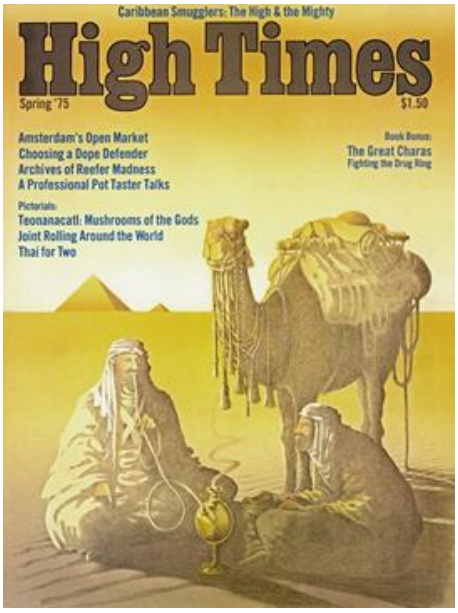
CIGARETTE J◊B PAPERS

Roulez vos cigarettes en couleur . . . roll your cigarettes in pink J◊B Strawberry Double Wides. It's beautiful weather ahead, so put a little color where your mouth is. To help you do that, Societe J◊B, that French Cigarette Paper Company, is making an offer you won't want to resist. We've put together a sample kit containing four of our favorite J◊B Papers. For $1, you'll receive one pack each of our two, one lick, no mess double wide papers: White, and notorious pink Strawberry. And for you die-hard, traditionalist, single paper lovers, a pack of J◊B Wheat Straws and a pack of J◊B 55's white.

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High Times

SPRING 1975



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